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Generals Never Learn

BY GENERAL JO

MRS F W TAYLOR
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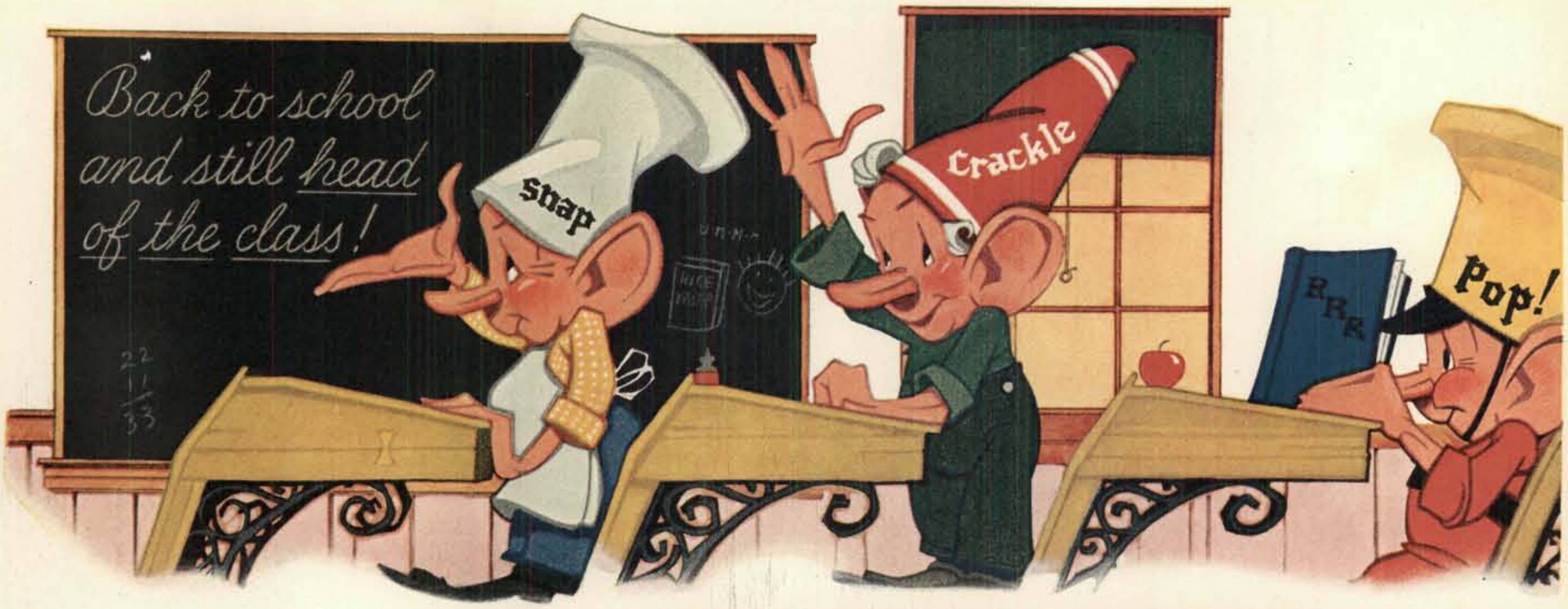
Aug. 23, 1941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and still head
of the class!
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RRR
Pop!

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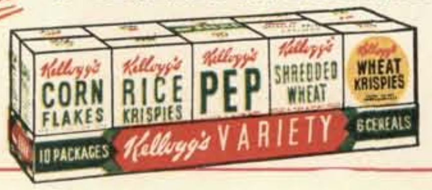
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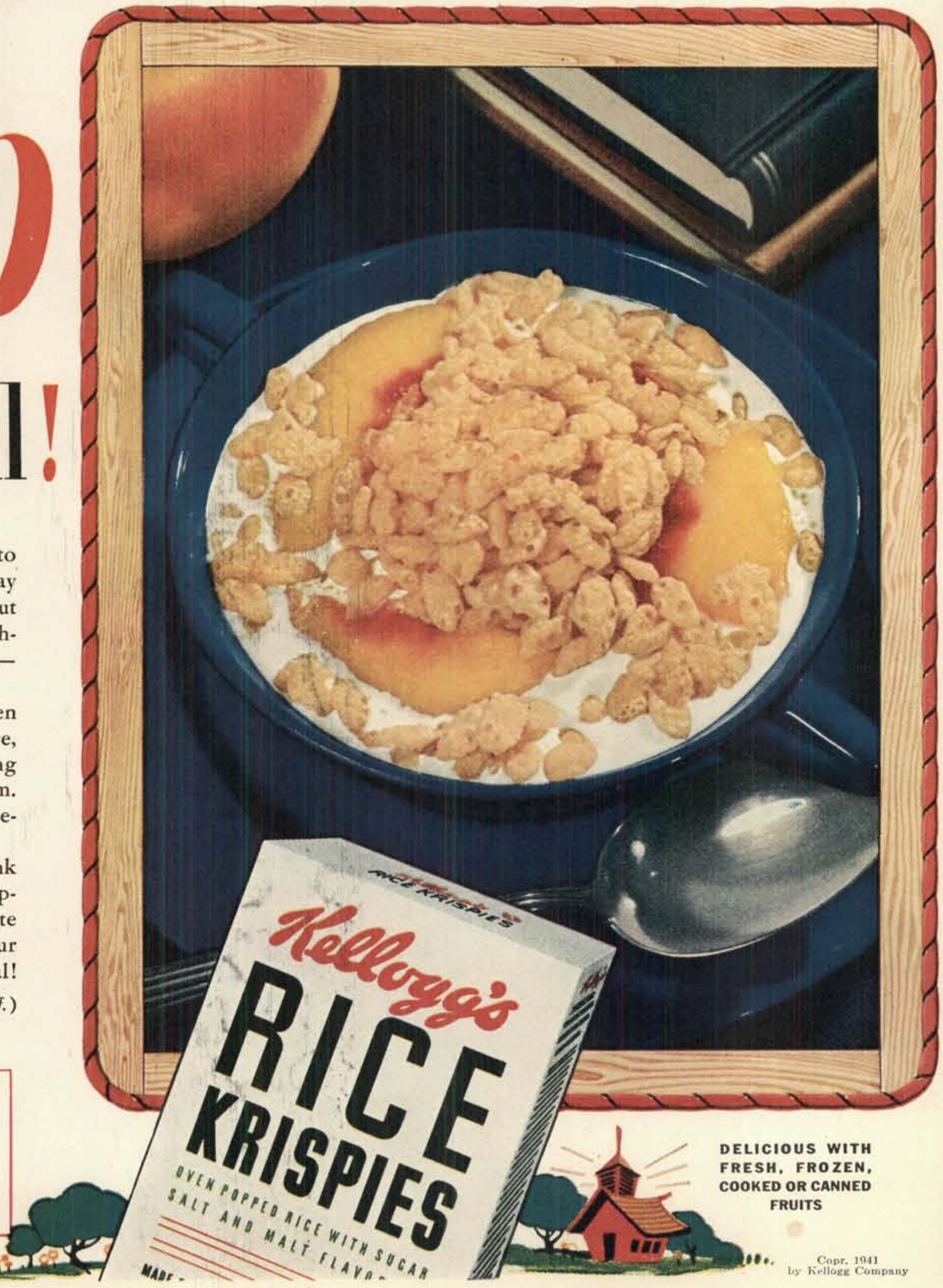
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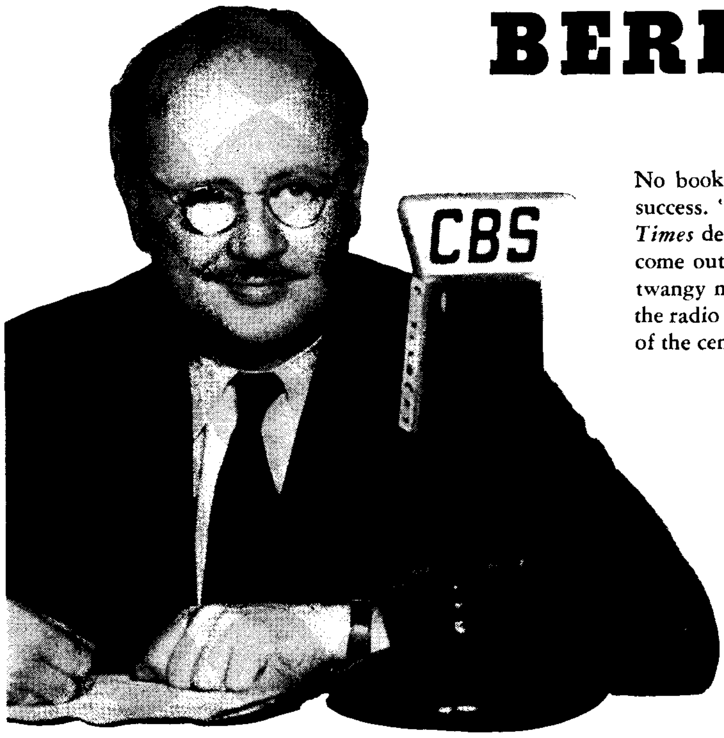

BERLIN DIARY

by WILLIAM L. SHIRER

No book by a foreign correspondent has ever scored such an instantaneous success. "Every one in the country should be reading it now," the *New York Times* declared, while *Time* hailed it as "the most complete news report yet to come out of wartime Germany." Millions of Americans have heard the "dry, twangy mid-western" voice of William L. Shirer bringing to them daily over the radio the news from Berlin. What he could not say in his broadcasts, because of the censors, he has put into his diary.

DR. A. J. CRONIN

THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM

by DR. A. J. CRONIN

His first novel since "THE CITADEL"—4 years ago

More than a month before the publication, the publishers reported advance printings totalling 230,000 copies. All signs indicate that *The Keys of the Kingdom,* which depicts with such dramatic force one man's struggle to live the good life, will be the most popular novel of the season.

THE latest books that are exciting book-readers everywhere are both Book-of-the-Month Club selections: in the field of non-fiction, William Shirer's remarkable BERLIN DIARY; and among novels Dr. A. J. Cronin's moving portrayal of a modern man of God. The instant appeal of these books is another confirmation of the good judgment, demonstrated for years, of the Book-of-the-Month Club's Editorial Board.

Few people realize that writers who now have become as famous as Pearl Buck, Clarence Day, Stephen Vincent Benét, Sigrid Undset, Hervey Allen, John Steinbeck, J. B. Priestley—and a score of others little less known—were *first* introduced to a nation-wide book-reading public by having one of their books selected, and then distributed to every tiny corner of the country, by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

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Time and again you buy the "book-of-the-month"—not knowing it has previously been chosen by our judges—merely because some discerning friend has said warmly: "There's a book you must not miss." How sensible to get these books from the Club, since you pay no more for the books you buy, and save enormously in other ways!

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by Ernest Hemingway

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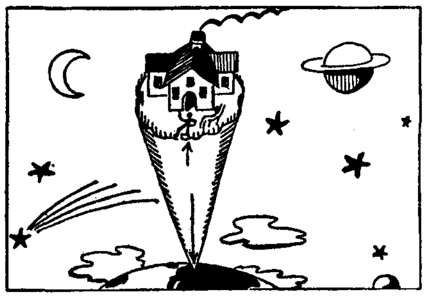
COVER JON WHITCOMB

ANY WEEK

WE'RE having quite a bit of trouble with a vast number of people who read Kyle Crichton's article about the philosophical Eddie Albert of Hollywood. In this article Mr. Crichton wrote that Mr. Albert's house was eighty-four miles above sea level. Mr. Dumont H. Meinhold and Mr. Robert L. Meyer of Springfield Gardens, Long Island, New York, collaborate in a letter that's particularly bitter, referring to the elevation that Mr. Crichton gives to Mr. Albert's house as a "flagrant error." They refer us to any encyclopedia which will tell us, they contend, that "the highest mountain in the world, Mt. Everest, stands only 29,141 feet above sea level, or something less than six miles." At some expense we hunted Mr. Crichton up, a reliable encyclopedia under our arm, and faced him with the facts. Cornered, Mr. Crichton admitted that he had erred. "I meant forty-eight miles," he said.



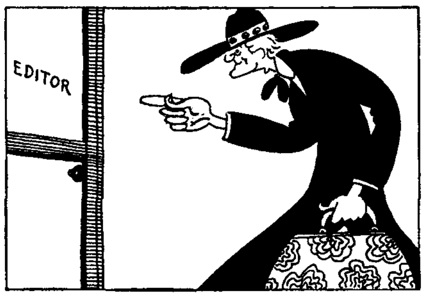
AND no sooner had the President announced our occupation of Iceland than our telephone began ringing. Unfortunately we are very accessible and eight or ten ladies and gentlemen demanded that we record our taking of Iceland as the quickest conquest in all war's history. We not only took it, they insisted, but got thanked for it by Iceland. Our victory was attended by a mutual courtesy that had Iceland lamenting that she wasn't larger and the United States assuring her that if she were a square inch bigger it would ruin her. "We have promised Iceland to hand her back to herself, as good as new, when it's all over," said Mr. John M. Maple of Englewood, New Jersey. "But I'll bet you that she refuses to accept. That's how several states and dependencies got in and I ain't mentioning any names. I will bet you five bucks we wind up owning Portugal and it will serve us right."

A GENTLEMAN named Gus Doglitsch has arrived in this office breathless. He explains that he ran most of the way from Brooklyn, N. Y. Calmed down, he told us that Jay Irving, the caricaturist who draws cops for Collier's, was "known far and wide by many millions of American cops as Old Sarge." We said: "Isn't that fine. Where is Old Sarge? We'd like to be among the first thousand to congratulate him." But Mr. Doglitsch waved us back into our chair and gasped: "Ya can't—not now. Old Sarge has gone to Wyoming in patrol wagons." There wasn't much we could do with Mr. Doglitsch. But we learned in time that Mr. Irving had gone to Cheyenne where a rodeo was about to be staged and that there he'd probably ride "wicked buckin' broncos and maybe a couple of genuine Brahma bulls at the expense of the owner." Mr. Doglitsch explained the patrol wagons too. "See?" he said. "The idea is for each police department between here and this place in Wyoming to hitch him in their wagons from town to town only it would take too long and Old Sarge caught the rattler or maybe a plane. Between the Dodgers and Old Sarge Brooklyn ain't safe no more."

MOREOVER, Corporal James Madison Dingler of Fort Bragg, North Carolina, reports that while strolling through the lovely Carolina hills recently he was accosted by the Rev. Bing-Bang Foote, better known as The Burnin' Bush of Atlanta, Georgia. The Rev. Mr. Foote is an evangelist. He has no fixed itinerary but, according to what he told the corporal, "aims to stop and kick hell outen the Devil whaaaarever Ole Satan stops to take a drink of coooold water." He made a business proposition to Corporal Dingler. "Rassle me up a field full of sinnin' soldiers for a goin' over," said Mr. Foote, "and I don't care who takes up the offerin'. I ain't no tent evangelist. I don't need no tin roof over my haid when I scourge Old Beelzebub. When I git goin' about seven minutes I split tents, melt tin roofs and bust glass windows. I'd lose money indoors."

WHILE we're awaiting further word from the corporal, we join with Mr. Lephet Scheupter of Baltimore, Maryland, in hoping that the rumors about Prince Louis Ferdinand, grandson of the late Kaiser, aren't true. We don't know why we feel that way, unless it's that silly feeling we always have when we hear of a man sentenced to death. Anyway Mr. Scheupter writes: "I see that Hitler figures on putting this Louis Ferdinand on the Czar's throne if he conquers Russia. I don't know this Louis Ferdinand and my ancestors would turn over in their graves, God forbid, to hear me hope nothing bad happens to a Czar. Maybe I got like this from soft living here in America where if you got stuff, work hard and mind your own business you can't miss, but honest I hope this Louis Ferdinand's got enough sense to turn the job down if it's offered. I got relations in Russia yet. I been hearing from them and while it ain't America yet, it's better than it used to be and some of my relations in Russia were kind of wishing for the old days when there was czars and archdukes running around thick, suckers for a good bomb pitcher or a guy with a gun. It got kind of dull under the Communists. But me, I wouldn't wish this job Hitler's got for Louis on a dog, God forbid."

WE GOT back to our office just in time to meet Mr. Owen P. White of El Paso, Texas. Mr. White is an author of virility and has contributed many stirring pieces to this magazine. In his hand, Mr. White carried an elderly grip which, he told us, was once the property of Professor Jonathan Longwind, the famous Indian medicine man of the late seventies. We asked Mr. White what was in Professor Longwind's historic grip. "Vermifuge," said Mr. White. After a bit of this and that, Mr. White took his grip and his leave. "I'm calling on a few editors I know," he explained.



AND just to show you that appreciation of America needn't be empty sentiment, we have a report from Mr. Paul West of San Francisco. It was in that city recently that an employer went before a draft board to plead for exemption for one of his employees. "Look," said the employer, "this here boy is indispensable to my business. In my shop I got the only machine like it in the West. From Chicago I bring this boy to run this machine and he wouldn't even let me know how he does it. Without this boy I ain't got this machine running and *without this machine the business is lousy.*" The head of the board interrupted: "How much do you pay this here boy?" Said the employer: "I'm paying this here boy thirty-two dollars a week." The board: "And how much is it your business nets you in a year?" The employer said twenty-five thousand dollars. "Look," said the board, "thirty-two dollars a week for a boy who is indispensable to twenty-five thousand net. We defer this here boy if you pay him sixty. Otherwise he's a soldier and you could make him a present of the machine." After a good deal of talk about constitutional rights, lawyers and who-do-you-think-you-are-President-Roosevelt-yet, the employer agreed. Next payday the boy dropped in on the draft board desirous of buying something in case lots. The board refused. But the boy is now sleeping on the machine.

HE'D better . . . W. D.

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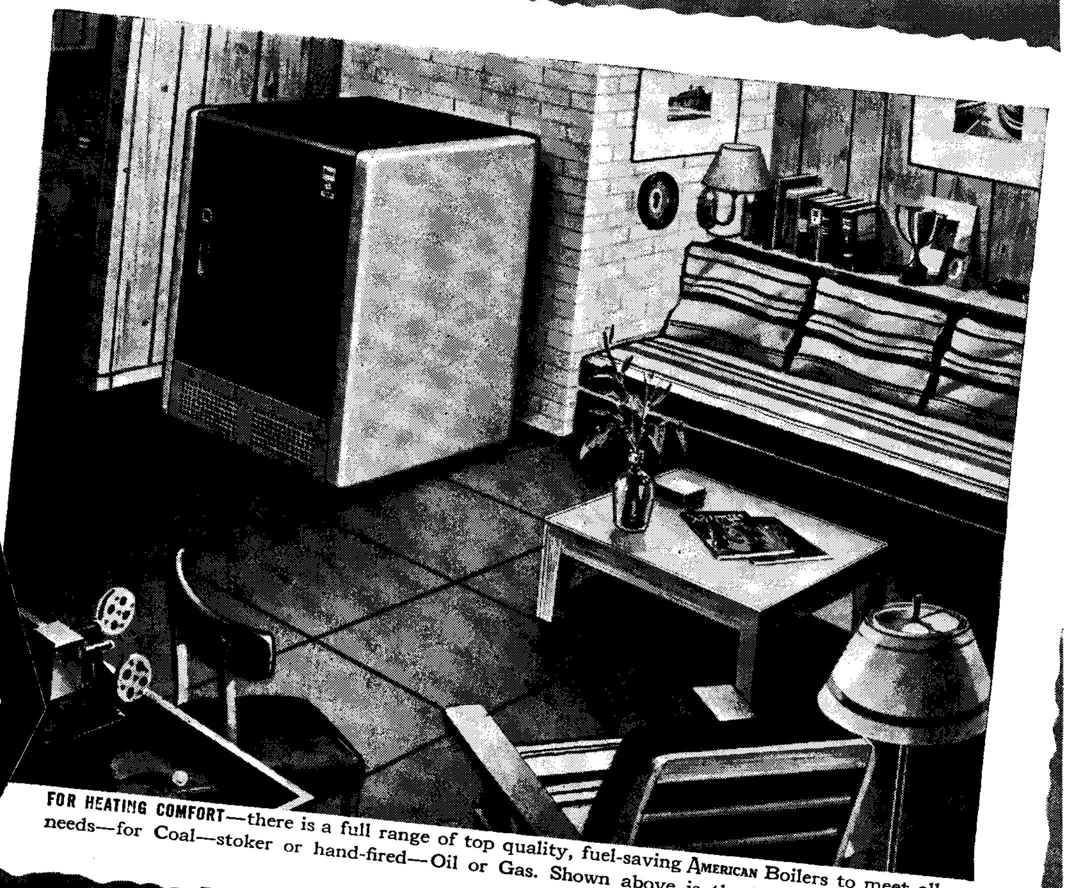

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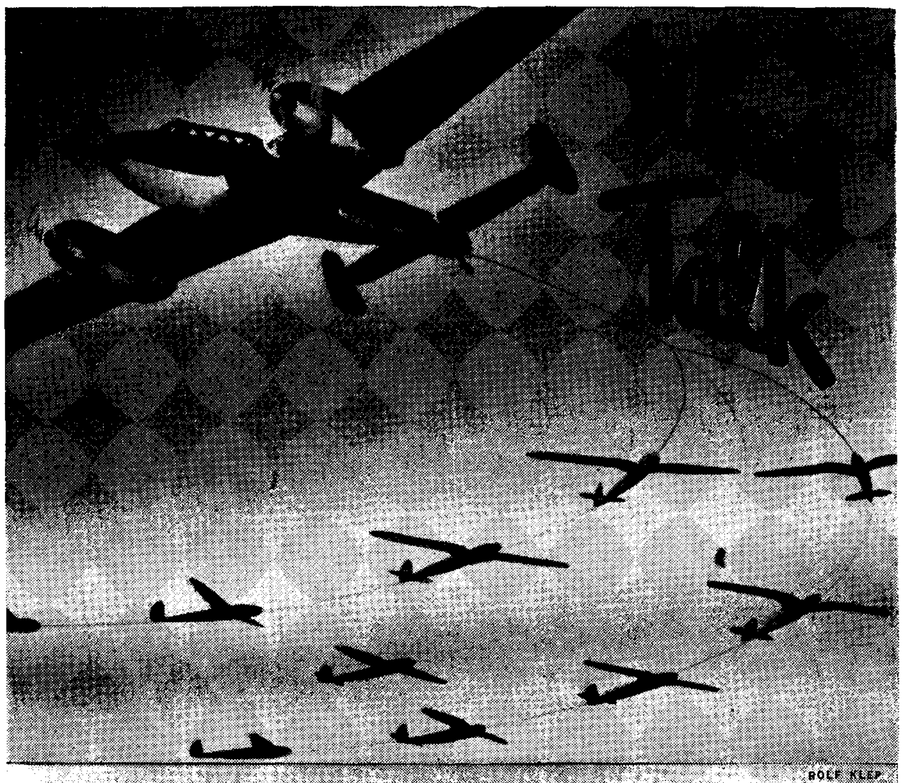


ROLF KLEP

Efficiency is in direct ratio to speed in glider-plane combinations

ONE element in our aviation industry believes the day is not far off when all aircraft will have tricycle landing gear. A good start has been made with seven modern combat types, six of which are in volume production for the Army. They are the Douglas light bomber A-20-A, the Martin B-26 and North American B-25, medium bombers; Consolidated B-24, a four-engine heavy bomber; and the Lockheed P-38 and Bell P-39 Airacobra pursuits. The biggest of them all, the Douglas B-19 bomber, though not in mass production, has tricycle gear. However, all of the Army's new types do not have it, for the famous Boeing B-17-E, Flying Fortress; and the Curtiss P-40D, North American Apache and Republic P-47 pursuits are equipped with the conventional, as the British say, undercarriage.

The Navy has a number of Douglas transports in service with tricycle gear, an adaptation of what was to have been the commercial DC-5 when the emergency arose, and is experimenting with others for carriers. Already landings have been made on a carrier with a tricycle gear twin-engine plane. Existing contracts with the industry are so prepared that the change can be made at any time without negotiating the business all over.

Chief advantage of the tricycle gear is to permit fast landings on short fields, and to eliminate ground-looping and nosing over. The tricycle landing gear is not new, having been invented and proven by the master airmen of all time, Orville and Wilbur Wright.

INTEREST in the use of gliders for transporting troops—gliders that would need to be towed in trains—has reached such a height that a quick peep into the technical aspects of the problem should be taken. Speed is a desirable factor in such an operation and you should know that the ratio of the weight of the train of gliders to the weight of the towing airplane directly influences the speed of the entire combination. The higher the speed of the towing airplane, the more efficient the train of gliders will be. For example, it is known that a twin-engined Messerschmitt 110, with a top speed variously reported from 340 to 380 miles per hour, can tow gliders totaling four times its own weight and maintain a cruising speed of about 110 miles per hour. A slower, heavier towplane would not be able to lift such a great multiple of its own weight, declares an engineer who has looked into the matter.

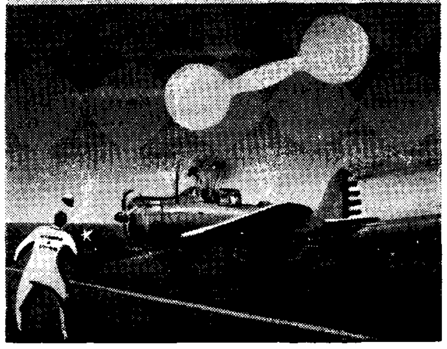
EVERYBODY surely has heard of the enthusiastic factions within the aircraft industry for air-cooled and liquid-cooled engines. There is one camp that favors the high-powered radial air-cooled power plant and another group that can see only the liquid-cooled, in-line engine, for its compactness. By and large the public would rather have plenty of both.

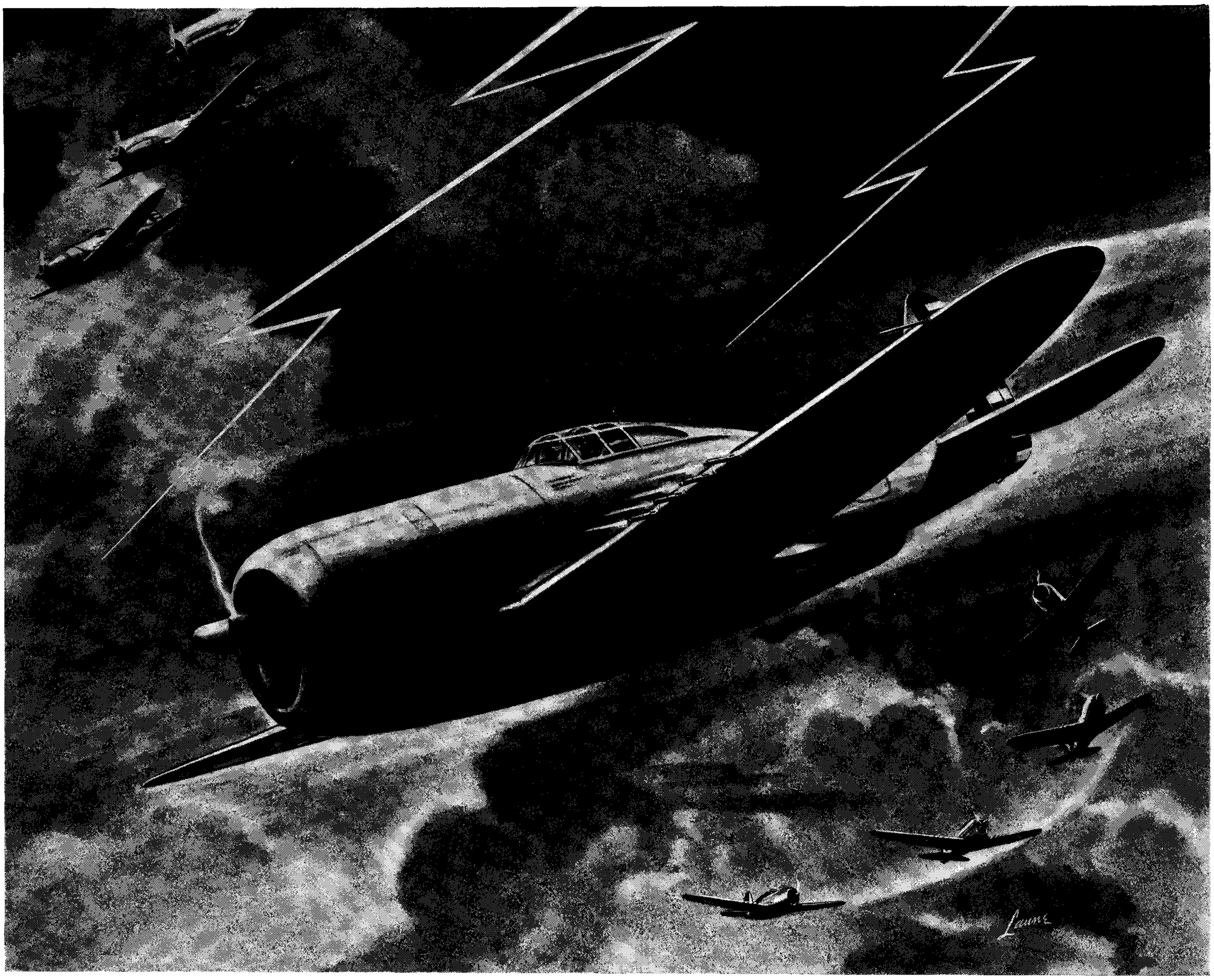
But within the aircraft-engine industry is another group that joyfully declares it has a power-plant type that combines the best features of both—compactness and low weight and freedom from plumbing for liquid cooling.

Two such production air-cooled, in-line engines are the Fairchild Ranger and the Menasco. The Ranger develops around 500 horsepower, is 12-cylinder, V-type and inverted. The Menasco, with six cylinders in line, also inverted, puts out close to 300 horsepower, and has long been the stand-by of many racing pilots. These two, of course, are far from the 2,000-plus horsepower of the production models of Pratt & Whitney and of Wright, and the 1,325 horsepower to which Allison has just boosted its 12-cylinder V-type liquid-cooled job. But Fairchild and Menasco, as well as Aero Motors Corps., Allied, Church, Continental, Franklin, Lycoming, Phillips, Rover, Skymotors, Unitwin, and

(Continued on page 35)

Failure to lower your landing gear qualifies you for membership in one of the Army or Navy Dumbbell Airman's Societies





2,000-horsepower *Thunderbolts* *for the Army Air Forces*

P-47 "Thunderbolts" will soon be roaring away from Republic Aviation's factory for duty with Air Force combat squadrons. This latest type of Army pursuit plane is powered by a 2,000-horsepower Pratt & Whitney air-cooled engine. This tremendous horsepower makes possible the combination of speed, range, armor and fire power to outfly and outfight the best that Europe has to offer.

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RECIPE FOR CHECKING DRY SCALP

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IT MAY BE THAT you already have Dry Scalp . . . it's often hard to tell in the beginning. But, let summer heat get in its licks . . . dry out needed natural scalp oils . . . and dull, listless hair may easily be your unhappy lot.

With the 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic method, you not only combat Dry Scalp, but you give your hair heartwarming loveliness, softness, lustre. And so easily:

1. **BEFORE EACH SHAMPOO,** massage with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.
2. **BEFORE EACH LONG STAY OUT-OF-DOORS,** touch just a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic to your hair, then press your wave in place. Start this 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic protective and beauty treatment today.

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no ingredient that has a drying effect.

40¢ and 70¢

By actually supplementing the natural scalp oils, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic aids in keeping the scalp soft and supple . . . as it keeps the hair lustrous, well-groomed and natural-looking.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

When a person runs, his bloodstream fills with waste matter faster than his heart and lungs can eliminate it. At the moment that they reach sufficient speed to do their work properly, the runner gets his so-called "second wind" and is greatly relieved.

Of every 1,000 of the 400,000 men rejected by draft boards, 188 were rejected mainly for defective teeth, 113 for defective eyes, 93 for circulatory diseases, 78 for musculoskeletal defects, 71 for nervous diseases, 56 for defective hearing, 45 for hernia, 40 for respiratory diseases, 38 for venereal diseases, 33 for defective feet and 245 for miscellaneous troubles.

Synthetic flavors when mixed with natural aromatics are much stronger than natural flavors. For example, one pound of B-ionone has the flavoring strength of 20,000 pounds of black raspberries, a drop or two of methyl anthranilate has more flavor than one gallon of Concord grape juice, and one ounce of artificial vanillin doubles the strength of one gallon of vanilla extract.—*By George Powers, St. Louis, Missouri.*

The first Wright airplane engine weighed about 15 pounds per horsepower, exclusive of its cooling system and coolant, while today's air-cooled engines weigh about one pound per horsepower. The early engine developed about three horsepower per cylinder, while today's engines develop 130 horsepower per cylinder.—*By Stephen A. McClellan, Glen Cove, New York.*

One Broadway song writer, a girl, has written and sold, to Broadway's leading music publishers, the lyrics of one hundred songs in the past eighteen months, which is an average of one every five and four-tenths days.—*By Sam Blake, New York, New York.*

"Cutting in," the custom that makes it obligatory for a man to relinquish his dancing partner to another upon request, is considered to be rude and absurd in every country but the United States.—*By Melanie Updegraff, New York, New York.*

Rewards paid to civil police and others for apprehending deserters from any United States naval force are deducted in installments from the wages of the deserters after they have served their prison sentences and been replaced on the pay roll. —*By A. H. Milner, Algiers, Louisiana.*

For many years in the British army, King Haakon of Norway has held the rank of colonel, Kings Christian of Denmark and Leopold of the Belgians have been colonels-in-chief and Emperor Hirohito of Japan has been a field marshal, a rank higher than that of a full general.

During each session of Congress. Washington receives thousands of petitions, each bearing hundreds of signatures. For example, the 74th Congress received 11,228, or an average of 194 a week during its sessions from January 3 to August 26, 1935, and from January 3 to June 20, 1936.

Not long ago, during several days of freakish weather, television programs broadcast by the BBC in London were picked up by the NBC in New York, which is about sixty times farther than they are received under normal conditions.—*By Harry R. Roberts, Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania.*

To check on propaganda broadcast against the United States, the Federal Communications Commission maintains a staff of 350 technicians, translators and clerks who, working in eight-hour shifts, tune in on, record, translate and study every foreign short-wave program heard in this country.

The only two prominent countries whose governments have never awarded medals or decorations for achievements in the arts and sciences are the United States and Switzerland.—*By J. S. McKown, Parkersburg, West Virginia.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

FOR THE BEST OF CARE

Bring your Ford "back home!"

We Americans have learned to drive our cars far better than we have learned to care for them. The cars are built so well—will withstand so much abuse and neglect—that we have grown a little spoiled about the real importance of good service, and how to get it best and most economically.

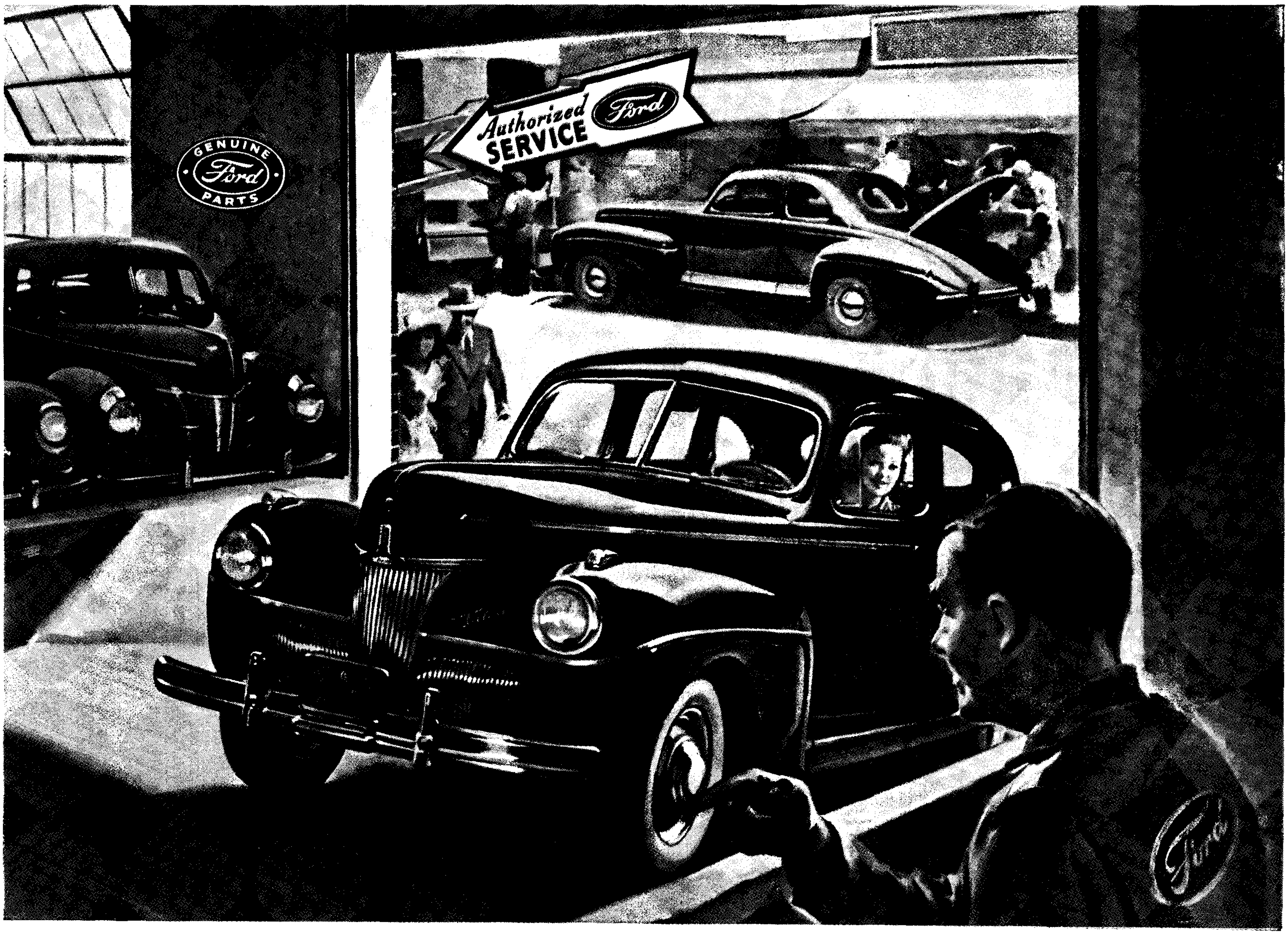
We mention this because our own Ford cars especially have always been built so well to "take it". . . and because Ford owners have good and inexpensive service open to them the whole country over.

To any car owner who is interested right now in the best possible service investment in his car, and to Ford owners above all, we make these sensible and timely suggestions.

First, bring your car "back home" for any work it needs. Your Ford dealer knows your Ford best. His men are trained specialists in your car's special mechanical nature. They work with Ford parts, and with the proper tools to do the job both right and quickly, without lost motion or excessive labor costs to you. And also, in a Ford dealer's shop your car becomes something more than just a "job"—he wants your future business as a new car buyer, and he knows that good service is one of his best ways to win it.

Second, see that your car comes in for service soon enough and regularly. Proper care and adjustments at the right time—instead of repairs made too late through needless neglect—will save your money, save your car, and provide you with better and safer transportation in the bargain.

Now, more than ever, a good car deserves good care—and the best place to get it is "back home!"



Your Ford Dealer knows your Ford best...

Ask him for the low prices on Genuine Ford Replacement and Exchange Parts!

"My business is not as usual"

MY BUSINESS is not as usual — not by a long sight.

I don't usually have 600 or more new Army and Navy and defense plants to equip completely and quickly.

And I don't usually have the rush of business that comes when every one else is working on defense.

When a country starts to hurry, about the first thing it calls for is more telephones.

It takes a lot of telephone calls to make a tank or an airplane or a cargo ship.

When a country goes all out to produce, it uses plenty of telephone service. We are all out for defense too — doing our best to keep ahead of the job.

"THE TELEPHONE HOUR" IS BROADCAST EVERY MONDAY. (N.B.C. RED NETWORK, 8 P.M., EASTERN DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME)

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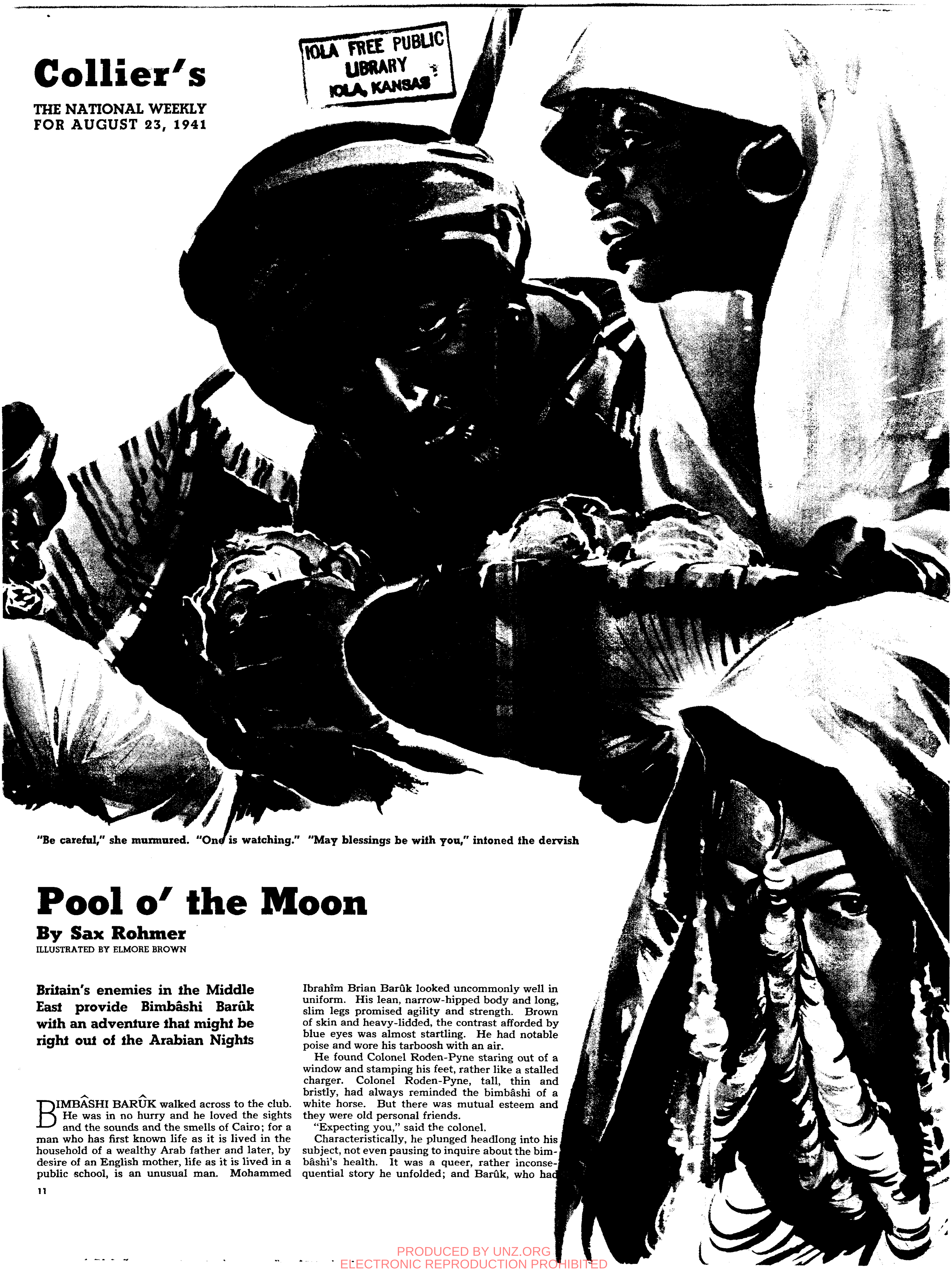


"Be careful," she murmured. "One is watching." "May blessings be with you," intoned the dervish

Pool o' the Moon

By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Britain's enemies in the Middle East provide Bimbâshi Barûk with an adventure that might be right out of the Arabian Nights

BIMBÂSHI BARÛK walked across to the club. He was in no hurry and he loved the sights and the sounds and the smells of Cairo; for a man who has first known life as it is lived in the household of a wealthy Arab father and later, by desire of an English mother, life as it is lived in a public school, is an unusual man. Mohammed Ibrahîm Brian Barûk looked uncommonly well in uniform. His lean, narrow-hipped body and long, slim legs promised agility and strength. Brown of skin and heavy-lidded, the contrast afforded by blue eyes was almost startling. He had notable poise and wore his tarboosh with an air.

He found Colonel Roden-Pyne staring out of a window and stamping his feet, rather like a stalled charger. Colonel Roden-Pyne, tall, thin and bristly, had always reminded the bimbâshi of a white horse. But there was mutual esteem and they were old personal friends.

"Expecting you," said the colonel.

Characteristically, he plunged headlong into his subject, not even pausing to inquire about the bimbâshi's health. It was a queer, rather inconsequential story he unfolded; and Barûk, who had

A Catalina like this one spotted the Bismarck. The crew going off duty are being ferried to shore at an "operational station" of the R.A.F.

THE NAVY LOOKS AND LEARNS

An officer of the United States Navy was on board the American-built plane which discovered and hounded the German battleship Bismarck to her death, according to the article on the opposite page by Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox.

This exciting drama of fighting ships at sea began on May 24th when the world was startled to hear that the Bismarck had sunk Britain's mighty battle cruiser, H. M. S. Hood with a lucky shot in her magazine. Other British forces, ships and planes, began a relentless hunt.

Aboard the American-built Catalina Flying Boat, (our Navy now has in commission many of these same large patrol planes) manned by the British naval air arm, was the American officer whose full reports have now been received. On the afternoon of May 26th this plane was searching the sea over the North Atlantic. The day was gray, but visibility was good underneath the low-hanging clouds.

As the plane zoomed through the overcast into the open she spotted the Bismarck speeding over the waves directly underneath.

With incredible swiftness the Bismarck opened up with what appeared to be all her antiaircraft fire. Several bursts exploded dangerously close to the plane. Bits of shrapnel ripped through the fuselage in many places. The force of the explosions caused the plane to bounce about in the air like a cork on the sea. The pilot dodged back into the protecting clouds, but he kept on the Bismarck's track, occasionally zooming out of the clouds to check on her position. These positions were radioed to the British fleet, which closed in at forced draft for the kill.

It is fortunate for the American people that our naval observers can be present at such battles as this, keeping the American Navy informed at firsthand on technical developments of the war; using such valuable information, steps can be taken to strengthen our forces at sea. In knowledge obtained from actual battles will come the perfect defense of the Western Hemisphere.

filled and lighted his pipe, presently found that it had gone out. . . .

"I asked for you, B. B., because of your enviable reputation for trailing the missing."

"I am therefore condemned to remain a bloodhound?"

"At present. Let me run over the essential facts. Ask any questions that occur to you. Right? Inside the triangle, Ankara, Damascus, Bagdad, something has gone wonky. First, our most reliable underground postman in the western part of the area disappears. The man, an Armenian tallyman-huckster, sells cheap trinkets and bits of stuff and so on to the women of the smaller towns. Sound as a bell and well paid for the district messenger job. He had established contact with A-14, the best agent we have between Palestine and the Turkish frontier, and was carrying valuable material. When he was posted overdue, I inquired through the usual channels. At some point in or near Damascus, he had vanished like a mirage—"

"With the information?"

"With everything. Not a trace."

"Brigands?"

"A possibility. But the French have reported no incidents, and we can't be too curious. Damascus, of course, is an enemy hotbed. Rosener, of the German staff, is there. Also, we know that his three-star agent—opposite number of our A-14—is operating in the area."

"Who is this agent?"

Colonel Roden-Pyne neighed realistically: he had suitable teeth.

"Find that out, B. B., and I'll recommend you for the D.S.O.! I'll wager there's an iron cross waiting at the other end for the German who finds out who A-14 is, too."

"You're a nasty, secretive lot."

"Try to be. A-14 is little short of a wizard. His reports are models. He has tipped us to practically every move made by Rosener. He warned us of the Bagdad coup d'état a week before it came off. Any questions?"

"Not at the moment."

"Very well. Episode Second: Through our contact in Damascus, a barber called, I think, Abu Hassan—"

"All Arab barbers are called Abu Hassan."

"WELL, through him we found out what little we know about the Armenian. Abu Hassan, of course, merely passes the wink that stuff is waiting; he knows nothing whatever about it and could give nobody away. It looked to me as though Z (we call the German agent Z) had got hold of the parcel. Not knowing contents of same, I sweated freely. It's a rattling fine code, of Arab origin, introduced by A-14 and used by no one else. But I wouldn't swear that it can't be broken. I panicked badly. I sent for Madden. You know Pop Madden—used to be with you."

"Rather. Little wiry fellow. Permanent expression: a baked apple."

"Exactly. Been with me here for some time. Knows Syria well. First-class with dialects, customs and so forth, nearly as good as you, and as clever as a monkey at the game. Works out as a camel dealer. Knows all about camels."

"He who knows the camel knows the worst."

"Well, I brought him up to date, and off he went. That was"—he glanced at an almanac on the wall—"the ninth. Ten days ago. And last Monday I got this."

Colonel Roden-Pyne took a slightly dirty post card from a pocket case and handed it to Bimbâshi Barûk. It bore the Damascus postmark and had been mailed on the day after Madden's departure. It was addressed to Said Ali, the Mûski, Cairo.

"Who is Said Ali?"

"Abu Hassan's brother—a perfumer. They both run accommodation addresses. Suits our purpose."

The note, written in that kind of colloquial Arabic used by professional letter writers, simply said:

"If your nephew is the boy with a rose in his mouth I don't like him. May God be with you and with Yosef-Abu Hassan."

"Who is Yosef?"

"Myself. The card, of course, was written by Madden. I spotted at once that something had made him uneasy. This was a tip, in case he failed."

"But what does it mean?"

"Not a notion. But as Madden also has disappeared I want you to cut up to Damascus and find out."

"I haven't been in Syria since I went with the Transport Commission to Beirut, and my Syrian Arabic is not so hot."

"Your Arabic is your own affair. I look for results."

"Happy is he who leaves obstacles to the less fortunate."

"Let's stroll over the way. I will show you one of A-14's reports and fix necessary contacts."

DAMASCUS grew sleepy in the morning sun. In the covered bazaars, with their cavelike shops, khans which had housed merchants from Bagdad when the great Harun reigned, and cooling fountains, a drowsy hum prevailed. Rumor passed from lip to lip. In the Street of the Coppersmiths it might be heard amid the ceaseless tap of hammers; in the Street of the Perfumers one smelled it out above ambergris and musk. Laden camels, indifferent to the convenience of pedestrians, paced rubber-footed on their way; and their dopey eyes held some secret which might not be told.

At one of the crossroads in this maze of merchandise there was a gracefully lazy fountain. It was old and venerable, having been erected by the Caliph Marwân in 750 A.D. Thousands of weary travelers had paused there gratefully in the centuries between, but only one was seated beside the fountain now—a fierce-eyed dervish. He was impressively dirty, unshaven and ragged, wearing a garment originally black but at present patched so as to resemble a dilapidated quilt.

A buxom Negress carrying a basket of green vegetables on her head came out from one of the narrow streets and approached the fountain. Then, from the same direction came a slender youth, well dressed and wearing a sky-blue turban. His indolence of carriage was poetic, for he was a handsome, if an effeminate, stripling, and his large, dark eyes surveyed the scene with languorous indifference. In his mouth he held a red rose (as affected by some Sufi intellectuals) rolling the short stem between his lips as other men roll a cigar.

INTO the mysterious murmur of the bazaars, above clatter of hoofs, beating of hammers and cries of venders, sweetly stole the Call to Prayer, weaving its silver thread among the embroidery of Eastern sound. It was the hour of noon.

Alone of those present in the little square, the dervish, pulling a scrap of carpet from beneath his tattered robe, prostrated himself. The poet, leaning against a wooden archway near by, smiled cynically. The colored woman rested her heavy basket on the edge of

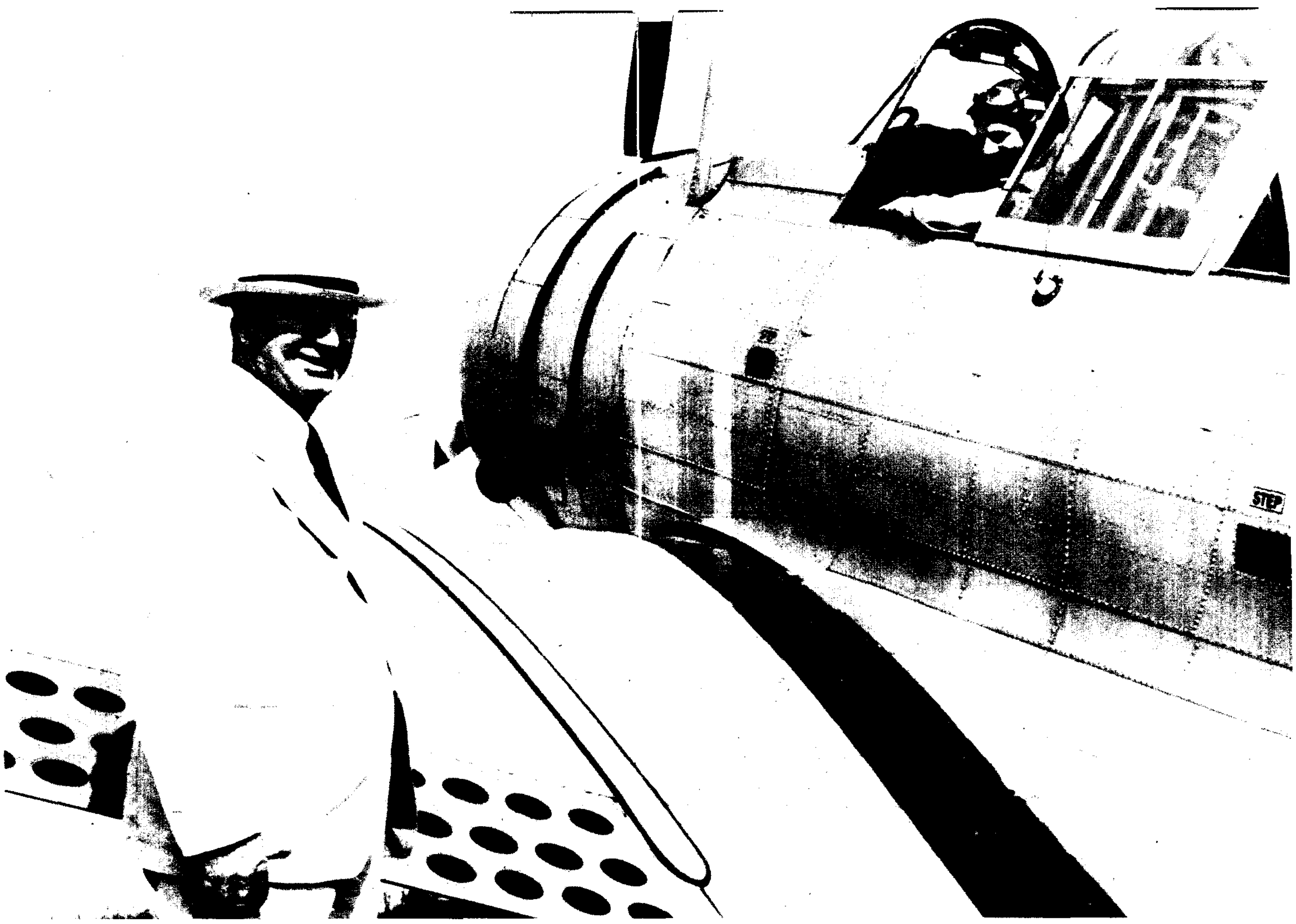
(Continued on page 58)

Hands Off Navy Planes!

By Frank Knox

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

"Keep the naval air arm where it belongs and where it will do the most good—in the Navy." That's the Secretary's answer to those who advocate a separate air force



Frank Knox, Secretary of the Navy, chats with the pilot of one of the Navy's Douglas dive bombers

IFOR THOMAS

JUST fifty-one years ago an American Navy captain published a book which revolutionized the thinking of kings and statesmen throughout the world.

The author was Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N. His book—The Influence of Sea Power upon History.

Mahan taught that, from the time of Hannibal onward, ultimate victory and security against invasion have been won by the power or powers which could first win and then hold the sea. If Mahan is still right, then ultimately and finally . . . Adolf Hitler will not win.

Naval authorities so far have seen no reason to revise Mahan's dictum. In World War I the blockade of Germany by the grand fleet caused the collapse of the armies of the Central Powers.

The present war, however, has added an important contribution to naval thinking. Mahan thought of sea power principally as men and ships. Lesson No. 1 for naval men in World War II is that sea power inevitably consists of men, ships *and planes.*

To stress the importance of the Navy in what we must now call our first line of sea-air defense, let's imagine an example. Suppose that, into the Office of Communications, Navy Department, Washington, came two messages addressed to the Chief of Naval Operations. One of them might read like this:

To: CNO
FROM: COMMANDER IN CHIEF, PACIFIC FLEET.
MAIN BODY FLEET ROUTED IN ACTION WITH ENEMY FLEET AFTER LOSING AIR CONTROL. AUXILIARY FORCES CRIPPLED. AM ATTEMPTING TO RETIRE UNDER FIRE FROM SEA AND AIR.

The second message might come from the commander in chief of the Atlantic Fleet, containing similar grave news of defeat, and adding that the Panama Canal had been bombed.

These two messages are admittedly fantastic and improbable. They are not impossible.

A defeat of our forces at sea by a foreign power or combination of powers would leave our coasts open to invasion: an invasion front so long that we would have to maintain an army of fantastic size to assure us of protection. More important, a defeat of our sea-air power would be an invitation to an enemy to establish invasion bases on the territory of our neighbors. Thus the Western Hemisphere, including the United States, would be threatened by joint attack on land, at sea and from the sky.

Naval and military intelligence estimates that if Hitler wins in Europe and Great Britain his shipbuilding capacity will be at least four times our own. In addition, all Europe will become Hitler's aircraft factory. It would then be in his power to build a sea-air navy bigger than our own—bigger than anything we have planned.

But we have the jump on Hitler—in ships and ship-based planes, in the "know-how" of training, and most particularly, in the high morale and intelligence of our personnel. The American people should demand that we keep the jump on Hitler—and jump on him first where there is any doubt about it. Lookout stations in Greenland and Iceland as aids to our northeastern defense, for example.

Again stressing the importance of our sea-air power, our experts say that a Navy of 500,000 men and a naval air force of 250,000 men would give us defensive power equal in land troops to an Army more than ten times that size. In other words, a sea-air Navy of 750,000 men would give us protection that would require, in land forces acting alone, an Army of more than eight million men, deployed strategically over all the thousands of miles of our territory.

The Public's Right to Information

This fact alone should explain why our two-ocean Navy is being rushed—why, in every instance possible, it is ahead of the 1946 schedule—why at least 15,000 combatant naval planes are needed with it for our protection.

Meanwhile, the public wants information about the best methods of achieving naval defense—and every citizen in a democracy has a right to ask questions of his government and the right to expect frank answers.

Of the questions asked about the Navy, three seem most important. First, should the Navy give up its aviation arm in favor of a unified air force? Second, have the lessons of war in Europe taught that the plane is mightier than the battleship? Third, should the Navy make public more news about its tactical operations?

The first of these questions is generally followed by citing the brilliant feats of the R.A.F., and the crushing devastation wrought by the Luftwaffe in mass attacks over Britain.

Actually, Germany has not yet a navy with which to use a naval air arm comparable to our own. Further, there is evidence that Great Britain, in the midst of a struggle to the death, is finding it necessary to adopt our own method of using its sea and air arms as a single co-ordinated striking force.

At one time all the aircraft in the British fleet—even the planes based on battleships and cruisers, as well as on carriers—were under control of the R.A.F.

This caused lack of development and experimentation in planes adaptable to naval use alone. As early as 1937 it was found that this would not work. Ship-based planes were returned to control by the navy.

Similarly, the planes of the British coastal command were operated by the R.A.F.

Many of the coastal command pilots did not have naval training. There were recorded instances of inability to identify enemy ships and submarines from the air. There was a lack of intelligent communication between planes and naval forces at sea which could have resulted in the crushing of enemy units by superior power in the vicinity. There was a lack of sea-air equipment generally—a lack now being made up by American aid. There was never any lack of courage or determination.

The result was that on December 10, 1940, Mr. Churchill announced that the operational policy of the coastal command would be placed under the admiralty. As late as February, 1941, it was learned that the coastal command had found it necessary to send its pilots to sea in order to familiarize them with ships' activities and objectives—in short, to make them sea-minded.

It is well known that both our Army and Navy maintain observers abroad. What they have learned is invaluable in the preparation, strategy and tactics of our own sea-air defenses. An American observer was present at the sinking of the Bismarck. An American-made flying boat had discovered and trailed her. (It has already been hinted in news dispatches, and it is now possible to confirm the reports that an American naval observer was aboard the plane that spotted the Bismarck.)

The unanimous report of our naval observers has been that, to be effective, the naval air arm must have planes developed by the Navy for naval uses; planes flown under Navy command to attain naval objectives; planes flown by expert pilots who are Navy men with naval training. Our observers have expressed the belief that England's early failure to develop an independent, powerful sea-air arm has been primarily responsible for nearly every reverse suffered by Britain so far in the war at sea.

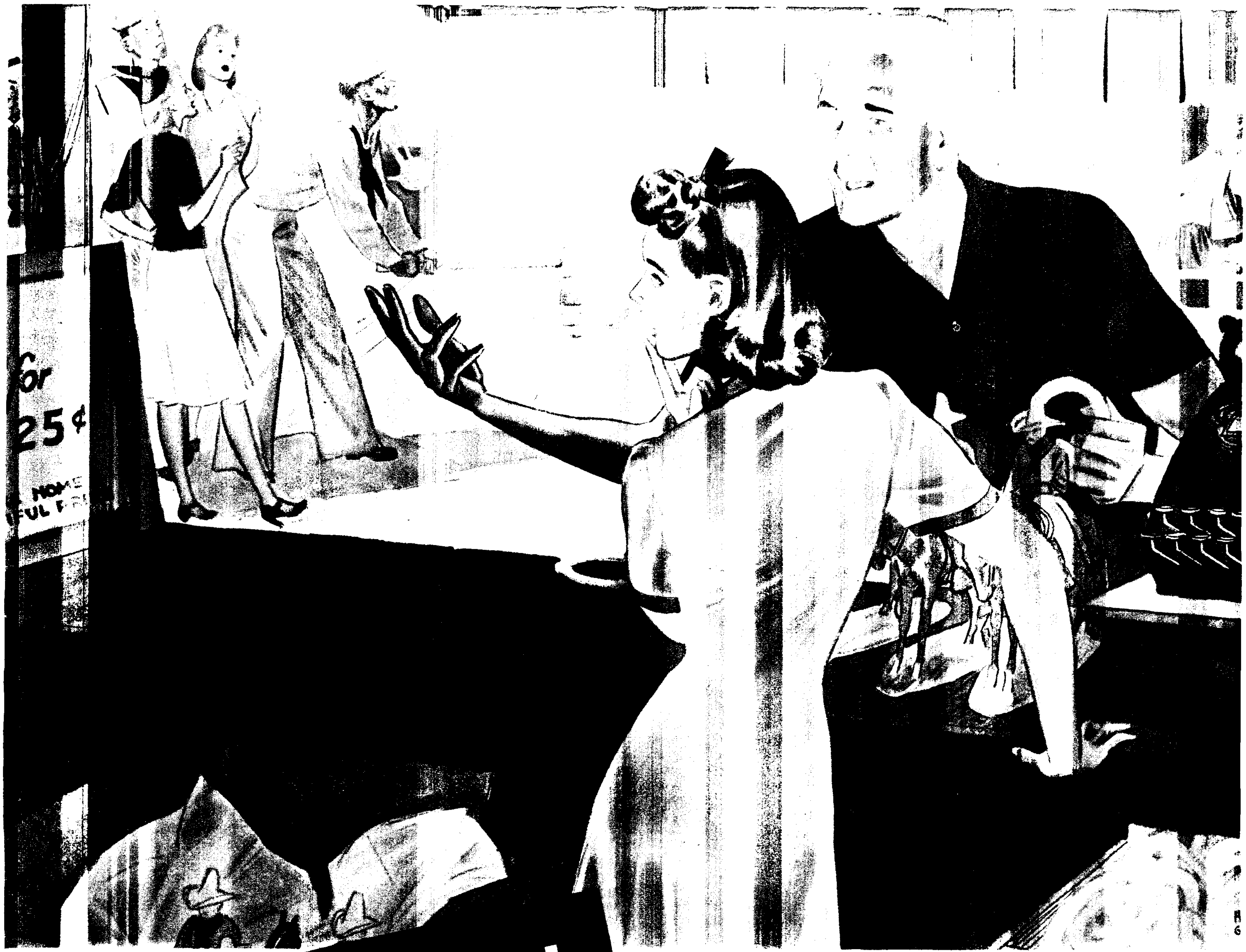
Ask the Men Who Fly

All of us have heard the saying that our Army and Navy brass hats—perish the term—are opposed to a unified air force because jealously they refuse to give up any part of their power. For the record, the reports on the war abroad urging the continuation of an independent naval air force have come, in the main, from young men in our naval air service—men whose lives will be at stake if they are called upon to defend our country. These men demand and deserve the best.

Many of these young men, as aviation experts, probably would assume higher commands in a unified air force. Yet they stand on their conclusions as seagoing naval pilots who speak from experience.

In short, existing examples of unified air forces show that they do not function well as naval air arms. Germany has had no navy as yet with which to make an adequate test. In any case, the Lutfwaffe cannot be called a truly independent service, since all German forces—land, sea and air—operate under a single high command. In Italy, the lesson of the independent air force should be obvious to all, including the instances in which land-trained Italian pilots have bombed their own ships at sea. Finally—and without attempting to minimize the glorious achievements of the R.A.F. in defending the British Isles

(Continued on page 36)



He pitched the last ring, and it settled, like the first two, neatly around the plaster cowboy's neck. Vinnie said, "That's all now, Gil. You're too good"

Not Quite the End

By Philip Clark

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

She almost got away, but the police caught up with her just in time to make it a permanent romance

SEPTEMBER is an end of things. Vinnie could feel it in the cooling sea wind that ruffled her soft hair, see it in the scattering bathers on the beach, in the eyes of the people who wandered past the ring-toss booth where she leaned back against the counter, slim and pretty in her light summer dress. The last-time look. Last time for this year. It was in the voices calling from the other booths. Last time on the Ferris wheel . . . the merry-go-round is slowing down. . . .

It was, very solemnly, in the face of the boy who stood beyond the counter, pitching rings at a plaster cowboy on the tiered platform inside. Vinnie watched him with a funny, tight feeling in her throat. He was very brown. His blond hair looked almost white against the tan. The tight feeling in Vinnie's throat got worse.

He pitched the last ring, and it settled, like the first two, neatly around the plaster cowboy's neck. Vinnie picked up the painted little monstrosity and put it beside three others on the counter. She said, "That's positively all, Gil. You're running us out of business. You're too good."

He said, trying to keep the same lightness in his voice, "I ought to be good. I've been practicing all summer." He looked at the row of statues, then at Vinnie. There was no lightness at all in his voice now. He said, "We're closing up the cottage Sunday, Vinnie. We're moving back to town."

Vinnie watched his hands, brown and strong on the edge of the counter. She couldn't quite bring herself to meet his eyes. She said, "We'll be going, too. Pop says it's about finished here. We'll be getting back to Florida."

The merry-go-round is slowing down. . . .

Vinnie said, "It's been lots of fun, Gil."

"Just fun?"

His voice was really hurt. Vinnie thought, "He does love me. He does think so, anyway. But how can he really know? How can he really *know*? It's so easy in the summer—but this is September. . . ."

She said, "You know I'm terribly fond of you, Gil."

So much less than she wanted to say. So much all she could manage. Gil picked up one of the plaster cowboys, checked a movement that seemed about to hurl it fiercely far out to sea. He said, "What do I have to *say*—"

Vinnie said, "I know, Gil. I do believe you. It's just that—that—"

"Just *what?*"

Vinnie said quickly, "Please, Gil. Please, not now."

Beyond his shoulder, she saw a familiar, portly figure approaching. She said, "I'll meet you down the beach. In just a few minutes."

Gil hesitated, but said, "You promise?"

"I promise."

She gathered up the other three statues and thrust them into his arms. He said, "For goodness' sake, Vinnie! I don't *want* the darned things!"

Vinnie said, "You paid for them. You take them away."

For a moment she had a queer, strangled fight to keep from laughing. He looked so funny with his arms full of plaster cowboys. So funny and so terribly nice. But Pop was bearing down on them. She said, "Go on, Gil. I'll come. I do promise."

HE STALKED away, his back straight and stubborn. Vinnie watched him. He'd go down the beach to the breakwater. Their favorite meeting place. He'd wait for her there. The last time, maybe.

Pop loomed at her elbow, rotund, red-faced, breathless with indignation. He pointed accusingly at Gil's back.

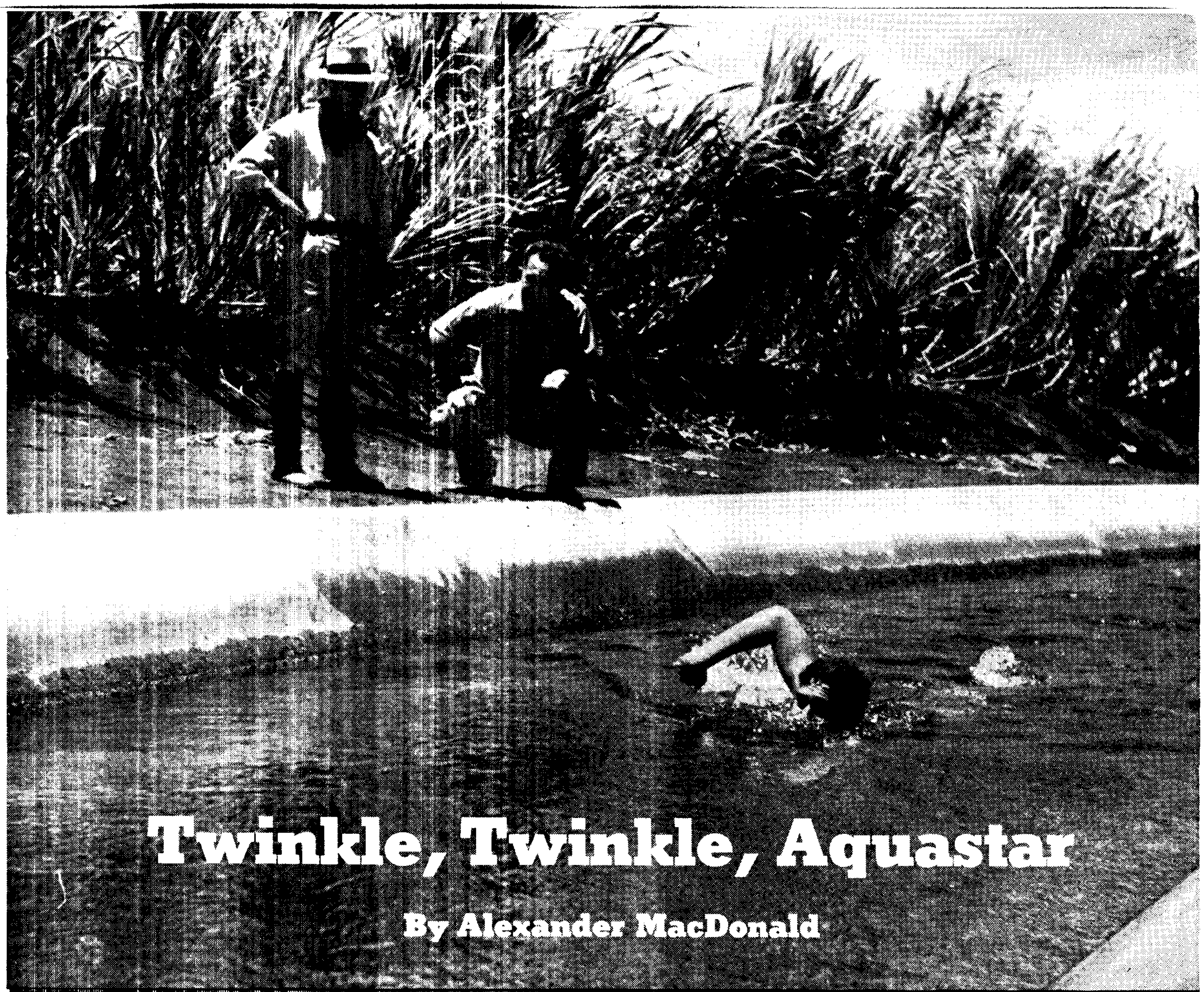
"*Who* is that sharpshooter?" Pop demanded. "Four statues! Those things cost money."

"Eleven cents," Vinnie said. "You still make a nice profit."

"It's a plot," Pop said, ignoring the mathematics. "Somebody's paying him to run us out of business."

He gestured at the surrounding

(Continued on page 30)



Twinkle, Twinkle, Aquastar

By Alexander MacDonald

Hawaii is happy—it's back in big-time swimming with a 17-year-old kid who has lowered every record he's gone after, even *before* his career is well under way. Meet Bill Smith, Jr.

HEARTS have ached in Honolulu for many long years. The Hawaiians are a proud people. Also they are sports maniacs. Once they had a great athlete: Duke Kahanamoku, the famous swimmer and breaker of world's records. They tried to live on this memory but it wouldn't stretch. They needed a new hero. At intervals the cry would go up on the island:

"Watch that kid so-and-so! He's another Duke!"

But he *wasn't* another Duke. He generally wasn't another anything much at all. The natives went back to groaning and hoping. They comforted themselves as best they could by looking at Old Duke, who still is active in Honolulu and saying, "Well, *he* was a great guy, anyhow." But they knew it wasn't enough.

Fade out and pan in on a new scene: the Waikiki Natatorium, May 9, 1941: two figures stand by the side of the pool waiting for the start of the 200-yard free-style championship, feature of the closing night of the Kahanamoku indoor meet. They make a strange pair, the little Japanese coach and the brawny Irish-Hawaiian kid. Facing them and also waiting for the event are Otto Jaretz, America's 220-yard champion; Paul Herron, 440-yard champion and Tom Haynie, second-ranking 440-yard star.

The little Japanese coach, Soichi Sakamoto, is giving Bill Smith, Jr., last-minute instructions. Bill is just a week away from his 17th birthday; the event is not only important for Young Bill but for Hawaii too. They embrace and stand silently waiting, arms around each other, until the youngster steps away to take his place at the starting line. Challenging them all was the only record that swimming devotees regarded as unbreakable—the astounding mark of 2:7.9 set up by Jack Medica in 1935.

From the moment the contestants hit the water the din from the Hawaiian crowd was deafening. For five days they had watched their boy break world records. They knew he was going to break this one. From the first strokes he was in the lead—and he was still there when he touched the edge of the pool at the finish line. Young Bill broke Medica's record with a miraculous 2:7.7.

Bad News for Record-Holders

It was then that Stan Brauninger, coach of the Chicago Tower Club, who was managing the American team, suggested that Young Bill, at exhibition swims, go after every record from the 550-yard up to the 1,000. Warming up now to this idea of record-busting, he tackled the 880, 900 and 1,000 on the first night of the AAU meet. He clipped three seconds off the world mark for the 880-yards, three seconds from the 900 and nearly four seconds from the 1,000. On the second night it was three seconds off the 550-yard world's mark, three from the 700 and four from the 800.

"If there are any other records around," said Mr. Brauninger, wiping his brow, "they had better be locked carefully in a safe. Never have I seen such swimming and never again will I see such a swimmer. I'm dizzy."

(*Continued on page* 50)

[illegible] part of his [illegible] daily condi[illegible]
[illegible] Maui Island [illegible]
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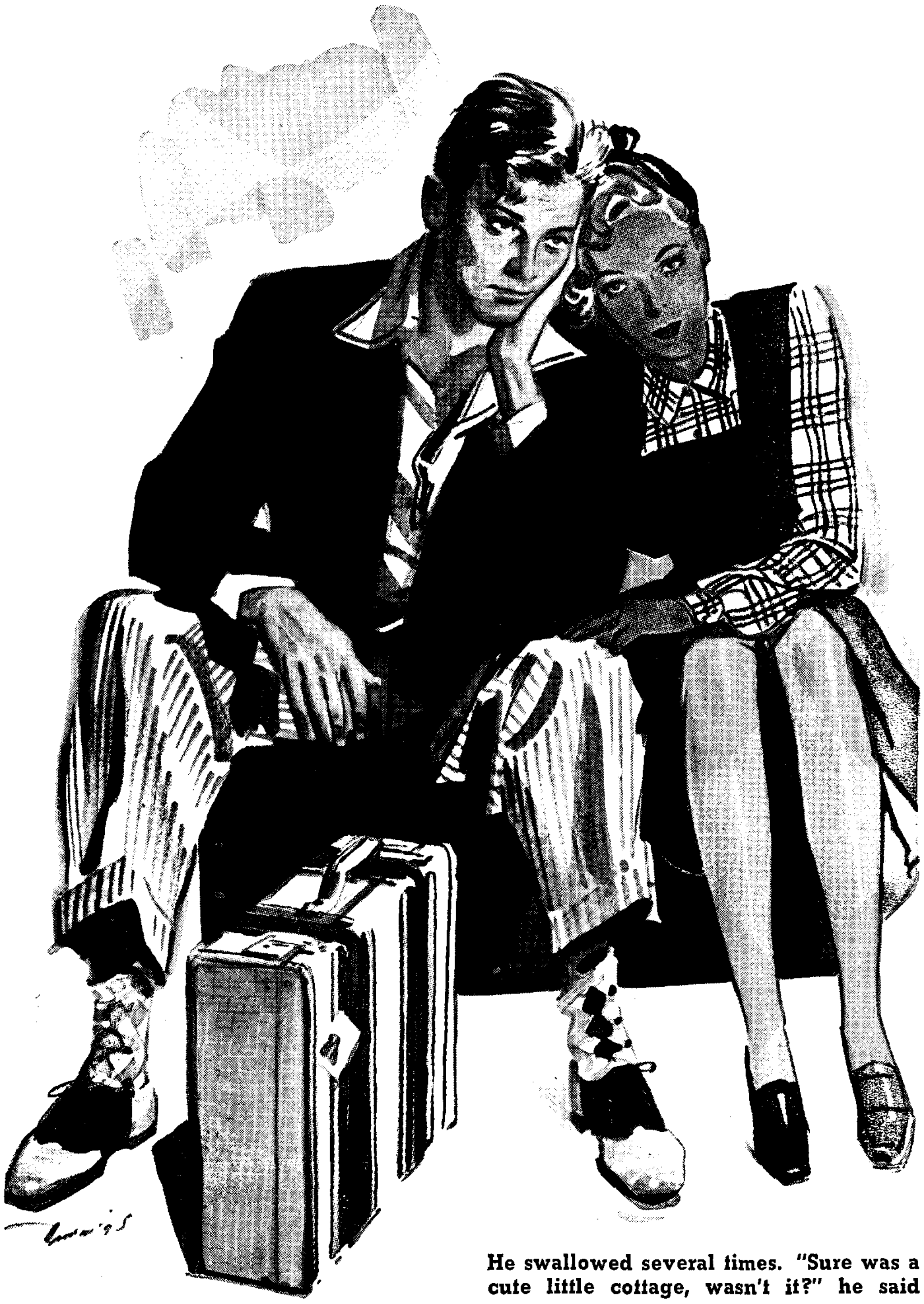
Bride in Transit

By L. L. Foreman

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS



He swallowed several times. "Sure was a cute little cottage, wasn't it?" he said

AUNT MAUDE said sniffily, "I should think you'd have more pride than want to go way up there to marry him. Let him come here for you if he wants you bad enough."

Father said ominously, "You're not going. Understand that."

"Yes, Father. Yes, Aunt," said Vada, and that night she slipped out and caught the bus. She hadn't enough fare to take her farther north than Nashville, so she wired Harry to meet her there. Harry could surely take the Saturday off and run down from Cincinnati.

He wasn't waiting in the big Nashville bus depot when she got there, but a youth called her name. She answered, and a man in bus company coveralls neatly plucked a yellow envelope from the youth's hand and passed it to her on his way out. The telegram read: *Transferred to San Francisco branch important job. Must leave immediately. Return home. Will send for you later. Harry.*

Hours later a lanky man came and sat beside her. "You're worrying me," he remarked, and she recognized him as the man in the gray coveralls; only now he wore ordinary clothes and didn't look so trim. "That wire bad news?"

He was impertinent. She didn't like him. Didn't like his careless necktie and his manner. "I'm going to Cincinnati to be married," she told him, and felt that should freeze off any man.

"Three Cinci busses have left since noon," he said. "Maybe you're thinking it over. But what about that poor guy when you don't turn up? Have a heart, Dixie."

"He's gone to San Francisco," she answered before thinking.

He whistled and wagged his head. "Ditched you, eh? Tough."

"He has not! His company sent him on a very important job."

"No job's that important. You better turn around and go back home, Julep. There's a south-bound leaving at eight-forty."

"Would—would they trust me for the fare, d'you think?"

"No, Magnolia. Too many try to beat their way south."

"I don't mean south. I can't go back home."

"California? That's worse yet. They wouldn't be interested in helping you to scalp some guy in California for leaving you in the lurch."

She retorted with dignity, "My fiancé and I will be married when I get to San Francisco. He—he has *not* left me in the lurch."

"No?" he said quietly. "Then come on, Sun-kissed. We're going to California." He stowed the grip into a travel-worn old roadster at the curb. "They're building airplanes in San Diego—I just happened to remember."

SHE spent that night in a dollar tourist camp. His dollar. She didn't know where he slept, but his clothes looked worse in the morning. It was the same thing next night and the next, but the fourth night, in Texas, she curled up in the old roadster while he stretched out on the ground. She liked the dark sky above her, but the faraway howling of a coyote gave her a creepy feeling. She was glad of the presence of the lanky man lying beside the car. His name was Jim Hutton.

"Are you asleep, Jim?"

"No. Scared?"

"N-no. No. That was such a cute cottage where we bought the milk, wasn't it?"

"Yeah."

"Have you got a home, Jim?"

She heard him stir restlessly. "No." A match flared and cigarette smoke puffed up in the brief light of it. "No, I got no home, and I never miss it. Been on the ramble since schooldays. I'm lucky. Got a good trade—machinist. Got a good kit of tools and four wheels to get around on. Without tools you're just a jackleg. Without a car you're a hobo."

The rear tire blew out in New Mexico, miles from anything. Jim Hutton lounged behind the wheel and lighted his last cigarette.

"Can't you do anything but sit there and smoke?" she flashed at him.

He grinned faintly and untangled his long legs and got out. "Poor old bus. She's about conked out. D'you still want to go to San Francisco?"

"Of course! Why?"

"We-ell . . . You could've changed your mind." His eyes played over her face. "But you're bound to get there, eh?"

"Yes!"

"All right." He sounded tired, and now he didn't grin. "Take it easy, you'll get there." He walked off, and as he slowly shrank in the distance she got that much lonelier.

When night closed in she grew frightened. A cold fear grew upon her that he wouldn't come back, until she remembered his big steel toolbox. He wouldn't abandon that.

A huge truck growled to a stop, and the driver said, "In trouble?"

"Could you give me a ride?"

"How 'bout your car?" said the truck driver.

"The—the owner's coming back to get it."

The truck driver beamed a flashlight over the roadster. "Not much loss if he don't. Get out and hop in."

The driver dropped her at a garage, and a boy came out and said, "You want some coffee, ma'am?"

She thanked him and said she just wanted to wait here and catch a ride west. "To San Francisco," she said bravely, and set down her grip.

"That's a right long way, ma'am," the boy said. "I never been there. The boss, though, he's drivin' to Albuquerque tonight. He ain't here right now, but he'll be back." Half an hour later he called, "That's him comin' now."

It was a wrecker, and it hauled an old roadster behind it. The boss got out of the wrecker, and Jim Hutton got out of the roadster.

"I guess you couldn't wait, eh?"

"Jim, I—I . . ."

"Sure, sure." He turned to the boss. "How about buying that car?"

The boss shook his head. "I got enough junk around here."

Jim Hutton went to the roadster. He tugged out the heavy steel toolbox and put it down. He unlocked it and slid out all the flat drawers. "I got well over two hundred dollars in tools here. Some I bought, some I made. Make me an offer."

"Jim—you can't!"

His eyes slid over her and back to the boss. The boss poked through the steel drawers. He stood and debated. "Fifty dollars for the car an' the tools."

"Give me the fifty."

"Jim!"

A truck driver came out and began backing his truck onto the highway. Jim Hutton called after him, "You bound for San Diego, brother?"

"Huh? No—Phoenix."

"Give you a buck to let me ride."

"Come on!"

He ran to the truck, counting his money, and as he passed her he thrust some into her hand. "You can catch a bus for Frisco out of Albuquerque," he said. "S'long. Been nice knowing you." Then he was swinging aboard the truck as it pulled out onto the highway, and she ran after it, but its roaring noise battered her voice to nothing. She stood in the highway and watched the red taillights dwindle off, and when she counted the bills they came to forty-five dollars.

"You can ride in with me to Albuquerque, miss," offered the boss. "I'll set you right down at the bus station. This your grip?"

THE morning sun shone cleanly on the bay, and San Diego was young and cheerful, but he tramped up the long, white sidewalk that ran by the glass-roofed factory and he looked tired and careless, as if he didn't really care whether he caught a job here or not. Walking slowly, he searched in the coat pocket where he kept his cigarettes when he had any, and then he saw her, and he stopped dead with his hand stilled in his pocket.

He noticed what she was sitting on. He sat down beside her and he stared carefully at his hands. "How long you been here?"

"Since two o'clock this morning. It's been a long wait."

"I guess," he said, "a girl could start out with a ten-ton lathe and beat a man carrying nothing, coast to coast. 'Specially if she's pretty."

"Truck drivers are nice," she agreed. People passing eyed them curiously. Maybe it did look unusual for a girl to be sitting patiently in the street on a machinist's toolbox and a grip beside her, but it was none of their business.

He turned jerkily to her, groping again distractedly in his empty pocket. "San Francisco?"

"No, Jim."

He swallowed several times. "Sure was a cute little cottage, wasn't it? Those push-open windows . . ."

After a while he stood up. "Got to see about that job. You wait here."

"Jim—you look so hungry and tired. Can't we have breakfast first? The man let me take the tools for thirty-five dollars, and I've still got seven left."

"Later, Sugar," he said. "The job's more important."

Generals Never Learn

By General Johnson Hagood

"The best-trained man in the American Army is the private soldier and the worst-trained is the general." General Hagood, who speaks with the authority of forty-nine years of military experience, feels that much of our defense effort will be wasted unless we manage to give it better leadership

THIRTY-SIX years ago I wrote a report on some maneuvers, which my commanding officer forwarded to the War Department with the remark: "If Captain Hagood would pay more attention to his battery, and worry less about the mistakes of his superiors, his services would be more satisfactory to me."

This seemingly unkind remark was the beginning of my career, if any, in the Army. It aroused the curiosity of the higher-ups. They read the report, and decided to call me to Washington for duty on the staff. There I remained for seven years, winding up as assistant to two great chiefs of staff, J. Franklin Bell and Leonard Wood. Five years after this I went to France with Pershing and became the youngest general in the Army—not a very good one—from which in time I rose to the command of four different peacetime Corps Areas and three Field Armies, finally withdrawing to the shade of the retired list with a nation-wide burst of applause, because, in a hearing before Congress, I spoke of WPA funds as stage money.

During all these years I continued to worry about the mistakes of the higher-ups. The further I went up myself the less I knew about my job, until at last I became convinced that the best-trained man in the American Army is the private soldier and the worst-trained man is the general.

It is not so much the generals as it is the generalship. The duties of the private are simple and easy, while the duties of the general are never learned. Even Napoleon met his Waterloo.

General Peyton C. March, chief of staff of the American Army, and senior to Pershing during the World War, testified before Congress that three months of proper training under competent instructors would be sufficient for peacetime draftees, and submitted a plan for universal military training based upon that principle. Major General W. G. Haan, a corps commander in France and afterward president of the Army War College, said that ten days of actual training in the great essentials would be enough for privates but that many men arrived in France and went up to the front without having had those essentials.

During the years that followed, I myself instituted an extensive series of experiments, with many thousands of officers and men at my disposal, under all sorts of climatic and weather conditions both in the United States and in the Philippine Islands, which showed very conclusively:

That within ten days the average young American recruit of infantry, cavalry, or artillery—horse-drawn, motorized or seacoast—can be taught to perform his essential duties in the use of at least one weapon peculiar to his arm; and during the same time can be taught to make a day's march with full pack, to perform the simple field duties appropriate to his grade, and to obey his officers.

That within four weeks, under the leadership of a young West Point graduate, of one year's service, and two young R.O.T.C. graduates commissioned as reserve officers, a group of these recruits, together with a ten per cent cadre of regular soldiers, can be formed into a company, troop or battery, well qualified to take the field in active operations.

That in from six to twelve weeks, capable battalions and regiments may be formed in the same manner, ready to take the field if necessary, and nothing in modern war has changed this. Mechanization, in fact, being more tangible, makes it easier to learn.

We qualified recruits as experts with the infantry rifle after five hours' instruction spread over a period of ten days. We found that private soldiers with previous civil-life experience as truck drivers, mechanics, railroad operatives, laundrymen, bakers and other such occupations essential to the military service were in many cases just as well qualified for their jobs the day after reporting for duty as they would be if they had served a hundred years.

But with the generals it is different.

It's a Battle of Wits

The generals must command men and supplies. They must direct the operations of brigades, divisions, Army corps, armies, or perhaps groups of armies, aggregating all the way from five thousand men to more than a million. The general does not carry his weapon in his hand nor does he drag it behind him with a tractor. His battle is a battle of wits, and his skill must be in tactics, which is maneuvering troops upon a field of battle, and in strategy, which is maneuvering troops in a theater of operations.

It was said of Napoleon that he won all of his battles before he fired his first shot. He always maneuvered his enemies into positions from which they could not extricate themselves.

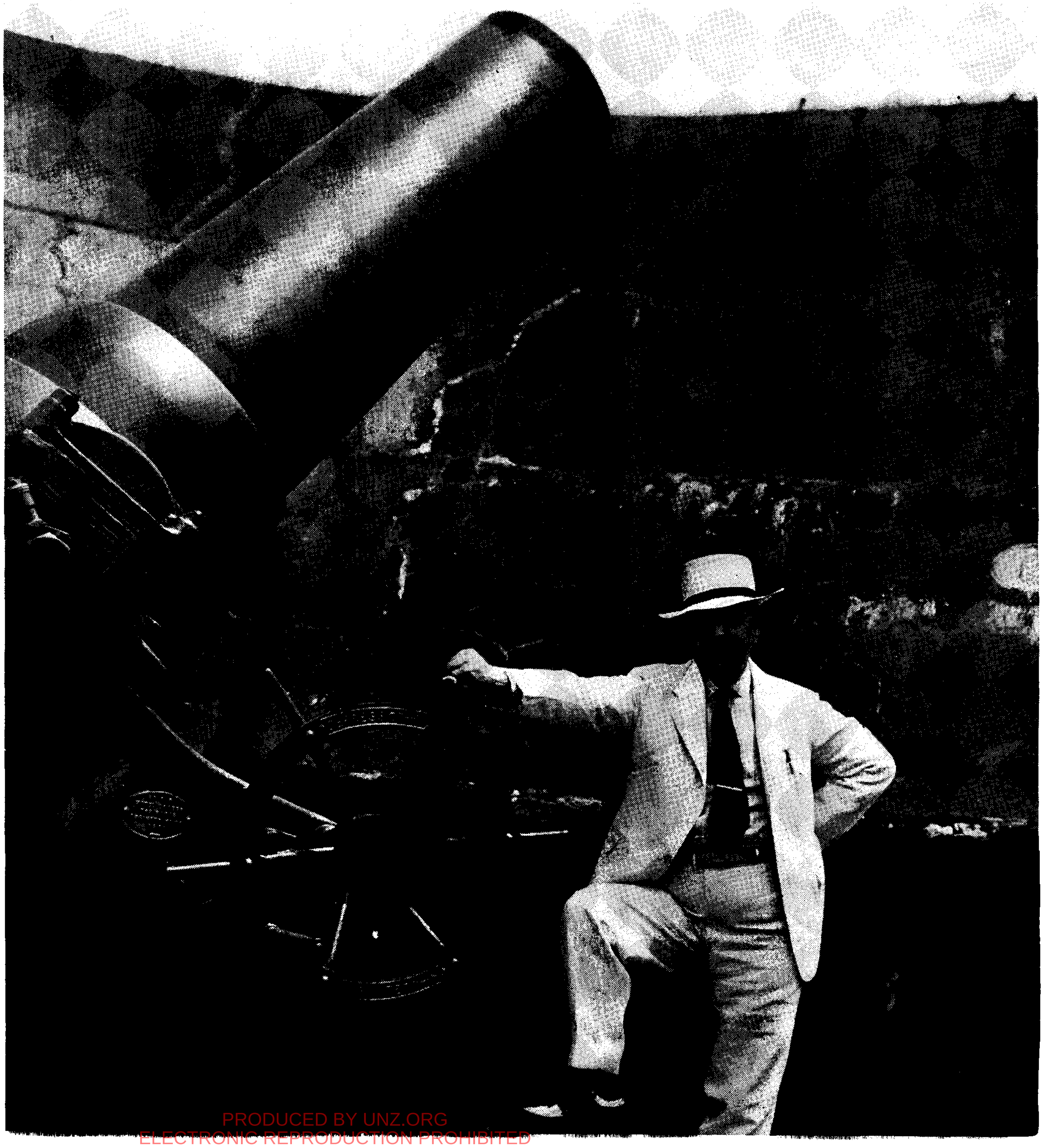
Lee, one of the world's greatest generals of all time, met his defeat at Gettysburg because of an error in strategy. He should never have crossed the Potomac.

American officers study their tactics and strategy at West Point, at the service schools, at the Army War College and in the general staff. Generals have at their beck and call staff officers who have been to these schools and who have a comprehensive theoretical understanding of the subject. But in a country like ours with a small scattered army there is not much opportunity to put any of this into practice outside of the schoolroom.

During a visit to the United States, Marshal Foch was taken out to Fort Leavenworth by General Pershing to make an address to the students at the

(Continued on page 55)

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS



This gun was new and General Hagood, beside it, was a second lieutenant when he placed it at Fort Moultrie in 1898. It's a 12-inch mortar and is used to train the South Carolina National Guard and help to defend Charleston Harbor

OUR NEW ARMY

WASHINGTON

41ST DIV.

FORT LEWIS, Tacoma. Everybody talks about blitz buggies, jeeps and tanks (without which the Army wouldn't be worth much, these days) but at public reviews at this fort the applause always goes out to an outfit from the old West: The 115th (Wyoming) Cavalry. The machine age sneaked up on this National Guard unit last fall and the smell of horses and of gasoline is about equally divided, but most of the officers are admittedly pro-horse, some of them having stored up collections of clippings proving that the German army got where it is with the help of 2,000,000 horses. Visitors at Lewis look at the animals, then ask: "But—aren't they sort of, well, out of date?" The 115th officers are ready for that one. "Suppose," they suppose, "your tanks run into a blockade on a forested road. There are trees on both sides. That means the tanks are all washed up, and that's where horses come in. They can go where tanks can't, and they carry troops right up to the fighting line. This will tire the horse out but the man is fresh, see?"

Like mountain mule organizations (Collier's, August 2d), the 115th is designed for specialized territory. Big trailers (portees) filled with horses, riders and supplies are hauled to within ten miles of the front by a prime mover. Only flaw in this arrangement for the 115th is that, although the regiment has 350 of its ultimate 500 horses and seventy-seven trailers, it has only one prime mover to get them anywhere. Incidentally, most of the horsemen hail from Wyoming ranches; most of the truck troopers are from towns.

WYOMING

FORT FRANCIS E. WARREN, Cheyenne. The California-Florida orange feud developed a new angle when a young lady in Skull Valley, Arizona, sent a crate of the California brand to Pvt. Henry Holmes, erstwhile Palm Beach citizen who happens to be all-out for Florida in the citrus fracas. Holmes would like to show appreciation for the gift but he can't desert the cause by tasting the fruit. While he indulges in acrobatics on the horns of this dilemma, fellow members of Co. I, second quartermaster training battalion from Ohio and Kentucky, are working on the crate. "We're neutral," is their statement for the press.

CALIFORNIA

7TH DIV.

FORT ORD. Pvt. Will LaVelle turned out quite a yarn for the camp paper a few weeks ago. It dealt with the reactions of a new soldier and to put over a point Pvt. LaVelle commented: "Still, you can't make a professional soldier out of a bartender, shoe clerk or streetcar conductor." First scream came from Pvt. G. D. Gross, former bartender, who ended his beef with, "Furthermore, how does he get the idea of placing a bartender in the same category with a shoe clerk and a streetcar conductor?" Publication of that letter brought a barrage from shoe clerks and car conductors, and the editors bravely wrote that men from all professions were making grand soldiers "and we number among our friends some of the best bartenders in the business." It didn't settle much of anything. When two chaplains dropped around to have a little talk with the editors for building up bartenders, a camp dog nipped one of the chaplains, an artilleryman cuffed the dog and one of the mutt's several thousand foster owners smacked the artilleryman in the beezer. A late bulletin from the editors reads: "Order has been restored. We hope."

40TH DIV.

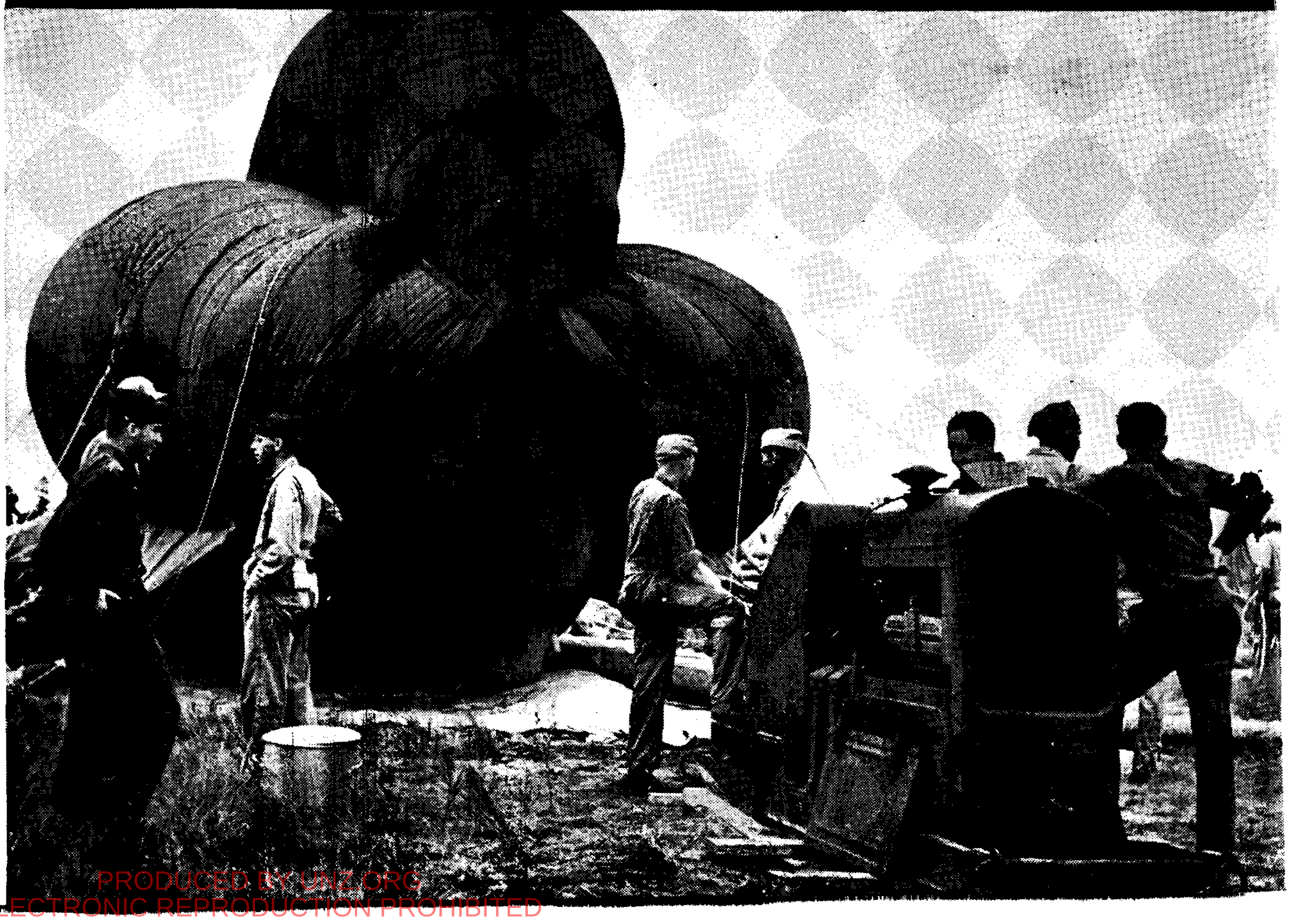
CAMP SAN LUIS OBISPO. Every day is a combination of April 1st and Halloween to Lt. Col. Charles R. Fitzgerald, division gas officer. From morning to night he drives around camp, and out in the hills where the 40th Division maneuvers, tossing tear-gas bombs out of his gray Ford. If a troop detachment's Gas NCO spots him in time the colonel drives on, while the personnel glares at him through masks. If he catches them off guard the colonel stops and offers advice, but no sympathy. Men in the 40th claim they start crying automatically now every time they see a gray Ford anywhere—even when they're on furlough.

CAMP HAAN, Riverside. A beach guard with a three-months coat of tan visited this camp and looked so pale by comparison with the leather-faced Haan boys he thought he'd landed in a Mexican army camp. It's the Mojave Desert sun that does it. Anti-aircraft units spend a lot of time firing at aerial targets over the desert and it's no place for a guy who's allergic to actinic rays. Reveille sounds off at 4:30 so the men can get a start before the temperature hits 100, and there's a siesta period at midday, when thermometers register up to 120 degrees. Low humidity and well-equipped shower rooms help to beat the heat as does the hospitality put out by the citizens of Barstow. A morale officer from a cooler spot couldn't understand why the guys seemed so cheerful. "We've found that beefing about the heat only makes us hotter," a sergeant told him. "Besides, have you ever walked under a desert moon and a million stars with a Barstow blonde hanging onto your arm?" The morale officer said no, he hadn't, in what the sergeant described as a wistful tone of voice.

PVT. NED WELCH, B Battery, 78th C.A., has thoroughly tested his revolutionary labor-saving device: a waxed-paper lining for a mess kit, which, reports he, "still has to be washed, but not quite so much."

RIVERSIDE'S one hock shop gets plenty of play from Haan boys. A sardine would suffocate in the place on payday. Sounds as though loaded dice might have something to do with it.

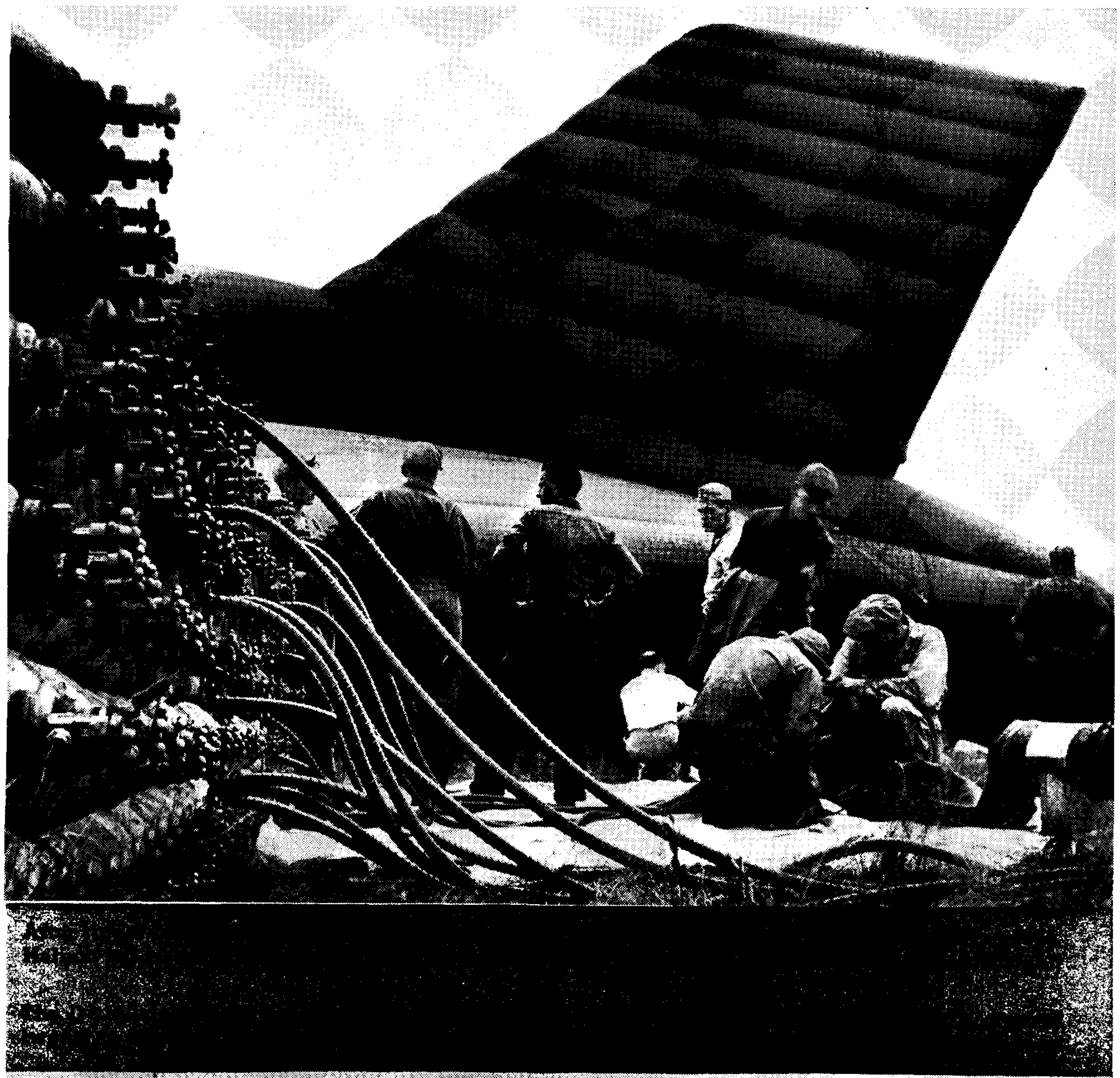
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

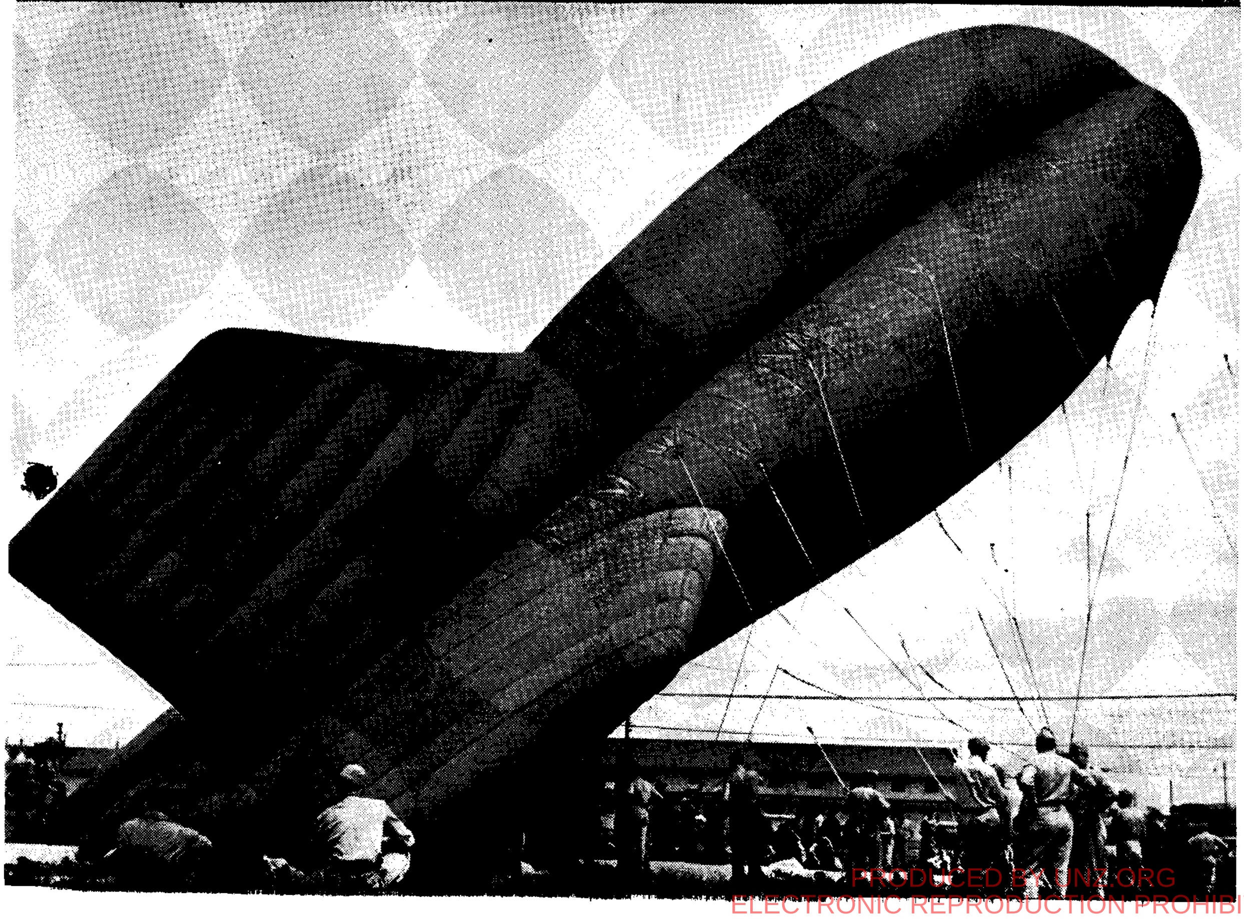


FORT BARRY, San Francisco. Guarding the Golden Gate is the 6th C.A., a member of which is one Pvt. Macenerny, who went AWOL recently and finally landed, as is the custom, in the fort's jug. Upon his release he was equipped with a loaded gun and immediately marched back to the cooler to act as a guard. His surprise was as nothing compared to that of his pals who were still in stir.

CAMP ROBERTS. Fed up with movies on Army camp life as screened by Hollywood, Pvt. Ben Martin, of the 12th F.A., presented himself and an idea to Recreation Officer Lt. B. C. Holtschue. "Let's," said Pvt. Martin, "make an artillery picture right here in camp showing real soldiers in real action. It needn't be educational, like the Army training films, and we could work some girls into the story without letting them swipe the picture." Lt. Holtschue said sure, but hadn't there been some soldier-and-girl pictures recently? "Sir," replied Pvt. Martin solemnly, "here's the colossal part no Army-life movie has ever dared attempt: We won't have a buck private falling in love with an officer's daughter!" Lt. Holtschue rounded up twelve Paso Robles girls, Pvt. Martin whipped a scenario together and the picture, 155MM, was filmed and given a rousing première, with four antiaircraft searchlights giving a Hollywood Blvd. touch outside the regiment's recreation hall. The picture will be run all summer and Pvt. Martin is trying to coax the boys on the other side of the camp to produce an infantry epic. "We could use it as a B picture," says he.

BARRAGE BALLOONS. Following Britain's lead in the use of balloons for defense the U. S. Army this summer moved the experimental 3d Balloon Squadron of Ft. Lewis, Wash., to Camp Davis, N. C., and established a 2,000-man Barrage Balloon School and Training Center supervised by the Coast Artillery Corps. Commanding the School is the Air Corps' Lieut. Col. M. E. Hugo. Colonel Robert Arthur, of the C.A., heads the Center. Thirty-six balloons will be used in training





Idea of barrage balloons is to keep enemy planes above effective bombing range. Some are kept at altitudes of 6,000 to 8,000 feet, others soar to 15,000 feet. Camp Davis school is the only one of its kind in the U. S.

TEXAS

1st Cavalry Div.

FORT BLISS, El Paso. The personnel on this 1,750,000-acre reservation has passed the 30,000 mark and includes the First Cavalry Division, six antiaircraft regiments and the staff of the William Beaumont General Hospital. Despite a tenfold multiplication of the post's strength in one year, the work of military and civilian police has increased very little; in an entire month the M.P.'s found it necessary to put the skids under only three members of an 1,800-man antiaircraft regiment for a too-energetic use of wet goods.

LIKE the Camp Wheeler soldier who was reported in this department last week, Pvt. Tony Prince, Jr., Troop B, 124th Cavalry, got to moping around Fort Riley (prior to his assignment to Fort Bliss) for a taste of the Italian spaghetti his mother used to make. Finally he sent out an SOS to Mrs. Prince in Columbus, Ohio, and the lady drove the thousand miles to Fort Riley, where brass hats arranged for the use of a kitchen in the officers' mess. Garbed in an Army cook's outfit, Mrs. Prince prepared a mountain of Italian spaghetti for Tony and his buddies while bug-eyed mess sergeants hung around keeping track of the recipe. However, Fort Bliss cooks don't seem interested in the idea; anyway, Trooper Tony moans periodically but in vain for his favorite dish.

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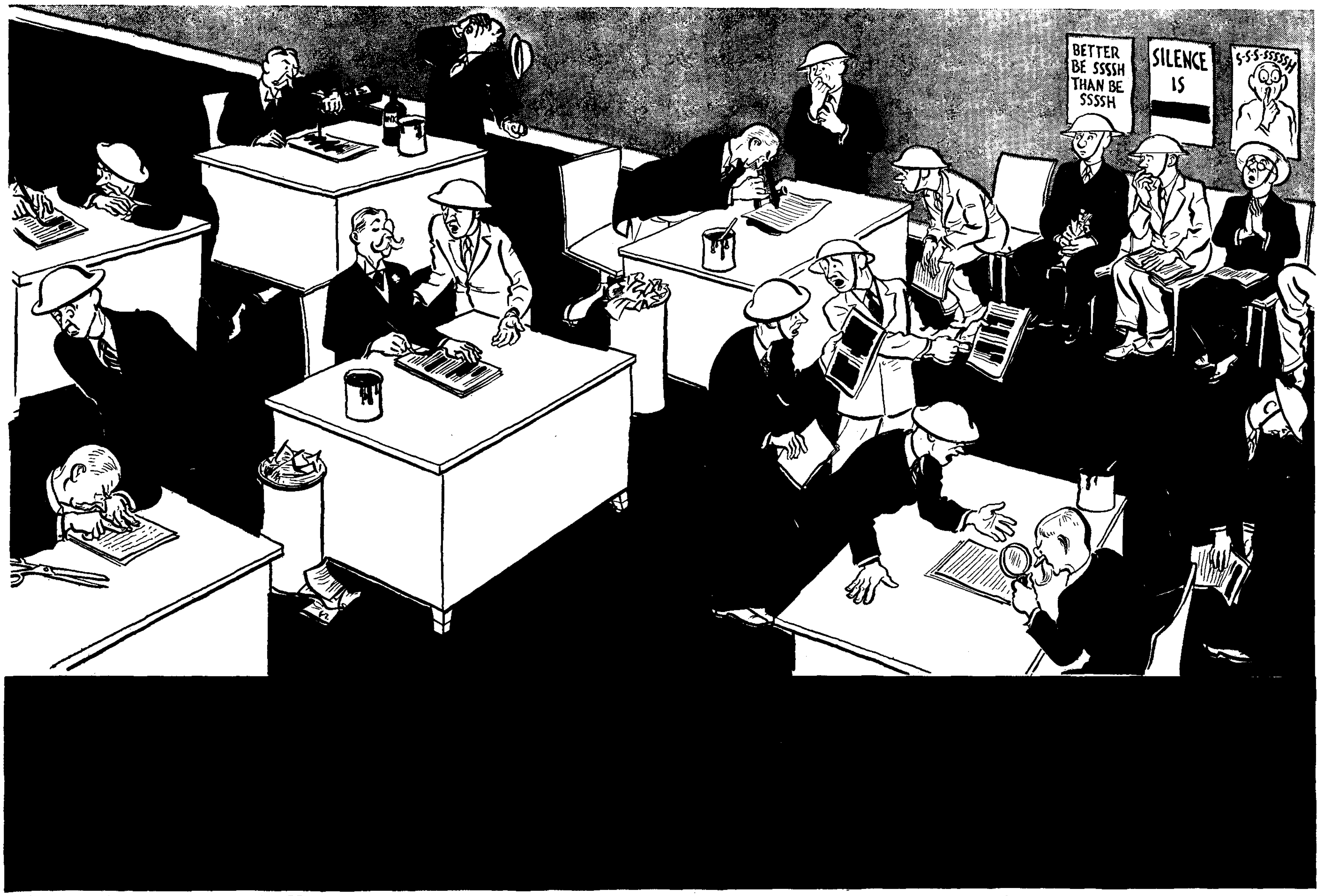
BETTER BE SSSSH THAN BE SSSSH
SILENCE IS
S-S-S-SSSSSH

Being a press correspondent in England involves more than blitzes and bombs—you must also battle the censors to get your stories out to the world. American reporters have seriously considered going on a one-day strike to show how they feel

CRAIG THOMPSON of the New York Times is an enterprising reporter. In London some time ago he unearthed what he thought to be a good story. He found that the army and R.A.F. doctors were treating open wounds with sulfathiazole and that the overworked miracle drug had come through nicely once more. He saw several doctors and verified the fact that the treatment was amazingly successful. The doctors seemed surprised at Thompson's interest. Everyone knew about it, the doctors said. (Collier's had published an article about it on May 24.) It was, nevertheless, a nice story and Craig used it.

In London all stories go through the censors attached to the Ministry of Information. The censor looked at the story Thompson handed in, glared angrily, and flatly refused to send it in. Craig wanted to know why.

"Don't try to fool me," the censor said. "I know perfectly well that sulfathiazole is a code word."

Thompson, who had never tried to "bootleg" a story through the censor, counted ten and then spent a half-hour convincing the censor that there was actually a drug called sulfathiazole. The censor had never heard of it.

If the incident were an isolated one, it would not be worthy of comment. Unfortunately, things like that happen in London every day, and account to a great degree for the increasing gray tints in the hair of the ninety-two American correspondents who are stationed here in England's capital.

Reporters hate all censorship. In London we make one exception. When a censor cuts something out of a story with a short "Home Security Reasons," we almost invariably agree with him. The services have issued several "bans," most of which are quite reasonable. Duff Cooper, former Minister of Information, once said in a press conference, "We cannot let you say anything which will endanger the lives of British citizens or the continuance of war production. Correspondents enthusiastically endorsed Mr. Cooper's statement, and this harangue is not directed toward any reasonable rules which make for home security. It is directed toward the petty, absurd, tyrannical censorship imposed upon American and dominion correspondents by the three war services, all of which supersede the Ministry of Information as final arbiters of what may or may not be said. The three war services (army, navy and R.A.F.), are still laboring under the happy delusion that they are fighting the war and that therefore they should be allowed to run it.

They forget that this for once is truly a people's war. The battle of Britain was won by two hundred and fifty thousand civilian fire fighters, the thousands of civilian air wardens, ambulance drivers and canteen workers, and when invasion comes the home guard of nearly two million is expected to play a big part in what we in London confidently expect to be a successful defense. London has twice been saved from complete destruction by the civilians—by the people's army. Yet the three war services with typical pompous bureaucracy have consistently refused to tell the people of England and the people of America just what is going on. We only want to write the truth, but the half-truths, the evasions and the general refusal of the services to let us "see for ourselves" has prevented first-class reporting. Things became so desperate a few weeks ago that the American correspondents seriously considered going on a one-day strike to show their indignation. In turn, Duff Cooper and Lord Beaverbrook pleaded our cause, but the services still reign supreme. Appeal to the Prime Minister has been equally futile.

At this writing it seems quite likely that America may soon be actively in the war. When that demented but undoubtedly necessary state of affairs comes to pass, the specter of censorship, dead since the last war, will arise from its grave to rule over Washington once more. In wartime censorship is regrettably but absolutely necessary for home security reasons. A study of the mistakes made by the censors and the services here in England during the past year might show those to whom American censorship is to be entrusted a few pitfalls that might intelligently be avoided. Lest anyone think that this is the sour bleat of a reporter who is excusing the ineffectiveness of his own poor stories by making the censor a scapegoat, let me list a few incidents of the kind of censorship we are up against in England.

Last winter Lord Haw Haw on the German radio told, with great glee, how it was that the Nazi bomber pilots found it so easy to locate London. He told us something that everyone in London and Berlin knew—that the Thames pointed the way to London. You cannot black-out the Thames any more than you could black-out the Hudson or the Mississippi. Raymond Daniel of the New York Times wrote an article in which he referred to this, and told how the "silver stream of the Thames pointed out the way to London." He sent his story off and went to bed. Later the censor phoned him and told him sternly that he could not mention the Thames. "It would give the enemy important information." The very capable Mr. Daniel, one of the most respected journalists on either side of the Atlantic, argued at great length, but the censor was obdurate. Finally Daniel, with a final, "I suppose if I said the Amazon instead of the Thames it would be all right," hung up. An hour later the cable editor of the New York Times, sitting in the New York office, was shocked to receive a story from Daniel in which there was a line, "the silver stream of the Amazon River pointed the way to London."

George Lait of the International News Service wrote a nice innocuous story on Christmas Eve. In the "cablese" used by foreign correspondents to save cable tolls, he wrote, "Despite un-Christmasy weather, London tonight, etc." In those days German airplanes were overhead twenty-four hours a day, knowing just as much about the weather in London as

(Continued on page 36)

Dina Cashman

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

BEAUTIFUL Dina Cashman, who lives with her impoverished family in Railway Flats near San Francisco, learns that she has been abandoned by the father of her unborn child—young Vere Holland.

In desperation, Dina calls on Vere's wealthy uncle, Rogers Holland, and asks his help. Moved by Dina's distress, Rogers conceives a scheme to arouse the jealousy of Aline Pierpont Havens, the woman he has always loved and who has jilted him twice. He proposes that Dina become his wife, in name only, pointing out that Dina's baby will then have a legal father. Dina accepts the offer and marries Rogers Holland. The marriage pleases everyone—except Vere's mother and Aline (whose husband, Andrew Havens, is commissioned to paint Dina's portrait). Angry and jealous, Aline begins planning to get out of her present marriage.

Dina is injured in an automobile accident and while she is in the hospital her baby, a girl, is born. Dina is very happy with her baby and Rogers is pathetically pleased that Aline, for the first time in twenty years, is really treating him kindly. He hints to Dina that he and Aline may yet find happiness in marriage.

At the gallery where Andy Havens' portraits are on exhibition, Dina encounters Vere, the father of her child. Outwardly poised and casual, Dina converses with him for a few minutes and then leaves with Andy. Walking together through Chinatown, Andy and Dina wake to a realization that they love each other.

Vere comes to call on Dina and attempts to smooth matters over so that they can be friends. Hoping to get a substantial settlement from his uncle, Vere announces that he is "almost engaged" to Senator Hosworth's niece. Aline calls and takes Rogers out to dinner, leaving Dina alone to ponder over Rogers' parting words to her: "Don't worry about that engagement talk of Vere's. If you were free again there might be another setup entirely!"

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

X

DINA was out on the terrace with the baby when Rogers came downstairs the next morning. It was not yet quite noon; warm sunshine was flooding the old red bricks and the painted wooden balustrades, and winter flowers, cosmos and chrysanthemum, battered by late rains, were being tied into bedraggled bunches along the paths by McPherson. In the fresh, sweet air there was the odor of wet oaks and wet earth, the sharp, sweet smell of a world drying and sunning itself.

Margaret was in her play pen which was floored today with a warm, folded plaid. Her small, rotund body was snugly enveloped in a sweater suit, but her browned little arms and legs, her thistledown head were bare. She lay making indeterminate gestures with a spoon in one hand and a silver cup in the other. Occasionally the spoon clinked against the cup, and the baby started in surprise.

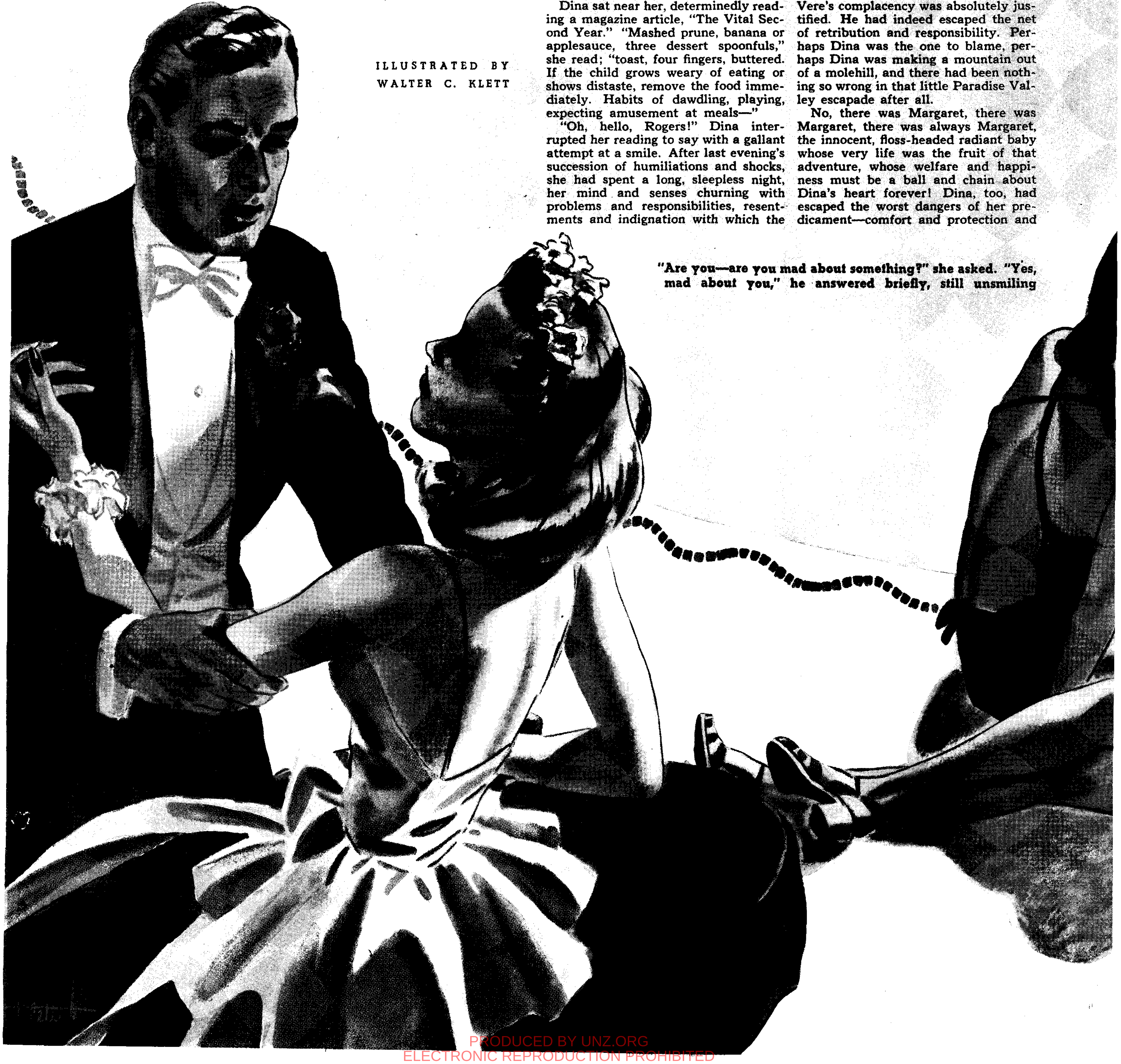
Dina sat near her, determinedly reading a magazine article, "The Vital Second Year." "Mashed prune, banana or applesauce, three dessert spoonfuls," she read; "toast, four fingers, buttered. If the child grows weary of eating or shows distaste, remove the food immediately. Habits of dawdling, playing, expecting amusement at meals—"

"Oh, hello, Rogers!" Dina interrupted her reading to say with a gallant attempt at a smile. After last evening's succession of humiliations and shocks, she had spent a long, sleepless night, her mind and senses churning with problems and responsibilities, resentments and indignation with which the philosophy of her twenty years was completely unable to cope. She felt utterly washed out and exhausted this morning; she could never have faced it with its duties for Margaret, its occupation with the baby's formula, wardrobe, bath, breakfast, if she had not come to the conclusion, during hours of tossing restlessness, that she had no choice. There was no other way.

Every instant of her talk with Vere had stung her with a thousand whips. His serene acceptance of the circumstances of her marriage, the birth of her child, the long months of her invalidism as all being a part of a world that arranged everything nicely for Vere Holland and brought him out of every dilemma admired and triumphant, had been almost more than she could bear. She had writhed remembering it, had gritted her teeth and knotted her hands.

At the end of every furious thought she had emerged at the same point. Vere's complacency was absolutely justified. He had indeed escaped the net of retribution and responsibility. Perhaps Dina was the one to blame, perhaps Dina was making a mountain out of a molehill, and there had been nothing so wrong in that little Paradise Valley escapade after all.

No, there was Margaret, there was Margaret, there was always Margaret, the innocent, floss-headed radiant baby whose very life was the fruit of that adventure, whose welfare and happiness must be a ball and chain about Dina's heart forever! Dina, too, had escaped the worst dangers of her predicament—comfort and protection and



"Are you—are you mad about something?" she asked. "Yes, mad about you," he answered briefly, still unsmiling

security had been miraculously given her. But even these apparent compensations had not saved her from hours, from weeks of shame and strangeness, loneliness and doubt; they had not saved her from the inevitable agonies and cares of young motherhood.

They had not saved her from this night of wakeful anxiety when Rogers' parting words had occurred to her again and again and when their implications had made her face burn in the cover and darkness of night and her whole body shake with chill.

The thought had suffocated her. Vere asked by his uncle to marry her! Vere reminded that Dina's child was his child too; that honor and justice dictated this course! Rogers extricating himself from a marriage that had after all been no marriage, Rogers quite confident that this was the happiest solution for everyone. It wasn't thinkable, it wasn't bearable that after her spirit had settled into comparative serenity in the old Holland house, the ground under her feet should be swept away again. For Rogers was planning now to marry Aline; that much he had made quite clear before his elated departure with her last night.

ALINE would get a divorce too; no novelty for Aline. This would be her third, not by any means a record for Aline's group. That meant that Andy would be free too. But he would wonder at her divorce from Rogers only a year after their marriage; he would hear that there was talk of her marrying Vere. And perhaps he would think—Dina tried to work it out clearly for herself, but mind and senses were too weary for coherent thought—perhaps he would think that of course she *must* marry Vere, the circumstances being what they were. Perhaps the whole world would think so.

The sting that this thought brought was the keenest Dina had ever known. Andy, the strong, devoted friend whose belief in her, whose admiration for her had been like a tonic; Andy, at the mention of whose name her whole world turned right and safe and rose-colored, would have to know everything now.

The face she raised to Rogers, as he came out upon the terrace, wore its usual smile, but it was a haggard, anxious face, and she knew that he saw it.

"Had your breakfast?" he asked.

"Had my breakfast! Hours ago."

"I was addressing Margaret."

"Oh, Margaret? Yes, she had breakfast at seven, and orange juice after her bath, and now she's anticipating baked potato and spinach and custard, aren't you, Margaret?"

"She looked up when you said potato; darned if she didn't!" Rogers exclaimed.

"Oh, she knows any mention of food."

Rogers sat down in a basket chair, stretched his body appreciatively in the sunshine, rattled the pages of the paper. Dina opened her book.

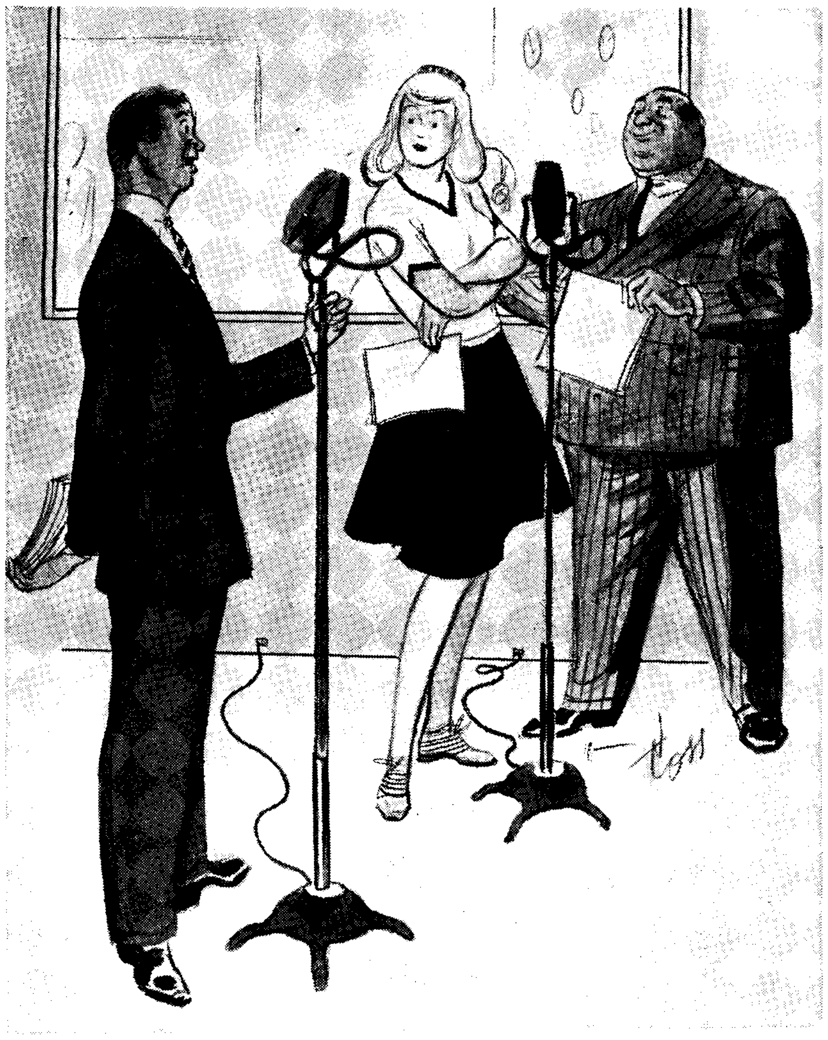
"Would you like Hinz to bring you out a cup of coffee? It's more than an hour to lunch."

"No, no; this is very nice." He glanced at headlines, dropped the paper. "Mind eating by yourself last night?" he asked, his head back against a canvas cushion, his eyes shut.

"No. I was reading."

"We had the most remarkable talk last night a man or woman ever had, I suppose," Rogers said dreamily. "We sat at one table at the Saint Francis Hotel in the city from eight o'clock until ten minutes of one. I looked—" He paused. His voice was almost reverent: "I looked into that woman's very soul."

"I suppose you respected her all the more for what you found there," Dina thought bitterly, remembering Vere's words of the night before. Aloud she said nothing.



"The jokes heard on this program will be heard over most of these stations again tomorrow night at the same time" AL ROSS

"She has been hungry for love all her life," Rogers continued simply. "Not travel and titled friends, jewelry and passion. She's had all those. She's sick of them. She wants to slip into the background somewhere, see a few friends occasionally, garden, walk, study Spanish—yes," he said, opening his eyes to smile in answer to Dina's half-smothered exclamation, "she knows you and I have been going at Spanish, and she tells me that she began it years ago and dropped it, and that she's been anxious for years to take it up again.

"Considering her beauty," he presently resumed in a dead silence, "considering the court that has been paid to that woman all her life, it's extraordinary to find her like a little girl wanting to be loved and wanting to have everybody happy! The first thing she said last night when we had ordered our dinner and could settle down to talk, was that she wanted Andy to be happy and me to be happy. 'What's the use of so many of us being square pegs in round holes?' she said. 'If we've been fools, if we've made mistakes, then for goodness' sakes let us admit it, and get started with a clean slate!' She knows about you and Vere, Geraldine," Rogers broke off to say in a lowered tone, "and she spoke of that. She said Caroline had warned her she'd get herself into trouble if she mentioned it, and she's never breathed it—even to Andy, so she says. But of course she knows, and she thinks that very probably if she and I straighten matters out, why the natural thing will be for you and Vere to patch it up too.

"I told her that I thought from the way you looked last night you still had a good deal of feeling in the matter—well, it's too early to talk of that. But I'm going to fly to Reno in a day or two and see her lawyer."

"Does she keep a lawyer in Reno?" Dina wanted to ask, in a fresh rush of bitterness. But she did not answer at all; she sat mute, her serious eyes ready to meet Rogers' eyes whenever he glanced at her.

"So the upshot of the whole thing is this, I think," Rogers was presently saying in great satisfaction, "our little scheme worked. Aline never paid much attention to me before, but having you here worked the trick. She couldn't get used to seeing a girl your age mistress of the old Holland place.

"I never dreamed," he added after a moment, in a musing tone, "that she would take it, line, hook and sinker! But she has. "Why," Rogers finished with an indulgent chuckle, "she's already changing the rooms. I don't know what it was all about, curtains and French windows and a breakfast room built on! I was laughing at her last night and she got quite hot about it. 'You've got to understand that if I'm ever in charge there,' she said, 'you're going to have the prettiest home and be the most spoiled man in the world!' "

"Ha," was all that was audible of Dina's undertone.

"NOW," Rogers went on, "the natural question is, where do you come in?"

"Or go out," Dina put in simply.

"Or go out!" he echoed with a laugh. "And there," he said, sobering suddenly, "you write your own ticket. I don't think you could live in any man's house, Geraldine, and not have him grow fond of you. I am fond of you—damn' fond. I've often thought that I'd like to have a daughter with your kind of eyes, and the way you laugh, and your eternal questions and puzzles and rushing about. When you were lying upstairs in bed, I used to like to sit in your room, and hear the baby yap, and feel that all this was going on in my house and that I was head of it."

This time her answering smile was misty with tears. She managed a nod; she could not speak.

"Damn it, I feel that way too!" Rogers said, his tone for a moment a little gruff. "Of course it's early days now; I don't know what we'll do or what we *can* do. But it begins to shape up this way: After Christmas you and I very quietly get a divorce. Either you can go to Reno with Ida and the baby, or I'll go there for six weeks. It would be better to have you do it, because the woman is at a disadvantage otherwise. How does that strike you?"

"I can't imagine myself not falling in with any arrangement that seems good to you, Rogers," Dina said not quite steadily.

"Yes, but I want this to be the way you think it ought to be done."

"That seems to be the simplest way."

"That's what Aline thought. Of course the financial end isn't the problem. I give you the deed to the Stockton house and you can do as you like with it; give it to your mother or collect rent from them, or whatever you like."

"I see myself collecting rent!" She swallowed a hard lump in her throat, managed a tone of ironic laughter.

"Your income will be all signed, sealed and delivered, and, if you like, in a shape that won't make it too easy for your father to borrow it. That part we'll fix easily. Aline seemed to feel that since you may some day be married to Vere it ought to be handled by him as part of what he'll get of the Holland estate, but I'm dead against that. As a matter of fact unless that kid toes the mark there won't be any estate for him."

DINA looked at him steadily. Their eyes met.

"You mean toes the mark by marrying me?" she asked.

"I mean, my dear, that you're to be independent, no matter what you do," Rogers said in his nicest tone, smiling at her as a father might have smiled. "The boy is talking big now about marrying Kathryn Worthington. Well, there's absolutely nothing in it. He did propose to her the day he left, and she wouldn't answer him. That young woman is going to have a good many offers from handsome young bucks before she gets through. I was telephoning Caroline half an hour ago about some taxes, and I mentioned Vere's prospects and she nearly went out of her skin. 'For heaven's sake don't mention that,' she said; 'if the press got it, Pierce Worthington would go wild!' That's all there is to that. Tell me," the man said, as Dina stared grimly into space, brow puckered and mouth set, "what do you feel about it? He didn't treat you squarely, but I know you liked him. How d'you feel about him now?"

"I think not," she said quietly. "I think Margaret and I will go away. We'll go to Reno first, and find some boardinghouse or modest hotel, stay the six weeks, and then for a while we'll go away. I don't care where, just so that people don't know me, and I don't have to explain. And then I think I'll come back and either live with my mother in Stockton or near her, and get a job!"

"You'll marry," he said. "You're too young and too sweet not to find happiness sooner or later. You'll have an income, and you've got this nice little kid."

"Yes, I've got Margaret."

"Vere show any interest in her?"

Her color was up like a flag. "I—I didn't give him much chance. Rogers," she said, hurriedly changing the subject, "I hope this is the beginning of real happiness for you. I do hope that!"

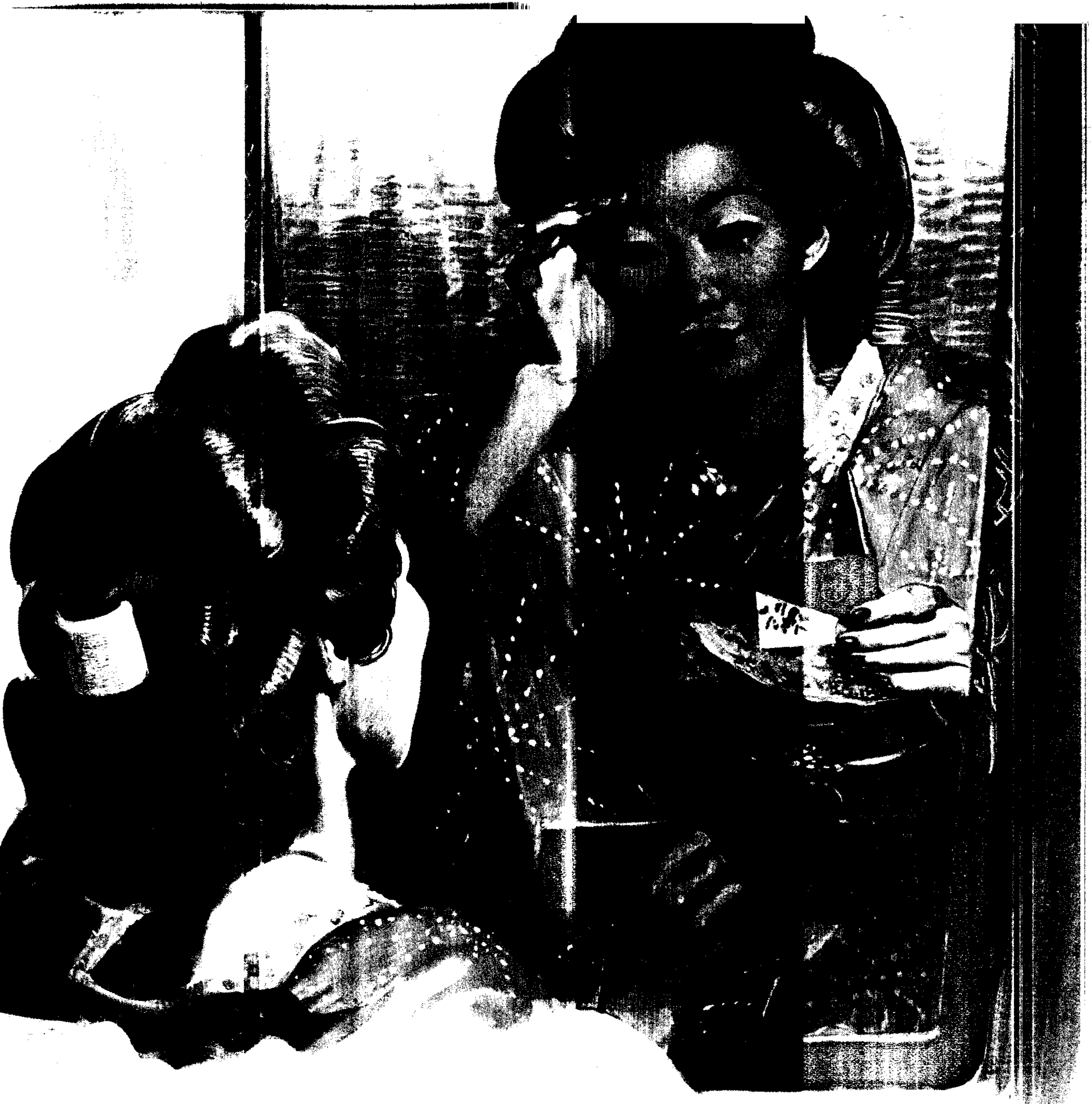
(Continued on page 44)

A Heron Flying West

By Mona Gardner

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

Romantic climax in the career of Chiyo, the number one geisha of Japanese café society



"The war! The war!" Chiyo whispered tensely. "We geisha must not speak of it. It is forbidden"

A YOUNG geisha sat on the mat before her long mirror. Leaning close, she eyed her reflection critically. It was not the small oval face, nor the pile of lacquered hair she was judging, but the left eyebrow.

No, it was not right. It wandered, and did not match. She had hurried, and whenever she hurried she was sure to spoil an eyebrow. With a little resigned sigh she wiped a pad of cherry paper across her forehead and began on the eyebrow again.

Behind her the *shoji* slid open, there was the rustle of someone entering the room, entering but not speaking, and the *shoji* closed again as softly. The girl Chiyo did not turn, though. Her slender fingers were busy among the pots and brushes on the tray before her, busy stroking and smoothing and brushing. Finally she drew back, arched her whitened neck and, after another long survey, smiled her approval.

"There, does that look surprised enough?" she asked the mouse-colored woman standing by the doors.

"Yes, truly," the drab murmured, neither flatly nor too emphatically. "You will learn secrets from the banker tonight, surely."

The geisha put a quick finger on her cherry lips. "S-s-sh!" she cautioned. "Speak only for my ears!" But when the dun-colored maid had come and was kneeling beside her, the girl's eyes changed, and she whispered eagerly: "You do think the banker will have something important to tell tonight! Only say yes!"

"I have said it!" the maid nodded seriously. "Tonight is *your* night. I made a good-luck wish for you by a heron flying west before midday. And then, before the hour was out, a dragonfly rested on my knee," she explained convincingly.

"Oh," the girl sighed her relief. "It is sure then!"

"Sure as sure!" promised the maid.

"You are *good, good,*" the girl trembled gratefully, "to use your sure wish for me."

"But you needed it," the older woman objected sadly. "The payment is due on your father's debt of honor."

"Yes," said the geisha. "And today since you have gone, another letter came from my father . . . he owes money for gambling, too."

"Mah! Mah!" the maid clucked wonderingly. "Your father is such a gentleman, isn't he?"

"Yes, truly he is so," the geisha agreed, proper pride and proper resignation in her voice. "So now," she opened her fingers wide, "there is not only the payment I must make on his debt of honor, but there is the gambling money he needs to pay back."

The older woman nodded her head in numb pity.

"Maybe, maybe," the geisha said, rocking a little in time to her words. "I shall have it for my parent . . . if Banker-San will only forget himself long enough to talk big gossip tonight! For a mild rumor, mind you, the military would surely pay me twenty yen. They have said so. And for big gossip forty, fifty yen . . . who knows?"

"WHO knows, indeed!" the maid murmured antiphonally. Then, because she was a drab old thing of thirty-five, she sucked in her breath quickly. Who was she, an unsuccessful geisha, to be polluting the air this Chiyo breathed—Chiyo, the toast of the noisy young officers; Chiyo, the highest-priced geisha in all the Shimbashi district.

The girl leaned to brush blue powder of burned almonds on her eyelids. It made her eyes wondrous big, and almost round.

"Each time before," she complained in her pretty treble, "Banker-San has been empty. I have danced, sung songs my way, seen that his wine cup was full always, and even improvised love poems with him—although he is as clumsy as a noodlemaker at it—and yet, when we got to the whispering stage . . . *mah,* his stories were no better than a delivery boy's!"

"Only think, and him a banker!" the maid voiced her disgust.

"I have other things to tell you!" Chiyo said. "The general's aide stopped by while you were out."

"Never!"

"He said—if I liked the sound of the words—the general might suggest tonight sending me to Shanghai with six other geisha from our guild to a big new teahouse."

"Shanghai?"

"Important men are there now," Chiyo said.

"Important men mean important money for geisha!"

"I have thought of that!"

"Oh, tonight you will have good luck! That is sure. I have made the wish on a heron flying west before midday."

"To think you used it for me. . . !" the geisha turned to thank the drab with her eyes as well as her voice.

"I did not need it, personally," the maid explained simply. "Me, I no longer have a father to support. And today I have seen my son."

"Your son! Oh, tell me! He is manly, yes?" the geisha asked softly. Her little hands lay still in her lap, and she waited, smiling.

THE drab flushed as though dark red wine had suddenly been poured into her veins. Her face worked with a queer vitality. "Yes, manly," she admitted in a choked voice. "Straight hair, wide shoulders, big hands."

"Tell me the words he spoke," Chiyo commanded softly.

"He . . . he brought me this," the mother said. She took a square of white linen from her sash, laying it for a reverent moment in her hand, so that it was like a white bird. Then she handed the kerchief to Chiyo. "You think it is nice, don't you?" she asked timidly.

The geisha was quick to reply: "So beautiful! And for a son to give his mother! See, it is like a shadow, a white shadow, for I can see the pink of my hand through it. *Mah,* even I have not so beautiful a kerchief as that!"

For answer the maid lay her flushed gray cheek against the cloth.

The geisha asked: "He was glad to be with you, his mother?"

"Yes, glad. . . . We walked together in Meiji Park," the maid remembered dreamily. "The lilies are thick on the ponds there—like teacups they are, yellow and pink and red teacups floating. We sat on a bench, *together,* and he told me of his school. *Mah,* the things he knows, that boy! He told them even to me!"

"How manly of him!"

"We had tea. Think of it, Chiyo, tea together. With bananas, the fat red ones from Taiwan. To see that boy eat! Truly, Chiyo-San, it was a glad sight. . . . We have arranged another meeting. Two months from today I see him again."

"*Mah!*" Chiyo marveled. "How lucky you are to be the mother of a son by such a kind man . . . that he lets you see the boy even though he is grown to fourteen years. Only think!"

"Only think!" the drab murmured, and was silent while she blinked the tears from her eyes. "I—must burn ten sens' worth of incense to thank the goddess of mercy. Yes, truly!"

There was the quick pad of sandals coming along the corridor, a discreet rattle of the *shoji,* and a voice said: "Breaking the serenity!"

"Why?" Chiyo asked.

"Niki-San, the wrestling champion, has called. Can you, he asks, sing for him tonight? His party is small," the voice wheedled.

(*Continued on page* 54)

EUROPEAN

Bulky, attitudinous and pro-German, Turkey's Foreign Minister Shukru Saracoglu is one of the men to watch. His policy is lip-service for Britain and favors for Germany

TURKISH TOSS-UP

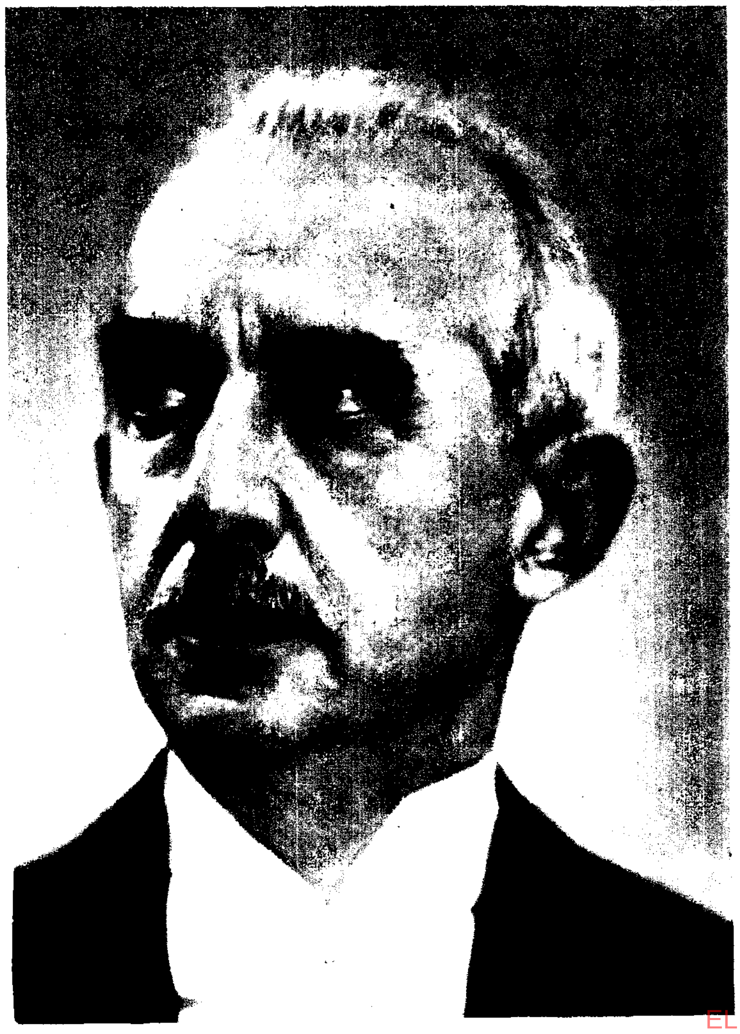
By Frank Gervasi

RADIOED FROM CAIRO

With a lapful of British gold and an earful of German promises of empire, the Turk sits in the middle of two wars, a classic in indecision

Small, frail Ismet Inonu, president of Turkey and heir to the great Ataturk's political theories, is steadfastly pro-Turkish but, officially at least, leans toward Britain

EUROPEAN



IT'S probably just an old wives' tale but the peasants of Turkey tell it and believe it. You hear it from Turkish army officers and from those who worked or played with the Bacchic father of all the Turks, and the tale is this:

On that November day in 1938 when Ghazi Mustafa Kemal Ataturk lay dying in his palace in Ankara he drafted a codicil to his will. It contained his prescription for Turkey's survival in the cataclysm he foresaw. He who had nursed the "sick man of Europe" to healthy nationhood feared the shock of war might cause a relapse. Kemal prescribed for Turkey peace in large doses.

"For as long as you honorably can do so," Kemal is supposed to have written in the last will and testament that handed the nation's leadership to owl-eyed little Ismet Inonu, "keep Turkey out of war. But if you must go to war don't fight on Germany's side. With Germany you lose if you win." I first heard the story last year when the Balkans, still unmolested, tended their goats and sheep and gathered their crops of wheat and olives and wondered vaguely when the war would come to them. That the war would come they knew with that wisdom that belongs to people who live close to the earth. I heard it again a few weeks ago in Damascus from a Turkish officer who had come to Syria to buy horses for the Turkish army from the Druse tribesmen in the Jebel hills. "It is in the will of Ataturk," he said. "It is written there." And his sincerity commanded respect.

And it was repeated to me in Cairo by a high-born Turkish lady who had just arrived from Ankara. She had been a member of Ataturk's court. She used to play backgammon daily with the Grand Turk—a game in which he excelled and which he, like Inonu, preferred to chess. This lady, the divorced wife of an important Turkish official, shared the conviction of the remnants of the Ottoman aristocracy that Turkey is "completely pro-British."

"Turkey will never abandon the Ataturk tradition of friendship with England," she said.

Very soon now we shall know whether the tale the Turks tell is true or whether it is about as valid as the tales the touts sell at Bowie and Pimlico. We will know because this war has aspects of a gigantic game of truth or consequences in which the Germans order the forfeits. Sooner or later every neutral is put to the test and Turkey's time draws nearer with every mile the Russians concede to the German armies and only a Soviet victory can save the Turks.

The idea that Turkey will be faithful to her alliance with Britain signed just before the World War was resumed in 1939 is plugged constantly in English and French from Radio Ankara. The station's Arabic broadcasts for western consumption and the Turkish press take an unmistakable anti-Axis course.

Radio Ankara's Arabic propaganda, at least since Germany invaded Russia, follows the Berlin party line. In other ways, too, Turkey's behavior indicates that the tireless agent of Adolf Hitler's Berlin-to-Bagdad diplomacy, Ambassador Franz von Papen, hasn't been wasting his time in Ankara. A British newspaperman, for instance, has the devil's own time telephoning from Ankara to Instanbul. A representative of the Deutsches Nachrichten Bureau gets his calls right away.

Whenever British Ambassador Sir Hughe M. Knatchbull-Hugessen becomes politely worried as to whether Turkey is as loyal as she officially pretends to be he hurries over to see either President Inonu or Foreign Minister Shukru Saracoglu. As you can measure a pasha's purse by his weight so you can measure a Turk's political importance and astuteness by his deafness. But Inonu and Saracoglu are deaf. They are particularly deaf whenever Sir Hughe suggests that Turkey has stepped out of line.

They remind Sir Hughe that Turkey refused to permit Germany to ship troops and munitions across Turkey into Irak. There the Arab Quisling, Rashid Ali, had started a revolution which threatened to deliver Bagdad and the 25,000,000-barrels-a-year production of Kirkuk's oil fields to the Germans.

They also call Sir Hughe's attention to the fact that Istanbul has been evacuated. The former capital is blacked out as though waiting for bombs to fall and obviously they wouldn't be British bombs. Turkey therefore expects to be invaded and that's why all children, women and aged people have been cleared out of Istanbul. If the Germans cross Turkey's frontiers from burgled Bulgaria or conquered Greece their first objective would be Istanbul and then the Dardanelles.

If Sir Hughe is suspicious that perhaps the eighty million pounds or nearly $350,000,000 which Britain has invested in Turkish loyalty since 1939 won't pay dividends when the pay-off comes, he gives no sign. He invites Saracoglu or Inonu to come around to the embassy for tea or dinner or suggests a game of golf and returns to his desk to write a dispatch to London.

When the Vichy government sought Turkey's permission to move troops and material to reinforce the Vichy army in Syria, Ankara said, "No." Here was further evidence of Turkish fealty to the British cause.

But against all that evidence of Turkey's pro-English policy there is an even more lengthy bill of indictment of her friendship to Britain. If Turkey could be put on trial tomorrow to determine whether she is guilty of attempting to be all things to all men or, more specifically, of being more pro-German than pro-English the prosecution would win in a walk. And here's the evidence. On July tenth, nearly three weeks after Russia was invaded by Germany the following broadcast was made in Arabic from Radio Ankara:

"Soviet Russia carries the banner of revolution which threatens every creed and order in the world. If Germany loses the war all the corners of the earth will be shaken from the Pacific to the Atlantic oceans, from the Arctic to the equator. If Germany wins Russia will be dismembered and the center of international Communism will fall down. The countries which used to disagree in the past are now united in one bloc to fight against the nightmare in the Kremlin.

"Thousands of Lenin's revolutionaries know this. If the danger and menace were such that it could be borne until next year the Fuehrer would not have left the western front and imposed such sacrifices upon the German nation. But for the heavy burden of the Russian problem Germany would not have taken so grave a decision."

Turkey is an old-time friend of the Soviet. The U.S.S.R. was the first nation to recognize Ataturk's revolutionary regime. Next to Germany, which bought fifty-one per cent of Turkey's cotton, nuts, figs, manganese and chrome, Russia was almost as good a customer as Britain until the war disrupted shipping in the eastern Mediterranean and the Black Sea.

A Bribe for Ankara

The new trend of Turkish-Arab propaganda dovetails with trustworthy reports that the wily von Papen has offered Turkey Armenia and convenient parts of the Soviet Socialist Republic of Azerbaijan in return for neutrality or nonbelligerency. Seventy-five per cent of the Azerbaijan's population is Turkish. Armenia was Turkish territory until the last war.

The Azerbaijan is rich in naphtha, magnetic ironstone and manganese. The oil wells at Baku are among the world's richest, producing about 20,000,000 tons yearly. It's a great cotton-growing region and its streams abound in caviar. Nine million pounds of caviar were exported from there in 1934. It is one of the richest areas in all Russia but the Turks, dazzled by the vision of the at least partial re-creation of the Ottoman empire, believe the Germans would give it away if Russia is conquered. Anyhow the Turks appear to believe the Germans sufficiently to play Goebbel's propaganda game on the radio.

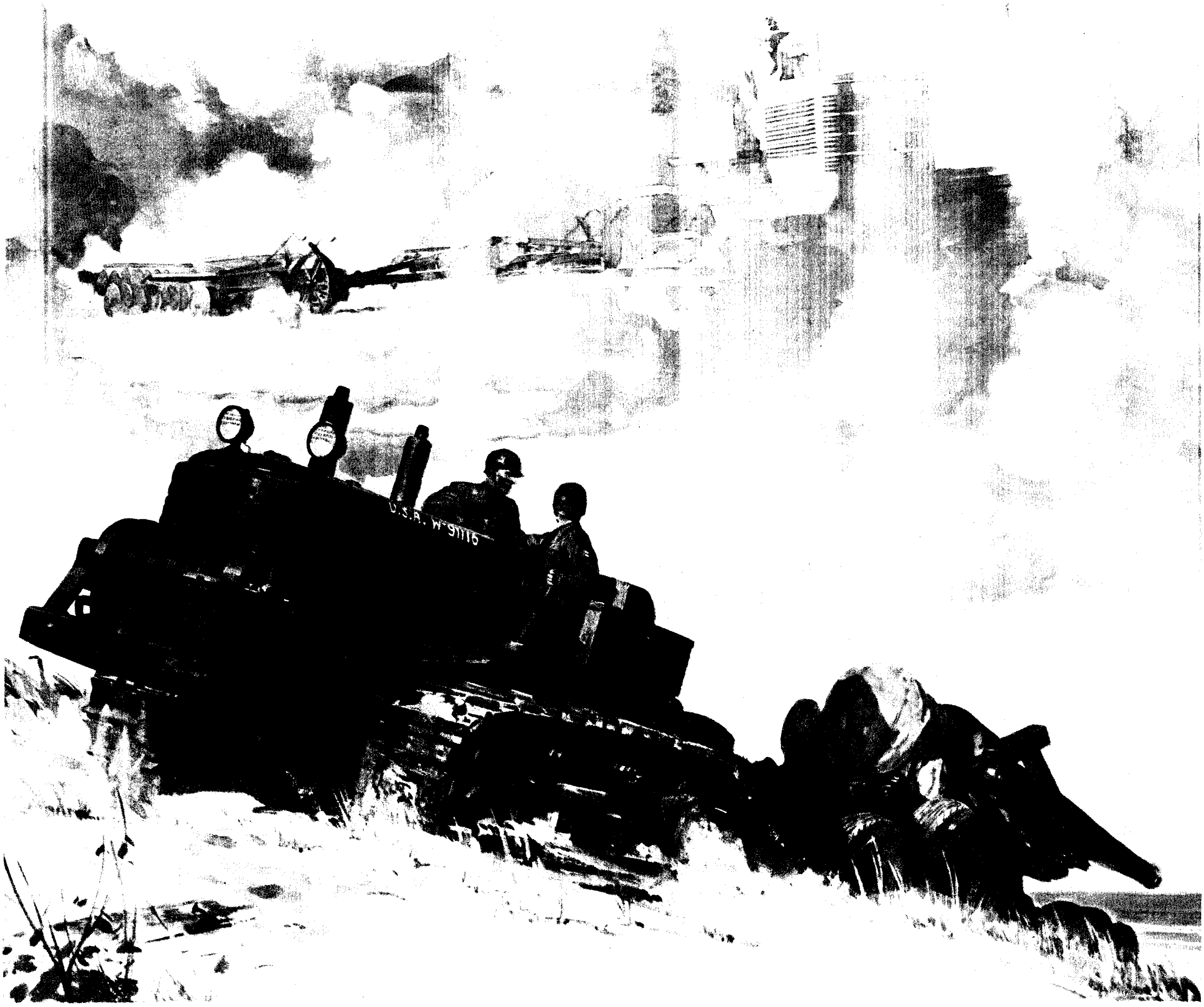
The evidence mounts that England temporarily has Turkey's body but Germany, with her promises of restoring some of that glory that Turkey lost in the last war, owns Ankara's soul. Eyewitnesses who have traveled in the Istanbul region and along Turkey's frontier with Europe know that the "evacuation" is phony. Most of the inhabitants of the region were Greeks and Armenians who would be inclined to resist a German invasion. Most of this foreign population was unemployed and restless and rebellious. By removing trainloads and shiploads of them and scattering them throughout the rest of Turkey the government removed a possible source of trouble should Turkey choose finally to become another Bulgaria.

Last Christmas a party of British officers instructing Turkish officers and troops in a remote part of the country all contracted malaria. Doctor Foye, a famous malaria specialist, was passing through at the time and immediately offered his services. It took the Turkish authorities eight days to issue the permits necessary to enable the doctor to reach his patients.

Germans, however, are treated with more consideration. One newspaperwoman I know got a telephone call through to Geneva by pretending she was a German. She had failed to obtain the call, as an Englishwoman. It is notorious that if a Turkish official speaks a second language—which is seldom enough—he speaks German. German subjects are never bothered at hotels by the police. Other foreigners are constantly being asked to report to headquarters or to show their papers of identification.

By the time the German army had occupied Rumania the familiar faces of the advance agents of Hitler's Drang nach Osten

(Continued on page 51)



POWER and *MORE POWER!*

FOR THE NATION'S ARMS AND THE NATION'S FARMS

When Uncle Sam calls for military tractor power *he gets action!* International TracTracTors, planned and engineered to the most exacting specifications, are *ready-made for the job.* The needed machines are rolling off the assembly lines, in factories long since equipped and tooled for production and operating at capacity.

For many years International TracTracTors have proved their power, economy, and solid worth in the service of Agriculture and Industry. That's why they are chosen now to add their mighty pull to the nation's growing defenses.

In the Army the familiar red exterior of these big crawlers is replaced with regulation olive-drab — *almost nothing changed but the paint!* Underneath you'll find the same great combination of relentless power and enduring stamina that makes International TracTracTors famous wherever hard work must be done . . . for the Nation's arms, and for the Nation's farms.

It will continue to be this Company's No. 1 job to supply all possible power for food and for defense — for the greater strength and security of the United States of America.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 North Michigan Avenue **Chicago, Illinois**

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

Our New Army

Continued from page 19

FLORIDA

43D DIV.

CAMP BLANDING, Starke. Selectees recently assigned to the 43d Division couldn't believe their eyes at mess time. The food's that good. "First day I was here," one of the boys said, "I asked the mess sergeant if they were serving this grub just to be nice to us on the first day." Another selectee, served ice cream in the middle of the week, wanted to know if it was a gag. Mess sergeants admit that subsistence has been stingy with fresh meat but have offset this with other protein foods. In any event, three out of every five men are eating more and better food than they got in civil life, and the added poundage proves it. Naturally there are some squawks. "I like to hear 'em," says a sergeant who has been with the Guard since 1916. "Until a man begins to complain about everything from the weather to the chow he's just another trainee. When the boys reach the stage where they raise hell about everything we'll be ready for anything."

THE University of Mississippi band, which enlisted en masse for a year and became the 114th F.A. band, used to contain Pvt. Ennis Bailey, who has fallen from the frying pan into the fire. Bailey got bored with horn tooting and applied for enlistment in the Air Corps, figuring to earn some wings. After resigning from the 114th and signing up for three years with the Air Corps he was sent to Barksdale Field, La., whence he was presently shipped to Maxwell Field, Ala., to fill a vacancy—in the band. That brings him right back to his starting point, with three years to go.

CAPTAIN CHARLES H. WOODWARD, of Corea, Me., is having a time adjusting himself as a private in Co. K, 103d Infantry. He used to skipper the Eve Grace between Boston and Nova Scotia. Incidentally, while the Army is making soldiers out of sailors the Navy is doing its darnedest to interest landlubbers in joining up and learning to man the ships now pouring from the yards.

NEW JERSEY

44TH DIV.

FORT DIX. Taking a tip from the fate of the British and French armies before Dunkirk, the 44th Division is making sure that none of its component parts would be lost in battle because of the destruction of communication lines. The answer is radio. Divisional regiments have acquired twenty-nine high-powered, two-way sets for radio command cars and more are on the way. Of the initial lot one went to each infantry regiment, five to the 44th Signal Co. and from three to eleven to each of the field artillery units. Such equipment was previously employed only in highly mechanized armored and cavalry divisions, but experience in field maneuvers convinced the Army that it needs radio as much as tanks, planes and guns.

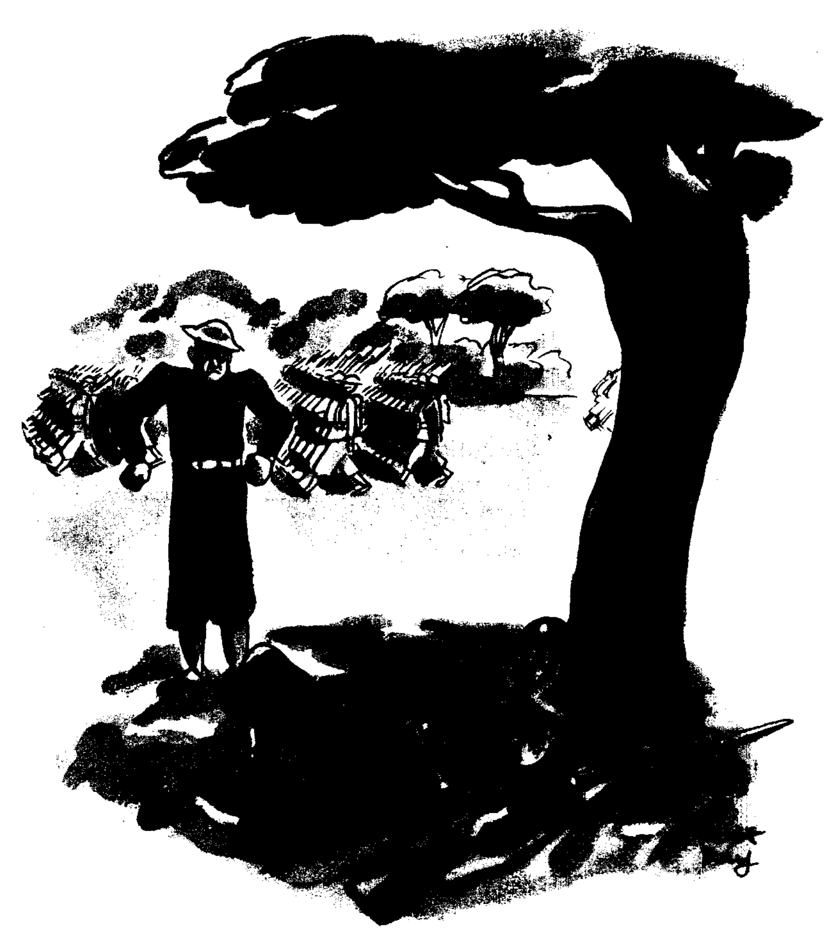
MASSACHUSETTS

26TH DIV.

CAMP EDWARDS, Falmouth. With 27,000 men on their hands, officers are proud of the conduct and health records the camp has maintained. There is no real guardhouse—just temporary detention buildings; there has been only one serious offense (soldier started a fire in the station hospital); no complaints of disorder or misconduct have come from surrounding communities; the venereal-disease percentage is very low. Army's explanation: There is no industrial center in the vicinity and communities are all of a wholesome, well-governed New England type, where everybody knows everybody else.

PERHAPS the Service Club at Edwards would be interested in the observation made by a selectee. "Why," says he, "they charge fifteen cents for a small scoop of ice cream with a little syrup over it. You can get more ice cream anywhere outside of camp for a dime."

FROM a gent who has dropped off twenty-five pounds drilling with the 101st Medical regiment comes a new name for draftees. Asked if he had been a member of the National Guard outfit when it was called up, he shook his head. "I," he said, "am a handcuffed volunteer."



"The forces of good will triumph in the end, sir. Why not take it easy?"

ROBERT DAY

THERE have been plenty of complaints in Massachusetts about the way Army truck drivers operate. The drivers from the various camps explain to their friends that a lot of men entrusted with convoys have never before driven trucks, have done little auto driving, and that their instructions are to outrace State Troopers, if possible. Some of the drivers have an idea that they can't be arrested so long as they stay on the truck, but they'd better be with a convoy when they try that theory. A lone truck driver is strictly accountable to local constables. Anyhow, not long ago an Army truck near Boston failed to make a hairpin turn and went clean through the first floor of a small residence. Fortunately nobody was home. Fortunately there is still time to teach ordinary civilian driving practices to Army truck drivers.

GENERAL

WHO'S the oldest enlisted man in the Army? The 155th Infantry at Camp Blanding nominates sixty-two-year-old Staff Sgt. Edward S. Jenne, of Yazoo City, Miss., who enlisted in 1902 as a cook, served on the Mexican border and in France, got out after the first World War and re-enlisted in 1932. Camp Langdon, N. H., claims the youngest first sergeant. He's Paul Rutkovsky, twenty-one, who joined up a year ago and now is top kick of Battery C, 22d C.A.

BRINGING the total reported list to thirty-six, the following newspapers are being mailed free to service men from these home towns: The Pottsville (Pa.) Evening Republican, The Fauquier (Warrenton, Va.) Democrat, The Union (Sonora, Cal.) Democrat, The Concord (Mich.) News, the Silver Spring (Md.) Standard, The Breeze (DeFuniak Springs, Fla.), The Pine Bluffs (Wyoming) Post, The West Orange (Winter Garden, Fla.) News, The East Rockaway (N. Y.) Leader, The Fair-View (Greenburgh, N. Y.) News, The Sierra (Truckee, Cal.) Sun, the Brunswicker (Brunswick, Mo.), the Angola (Ind.) Herald and the Steuben (Ind.) Republican.

ADD Army slang: Canned milk is Armored Cow, a Latrineogram is a rumor, and Whistle Happy is the state quickly attained by a new sergeant with his new whistle.

WHAT we hear from the Southern camps is that "Soldier, you're a-hurtin'" applies to anything a soldier has difficulty doing, or to any bad luck he runs into, and that it's rapidly coming into general use. A luckless lad who undergoes a dressing down by an inspecting officer for not having a high gloss on his brogans can expect to hear the whispered phrase from a buddy; a man on KP duty is almost sure to hear some passer-by yell, "Soldier, you're a-hurtin'!" Nobody knows where it started but there it is.

"I NOTE with interest," writes a Denver podiatrist, "that the Blanding (Fla.) Station Hospital officials say there isn't any more foot trouble in the Army than usual (Collier's, July 26th). To complete the statement they should have added that there's no more trouble than is usual when a lad steps from his civilian shoes into a pair of G-I brogans of the supply sergeant's choice and expediency. I took that step several years ago. Our squad leader carried the first-aid kit and a blister received the usual daub of tincture of merthiolate over which was plastered a piece of adhesive tape. The treatment was worse than the ailment. By the way, the Navy provides for the care of sailors' feet. What the Army needs is a Chiropody Corps."

ADD to the Collier's Club of Army Millionaires (those with even million serial numbers) Pvt. Charles J. Ketchum, Battery H, 19th C.A., Fort Rosecrans, Cal. He's No. 18,000,000, and the seventh man so far reported.

WE QUOTE from Camp Jos. T. Robinson's paper, The Covered Wagon: "The life of Pvt. William Heady, Co. F, 138th Infantry, is no longer his to call his own. After the publication of an item in Collier's five weeks ago (June 7th)—recounting how he fell for an old Army wheeze and turned out for reveille at taps—Heady received enough fan mail to fill three five-pound candy boxes—some 400 letters in all—and has received fifteen invitations to spend his next furlough in distant parts of the country. Without exception the letters have been from girls who want to know how old he is, the color of his hair and eyes, and whether he is married. Heady has been spending thirty hours a week answering these letters telling his fans he has gained fourteen pounds since his induction last February. Most of the girls want him to send a picture of himself in exchange for their picture, but Heady says that postage alone is eating up all his $21-a-month stipend." Too bad; he's quite a handsome guy.

BASED on the Keep 'em Flying catchword the Keep 'em Happy Club has been started by The Covered Wagon at Camp Jos. T. Robinson and picked up by the official publications at other posts. General scheme is to get all the gals back home to sign a pledge containing the following items: (1) I agree to refrain from mentioning my dates with other men when I write to him (the boy in camp). (2) I agree to be honest with my boy friend in the Army. I will not, therefore, lead him to believe I am being true to him when I am not. (3) If my feelings toward said boy friend change, I will not cause him mental anguish by simply stopping my letters to him. I will let him know, as quickly as possible, that there is someone else. (4) I will remember at all times that the soldier is serving his country, and should be entitled to the utmost consideration when other men compete with him for my attentions. (The gal signs here..................................)

V (DOT-DOT-DOT-DASH) for Victory. G. W.

THEY MADE A REAL MAN OUT OF OUR BOY AT CAMP... AND HOW HE GOES FOR THIS

NEW 4-STAR BREAKFAST TREAT!

MORE NOURISHING

New Post Toasties with Vitamin B_1 are richer than ever in easily digested, quick-energy food values.

MORE DELICIOUS

New Post Toasties are *crisper* corn flakes—rich in America's favorite breakfast flavor!

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY

Of all cold cereals, corn flakes cost the least—and new Post Toasties with Vitamin B_1 give you extra corn flakes value at no extra cost.

RICH IN VITAMIN B_1

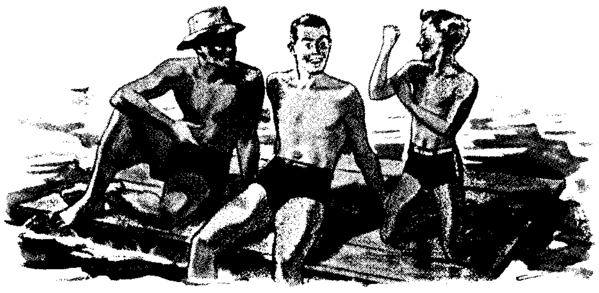
the "missing vitamin" in 3 out of 4 diets.

Post Toasties
Corn Flakes
FLAVOR
NOURISHMENT
VITAMIN B1
ECONOMY
11 OUNCES—NET WEIGHT—311 GRAMS
MADE FROM CORN, FLAVORED WITH SUGAR AND SALT, VITAMIN B1 ADDED
MANUFACTURED BY POST PRODUCTS DIVISION OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN · MADE IN U.S.A.

NOW IN *NEW* ECONOMY SIZES

A Post Cereal made by General Foods

1 WHAT A BATTLE we had getting our boy to go to Camp. You see, Ted never liked sports much, and the idea of camp sort of scared him. But, finally, he agreed to go. And, *say* . . . you should have seen the letters he sent us. "Camp is swell," he wrote. "I'm shortstop on the baseball team . . . I've learned to swim . . . the food is great, specially those Post Toasties we have for breakfast". . . At the close of the Camp season, I drove up to get Ted . . .



2 GOSH, HE LOOKED GOOD! Strong, healthy, happy. I told the Camp Director about Ted's letters. Mentioned he was crazy about Post Toasties . . . "Hah," the Director exclaimed, "they're *my* favorite, too. They've got a rich corn flakes flavor. They're *crisper*, *easy* to digest, and *packed* with food values that supply quick-energy we all need . . ."

"BUT THE BIG NEWS," he said, "is that Post Toasties now contain Vitamin B_1 . . . the element so necessary for abundant energy, sound nerves, normal growth and appetite. It's the 'missing vitamin' in America's diet. 3 out of 4 people *don't get enough of it* in their daily food. And, now, Post Toasties are generously enriched with it". . . By George (I thought), I'd better eat some myself . . .

3 I GOT THE THRILL of my life that night! Ted received the award for being the outstanding "First Year Camper." He was presented with a big silver cup. You should have heard the cheers. Yes, sir—I was a proud parent . . .

4 SINCE TED'S BEEN back from Camp, we've all been eating Post Toasties, too. He sure was right about their *swell* flavor. They're *marvelous!* They add a zest to breakfast like *nothing* else. And Martha, the wife, says, for economy—Post Toasties *can't* be beat. No wonder they call them the *4-star breakfast treat!*

ENJOY THE NOURISHING *NEW* POST TOASTIES

A 4-STAR BREAKFAST TREAT!

Advance Agent

By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

U. S. ARMY INTELLIGENCE has ordered Captain Garrett to uncover the subversive activities of a powerful German agent named von Weitbrecht. Posing as Erich Köchlin, Garrett establishes himself in the Berkshire estate of a wealthy American Nazi, Lynn Scovil, who is in touch with von Weitbrecht. Surrounded by suspicious enemies, Garrett collects incriminating evidence against the Nazi plotters and tries to force power-hungry Scovil to put him in touch with von Weitbrecht. Unknown to the American agent, the latter is in hiding at near-by Camp Ryegate.

Garrett meets and falls in love with Gail Armstrong, a young widow who was formerly engaged to Scovil. Unable to divulge his true mission, Garrett is forced to watch Gail's suspicion of him grow. She is sure he is a dangerous adventurer, but loves him nonetheless.

Bill Jay, a newspaper reporter from New York, has nosed out the fact that Camp Ryegate is a Nazi spy nest. Accompanied by his fiancée, Scovil's attractive daughter, Connie (who, detesting her father, lives with Gail Armstrong), he confronts Garrett and accuses him of being Lieutenant Friedrich Römer, a German flier lately escaped from Canada.

Garrett nonchalantly advises the reporter to make a thorough investigation before denouncing him to the authorities. Realizing that Bill Jay must be silenced for at least twenty-four hours, Garrett orders the Nazi thug, Booker, to kidnap the newspaperman and hold him at Camp Ryegate. Furthermore, the American orders Booker and the spy, Mathilde Winkler, to be prepared to leave at a moment's notice *with him for New York City. Booker,* convinced finally that Garrett is a Gestapo man, agrees—but decides privately to do away with Bill Jay and report to Garrett that Bill Jay was shot while trying to escape.

On tenterhooks for fear that either Gail (torn between her love for Garrett and her horror of him as a Nazi) or Connie (because of Bill Jay's disappearance) will call in the local police and ruin all his plans for closing the net on von Weitbrecht, Garrett is confronted with an ultimatum from Scovil. Garrett will be allowed to talk with von Weitbrecht only on *condition that afterward Scovil will be given* leadership in the organization. When Garrett spars for time, Scovil rushes out into the night with a loaded revolver. Mathilde, prepared now to follow Garrett's leadership and abandon Scovil as a maniac, insists, at the last moment before leaving for von Weitbrecht's cabin, on listening to the short-wave broadcast from Germany, which will contain coded messages for Nazi spies in America. When Garrett, in his impatience to be after Scovil, turns off the broadcast in the middle of a message directed to him, light breaks over Mathilde. She realizes he does not know the code, he is not the real Köchlin! While Garrett is out getting the car, Mathilde feverishly telephones to Booker. "You were right, he is an American. Come at once. You will know what to do with him!"

VIII

GARRETT waited in a sedan outside the lighted veranda, his fingers impatient on the wheel. What was delaying Mathilde? He could find the camp without her but could not afford the time to go to the camp—he *must go straight to the back road he had* traveled with Booker. Somewhere there, doubtless at the bottom of the ski-tow, the trail up the mountain must begin. It looked as if he and Mathilde must climb that mountain by night and in a rainstorm. Or could they intercept Scovil? Or would it be wisest, after all, to go to the camp and pick up Booker? Or had Scovil already got to Booker?

Scovil had a gun. Garrett had in his pocket the revolver he had taken from the bookshop and there was an automatic in Mathilde's bag. He had better *send her back to get it . . . Why didn't* she come? He drove round the circle to head back toward the gate. The door opened and Mathilde came running down the steps and out on the lawn, apparently thinking that he had started without her. She was screaming, "Erich!"

He stopped and she came up to the window, breathing hard. "Lynn phoned. He is with von Weitbrecht. He is sending Booker to take us to them."

Scovil sending Booker to take him to von Weitbrecht? "Where did he phone from?"

"I *don't know. Probably the camp.* He must have gone there."

How long since Scovil had rushed downstairs while he and Mathilde rolled on the floor? The broadcast was to have lasted half an hour, but could only have been half finished when he shut it off. Fifteen minutes of broadcast, and possibly five minutes talking with Scovil's daughter. About twenty-five minutes all told. That was time enough for Scovil to get to camp, but certainly far from enough for him to reach von Weitbrecht on his mountain. Or had he previously arranged to have von Weit*brecht come down from the mountain?*

He did not know where Scovil had been this afternoon—anything could have happened. It was quite possible that Scovil had talked Booker into joining his rebellion. Now Booker was supposed to be on his way here. No!

He opened the far door. "Get in, Mathilde."

"I told Lynn we would come with Booker."

"Get in!"

SHE came round to the door but stood there. "Erich! Booker is coming to take us to von Weitbrecht. This is what you have been waiting for."

Yes, the crux of the matter was that Booker was on his way. The entire margin permitted him to work in was the time before Booker could arrive. He got out and stood beside her in the rain. "*Something smells very fishy, Mathilde.* I think that Booker has enlisted with Scovil. Get in the car!"

She did not move. She started to say something but his impatience boiled over. "Do what I tell you!" He seized her arm.

At that touch Mathilde stiffened and stepped swiftly back. A premonition flashed along his nerves. He thrust a shoulder at her breast and his fist had started for her jaw when she fired. Pain leaped along his arm and his eyes were blinded but the fist got home. She went down on the lawn and he threw himself across her. She was knocked out. He picked her up and bundled her headlong into the car.

He drove away from Scovil's at full speed, swerved up the first road fork and stopped. She was still unconscious—maybe she had hit her head as she went down. He flexed his left arm. It seemed to be on fire and the hand was clumsy—getting Mathilde out of the car was a hard job. Handerkerchiefs. He had two; he folded them across her mouth and bound them in place with his necktie. Oh, yes, his raincoat! He stripped it off and managed to tie her elbows with the sleeves.

Booker! Also, the servants would have heard that shot. Among a thousand things he did not know was which of the servants, if in fact any of them, were part of the machine. But Mathilde had penetrated his impersonation. Unquestionably she had told Scovil on the phone. But had it been Scovil? It could have been Booker.

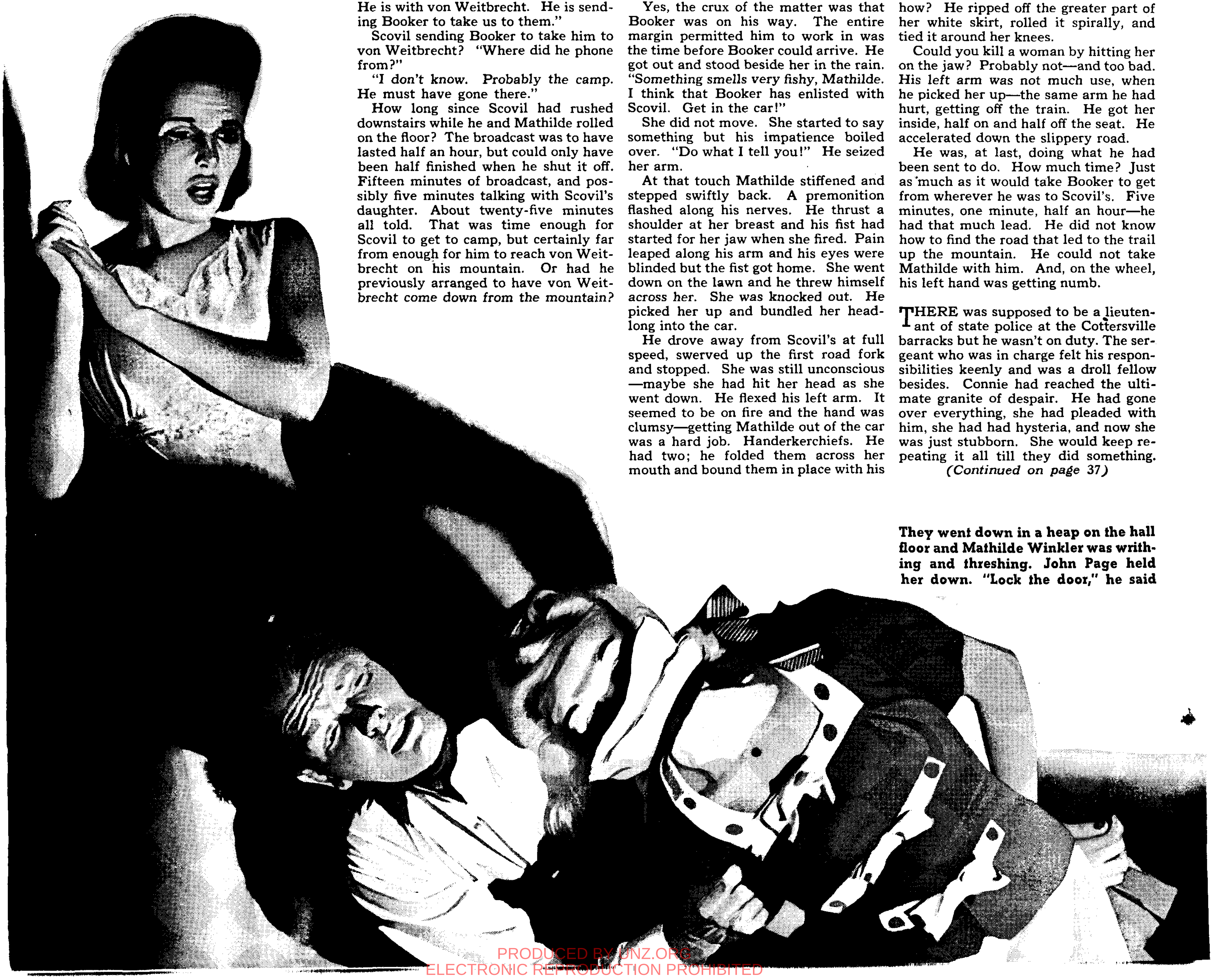
The blood that dripped from his wrist must be coming from his shoulder. There was not much of it; it was unimportant. He had to hobble her. But how? He ripped off the greater part of her white skirt, rolled it spirally, and tied it around her knees.

Could you kill a woman by hitting her on the jaw? Probably not—and too bad. *His left arm was not much use, when* he picked her up—the same arm he had hurt, getting off the train. He got her inside, half on and half off the seat. He accelerated down the slippery road.

He was, at last, doing what he had been sent to do. How much time? Just as much as it would take Booker to get from wherever he was to Scovil's. Five minutes, one minute, half an hour—he had that much lead. He did not know how to find the road that led to the trail up the mountain. He could not take Mathilde with him. And, on the wheel, his left hand was getting numb.

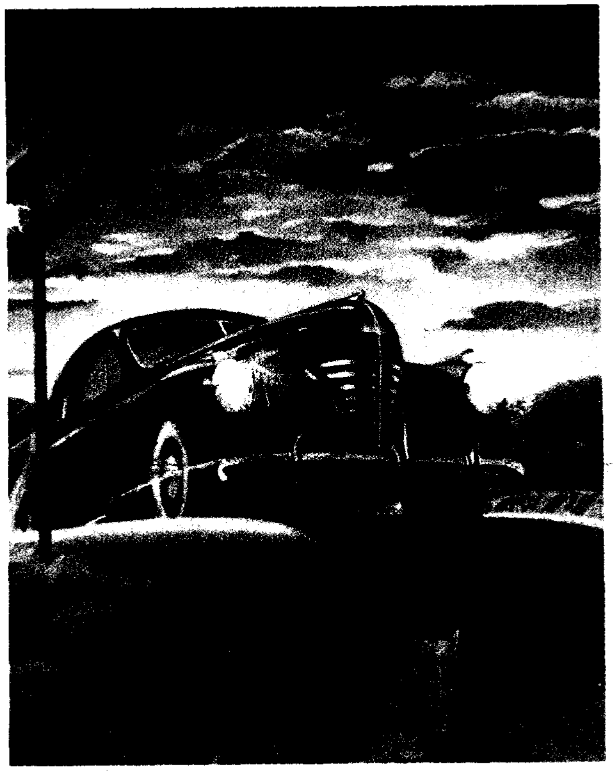
THERE was supposed to be a lieutenant of state police at the Cottersville barracks but he wasn't on duty. The sergeant who was in charge felt his responsibilities keenly and was a droll fellow besides. Connie had reached the ultimate granite of despair. He had gone over everything, she had pleaded with him, she had had hysteria, and now she was just stubborn. She would keep repeating it all till they did something.

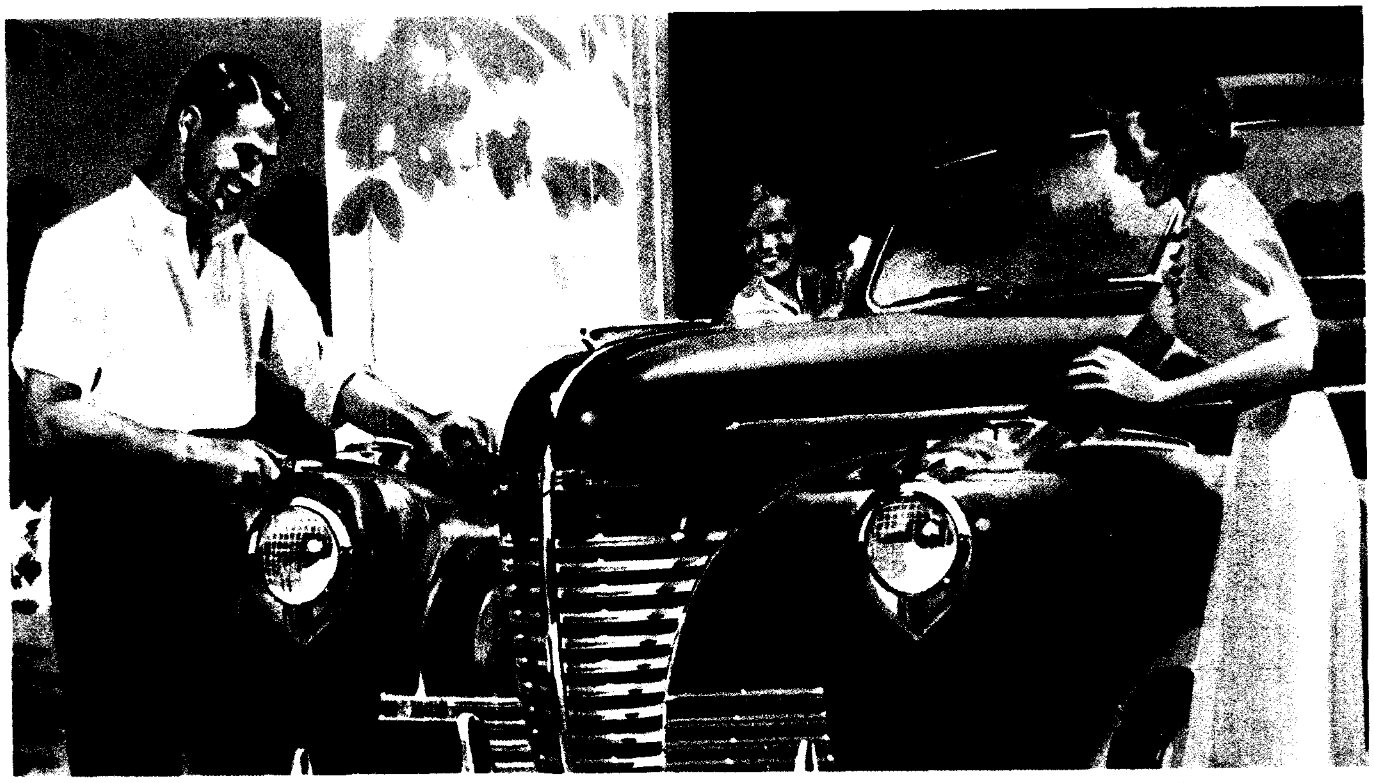
(Continued on page 37)



They went down in a heap on the hall floor and Mathilde Winkler was writhing and threshing. John Page held her down. "Lock the door," he said

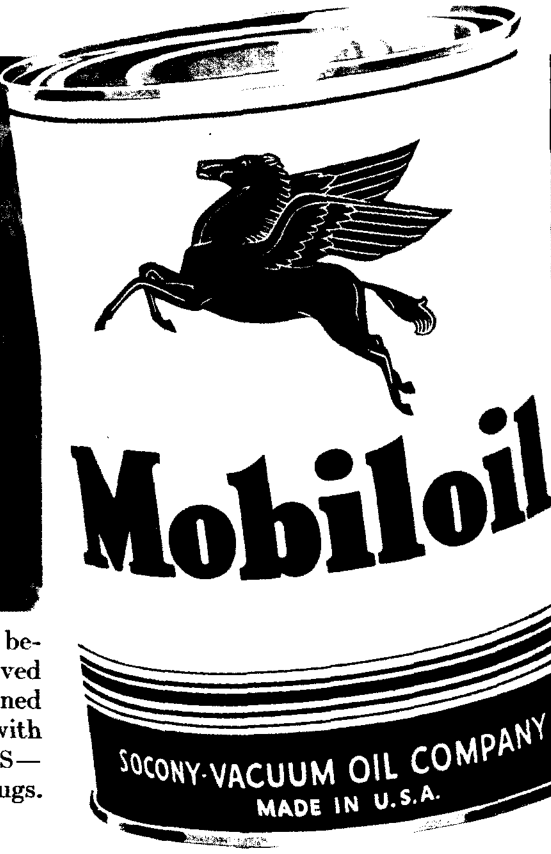
"Frankly, we *do* 'Baby' our Car"

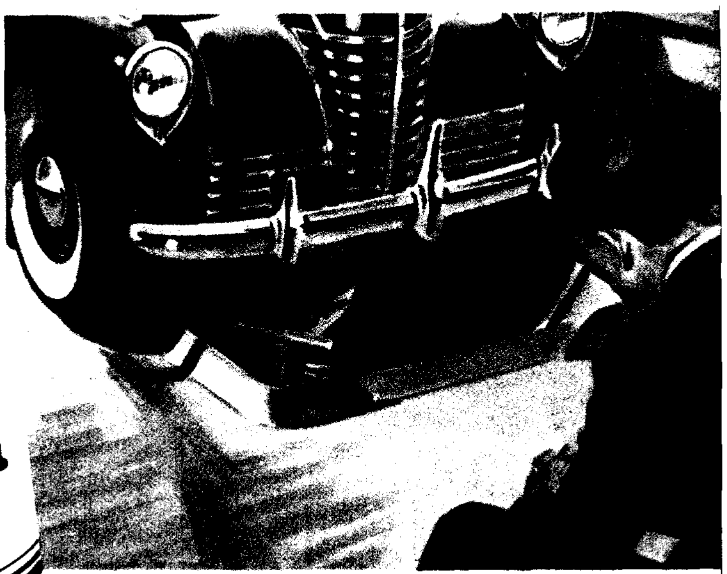




1 REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME she purred up a hill—sweet-running as a brook? Or the tragedy of the first squeak or scratch? Picnics! Adventures! Blue hills and golden sunsets! You've *lived* with that car.

2 SO OF COURSE YOU BABY IT. You care for it like "one of the family." Filling the tank is *feeding* it. You keep it healthy with good grease. You rush her down to the "doctor" at the garage if she doesn't feel well. And you know it's good insurance to dump dirty oil; get everything clean inside; and then fill the crankcase with fresh, clean Mobiloil. What a difference the *improved* Mobiloil makes! She's lively as a colt. Not a pain or an ache. It's a big satisfaction to drive a car with everything *right*—to give it a Fresh Start!


Mobiloil
SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY INC.
MADE IN U.S.A.



3 WHAT DO WE MEAN—"FRESH START"? Let's begin with the ENGINE—a crankcase full of clean, improved Mobiloil—*that cleans as it lubricates.* Your RADIATOR cleaned out—safeguarded. Your GEAR OIL checked—replenished with Mobiloil Gear Oil. A complete lube job for your CHASSIS—Mobilubrication. EXPERT SERVICE to battery, lights, plugs.

4 DOES IT MAKE A DIFFERENCE? Take the wheel—not a squeak. Quiet, smooth-running—it puts a thrill back in driving. And it's swell to know your car's protected with Mobiloil.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC., *and Affiliates:* Magnolia Petroleum Co., General Petroleum Corp. of Calif.

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GIVE YOUR CAR A FRESH START

EVERY THOUSAND MILES

WAGNER
LOCKHEED
BRAKE PARTS

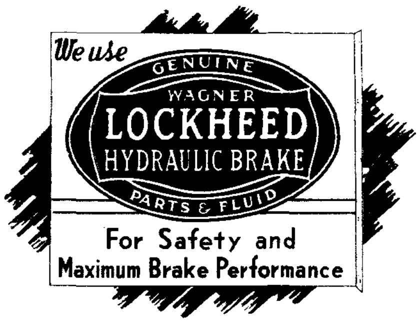
for Safety's Sake--
LET AN EXPERT
INSPECT the BRAKES
on YOUR CAR

Don't gamble with your brakes. It is true that hydraulic brakes are built so well that you may drive a long time without giving them a thought. But it is wise to learn to recognize the first warning signals indicating that brakes do need attention.

There are some things about a car that the average owner can do himself, but when it comes to brakes, it is wise to turn the job over to a brake service expert who is equipped with special tools and modern equipment. When you need such service, look for the station displaying the Wagner sign. Get the benefit of a nation-wide program carried out by trained men who recognize the value of Wagner Lockheed Hydraulic Brake Parts and Fluid.

Ask the brake expert to PULL A WHEEL and make an inspection. It may disclose that the brake wheel cylinders and parts need attention, or that the brake lining is badly worn. It is equally important to have the expert check the master cylinder as well as the wheel cylinders. If parts are worn, it pays to specify the installation of complete all-new assemblies. Also ask the serviceman to check the level of the fluid in the brake system.

Patronize the station displaying this red, white and blue sign



If fluid is needed--FOR SAFETY'S SAKE specify
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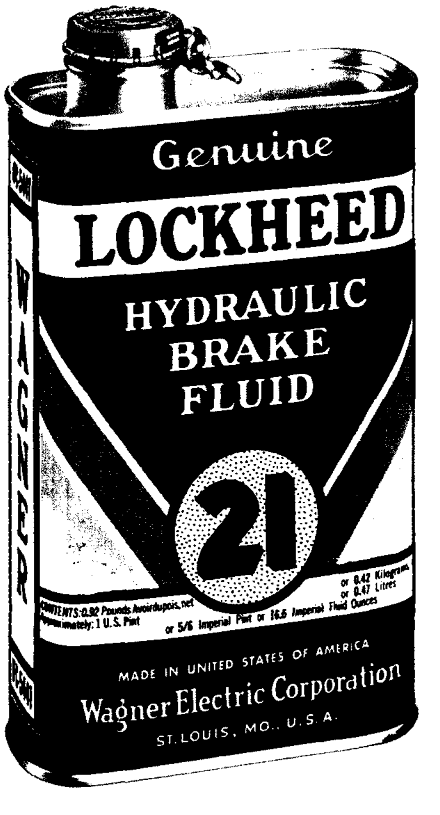
No. 21 HYDRAULIC BRAKE FLUID



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For safety's sake—why not have your car checked TODAY! There is a station near you. Automotive Parts Division, WAGNER ELECTRIC CORPORATION, 6400 Plymouth Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A. (In Canada: Wagner Brake Service Company, Ltd., Toronto). H41-17

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Not Quite the End

Continued from page 14

booths. Then he said, rather too casually, "Isn't that young Ballard? J. T. Ballard's son?"

Vinnie said, "And if it is, what of it?"

Pop ducked ponderously under the counter. He gave Vinnie's arm an amiable pat. "Nothing of it, my dear. Nothing at all. Only that J. T. Ballard's pretty important around here. Fine business in town. On the Beach Commission. Nice man to know."

Vinnie said, "Pop, look at me."

He didn't, quite, but at least he was listening. Vinnie said, "I'm not joking about this, Pop. You stay away from Mr. Ballard. Quite away from him."

Pop said, "Now, Vinnie—"

"Mr. Ballard," Vinnie said, "is one person you are *not* going to try to promote."

Pop said, aggrievedly, "Why, Vinnie, what makes you—"

"No submarine lots for Mr. Ballard," Vinnie said. "No mining shares. No anything. Do I make myself clear?"

Pop drew himself up in somber dignity. "Vinnie, when have I ever—"

"Frequently," Vinnie said. "But not this time."

SHE slipped under the counter and walked away.

She slipped between the people who drifted among the booths. Deep inside, she was cold and afraid. She'd have given anything if Pop hadn't seen and recognized Gil. It was what she'd been trying to avoid all summer. Pop just wasn't something you could explain to the kind of people Gil's parents were bound to be. Pop was all right, really. He never actually broke the law. He'd never actually been in jail. But there'd been times when he'd had to talk pretty fast to stay out. He was always ready to promote a soft dollar when he saw the chance. Only, in the end, it was generally Pop's own dollar that got promoted. But with Gil's kind of people—

She went down the ramp by the pavilion, onto the beach. Beyond the pavilion, the booths of the midway ended, and the cottages began. They stretched away along the magnificent, gleaming arc of sand, a mile in either direction. Lovely cottages, many of them. Buried in whispering palmettos, clean-painted, comfortable. The people who lived in them came down from Princetown for the summer. The men went up to their business *every day*. Some families—like the Ballards—had been doing it that way for years—almost for generations.

Vinnie walked slowly, her feet sinking into the soft sand. Children played on the sand and screamed in the shallow surf. On the cottage porches, people sat in cool, wind-blown comfort. Nice people, living in a nice world. Vinnie thought, What would they think? A girl from a ring-toss booth? What would they think?

She knew what they'd think, all right. And it wasn't quite fair. Not even by their standards. She looked all right. Her long, soft bob. Her neat socks and sandals, and her smartly simple dress. She might be one of their own daughters, down from college. But she wasn't, of course. She was Pop's daughter. They wouldn't see beyond that. Not back to when Mother was alive. Not back to those fought-for years in high school in the Florida winters. They couldn't see that part of her. The real part. Gil could see it. She knew he could see it. But, even with Gil, it might not be enough. It might not drown out the ring-toss booth . . . three rings for a quarter, take home a beautiful, wonderful, eleven-cent, good-for-nothing prize.

Even for Gil, that might be too much.

But he wasn't going to admit it. Not without a fight. The minute Vinnie saw him, sitting in the shadow of the breakwater, Vinnie knew it wasn't going to be easy at all. His jaw was set in an angry, stubborn line. Vinnie hadn't ever seen him look quite like that before. All summer, they'd just been kids together. In love, of course. Terribly in love. But still kids. Not any more, though. Not with that look on Gil's face.

Vinnie dropped down on the sand beside him. It was cool in the shade of the breakwater. Gil didn't waste any time. He said, "Why did you run me off?"

Vinnie said, "Pop was coming. I—I guess I just didn't want you coming to grips with him right then."

"About what?"

Vinnie let sand trail through her fingers, watched the dry, whispering stream. She said, "About me, I suppose."

Gil said, "Well, it's got to happen some time. And what's so terrible about it? All I want to do is marry you. What if he doesn't like the idea? You're nineteen. You've reached the age of consent. What can he *do* about it?"

Vinnie thought, Why, the lamb! The precious lamb! He thinks it's because I'm afraid Pop won't like *him!* Somehow, she had to explain. She said slowly, "I haven't ever met your father and mother, Gil."

Gil said, with maddening logic, "That's not my fault, Vinnie. I've wanted you to."

Vinnie said, "Yes, but—"

"But nothing," Gil said. "I'm not afraid to have you meet them. You're the one that's afraid."

That's true, Vinnie thought. But he shouldn't say it. It hurts too much. She said painfully, "Look, Gil. You're not exactly self-supporting."

Gil said, "Beginning next week, that argument's all shot. I'm going to work as a supervisor in my father's plant. I've worked there summers all the time I was in college. I'm crazy about it. I'll be worth my salary."

"To your father," Vinnie said. "But suppose for—for some reason, he decided he didn't want you to work for him?"

SHE raised her eyes to his, then looked quickly out to sea. She'd made him really angry now. Gil said, very slowly, "I get it. You think that Dad wouldn't want me to marry you. That if I did anyway, he'd turn me off."

Vinnie said, "It's been known to happen, in cases like this."

Gil said, "We'd make out. I wouldn't give a damn."

Vinnie thought, That's what you think . . . but it's so easy to say it . . . how can you really *know?* . . .

Gil said, "And, anyway, you haven't any right to say it. You've never even met him."

Vinnie said nothing. Gil said, "He's just not that kind of a guy."

Vinnie lowered her head. She said, "I'd—I'd hate it if it was me that made you change your mind about that."

Gil said, "I'm willing to take the chance."

Vinnie brushed the sand carefully smooth. She said, "I—I don't think so, Gil."

There was silence. The wind whispered coolly between them. The September wind. Gil said quietly, "I thought you loved me."

Vinnie said, "I do love you."

Gil said, "Then why?"

Why did he have to make it so hard? She couldn't tell him why. It hurt too much. And he ought to know. He ought to know without being told. She got to her feet.

"Please, Gil. I—I think I'd better go back."

She walked slowly along the beach. Gil said soberly, "There isn't much more time."

Vinnie said, "I know that, Gil. I—I do wish I could make you understand."

Gil said, "I wish you could too."

Which meant that he didn't. Of course he didn't. It was easy for him. He couldn't understand. And now he was angry. She thought, It isn't possible to be as unhappy as this. It just isn't. She stumbled a little in the soft sand. Then Gil's hand was on her elbow, bringing her to a halt. He said, "Vinnie—"

His voice was oddly uncertain. He said, "There's Mother and Father now. In front of the Marchbank place."

Vinnie looked. It was a lovely cottage. One of the nicest. Four people in deck chairs on the sand. Gil said, "Come on. We're going to meet them. Now."

Vinnie stared at him. He didn't really mean it. He was afraid too. He must be. But he had dropped her elbow and started walking toward the chairs. Vinnie said, "No, Gil. Please not now!"

But he kept on. She had to go with him, or look an utter, childish fool. She went with him, hating him desperately, hating every step.

And it was bad. As bad as she'd known it would be. Nice people, cool and utterly at ease. The Marchbanks never came into focus at all. But Gil's father did, standing politely to meet her. A tall man, looking so much like Gil. Graying hair, and a lined, kindly face. Gil's mother, pretty and slender. But her eyes searching Vinnie with that challenging mother's look. Gil saying, "Mother, this is Vinnie Meacher. I've wanted you to meet her."

And Mrs. Ballard's voice, friendly, a little distant: "Do sit down, Miss Meacher. It must be hot walking along the beach."

Miss Meacher. Old Pop Meacher's girl. Surely they knew. With a desperate effort, Vinnie brought herself back into line. She tried to make her voice cool and distant too. She said, "Thank you so much, Mrs. Ballard. But I really must get back."

An awkward little pause. Was she being rude? She couldn't help it. She had to get away. And then it wasn't so bad. Polite regrets, politely returned. And, finally, escape. Not letting Gil come with her.

Escape, and walking back along the sand. They'd been nice. Oh, they'd been awfully nice. But they were trained that way. It was like breathing. But now that she was gone? Well, that would be nice too. Vinnie could hear it so plainly in her mind. The sweet mother approach. *Such* a pretty girl, Gil. But who *is* she?

"HE WAS friendly," Pop was saying. "Remarkably affable. In fact, downright cordial. I don't mind saying I was—"

Vinnie wasn't really listening. She sat in the tiny dining nook of the trailer, her breakfast coffee cold and forgotten before her. Pop's voice bumbled on from the two-by-four bathroom, muffled by the rhythmic slapping of his shaving brush. Vinnie looked out through the slatted blinds. It was very early. The dreadful earliness, the feeling of no one alive, not even yourself, that comes after an aching, sleepless night. Among the concessions, only the Schultzes were about. Taking down their shooting gallery, getting ready to leave.

A word from the bathroom brought her suddenly back. She said sharply, "*Who* was friendly?"

Pop came to the bathroom door. Not even an inch of lather could mask his obvious relish. "Mr. Ballard," he said. "Mr. J. T. Ballard. In person."

Vinnie stared at him. She said, "Pop, I asked you *please*—"

"Could I insult the man?" Pop wiped soap from the corners of his mouth. "*He* approached *me*. Not otherwise. I was most definitely minding my own business. Talking to Cassidy by the swings—"

"When?"

"Last night," Pop said. "He was, if I may repeat myself, extremely affable."

VINNIE leaned her head on her hand. Of course. She might have expected it. He'd want to find out. See what Gil was getting into.

Pop was looking at her curiously. He said, "What's the matter, Vinnie?"

She said, "Nothing, Pop. Go on. What did you and Mr. Ballard talk about?"

Pop waved his shaving brush casually. "Why, general topics. The Beach. Concessions. How we operate—"

He would, Vinnie thought. Getting a line. Gathering ammunition.

"He was very friendly," Pop said. "I don't mind telling you I was surprised. These cottage people—they're not always so—so—"

"Not so friendly," Vinnie said.

"That's right." Pop waved the brush again. "But Ballard was. And he's on the Beach Commission. I don't mind telling you, Vinnie, I was pleased. Good stands aren't so easy to find. It won't do any harm to have a friend at court."

He turned back into the bathroom, said casually over his shoulder, "And he mentioned you, Vinnie."

"Did he really?" Vinnie said. "What did he say?"

Pop's razor was scraping briskly. "He said you seemed a charming girl."

"That was nice of him."

"I thought so." Pop appeared in the door. His voice had lost a lot of its bounce and brag. He said slowly, "Vinnie, have you been seeing much of young Ballard?"

Vinnie got quickly to her feet. She wasn't going to talk about Gil. Thinking about him was something she couldn't stop, but she didn't have to talk. She said, "Your coffee's on the stove, Pop. I'm going to open up."

Pop said, "Vinnie, wait a—"

Vinnie turned to him sharply from the steps. She said, "Pop, I don't doubt for a minute that Mr. Ballard was the very soul of friendliness. I don't want to shake your well-known faith in human nature, but I think he had a reason. It happens that I *have* been seeing quite a lot of Gil Ballard—a fact which Mr. Ballard learned just yesterday. So I think he just wanted a good, long look at you. At me. At everything!"

She swept an inclusive arm at the sleeping, tawdry concession booths. Pop's face fell. Then he said uncomfortably, "Vinnie, I think maybe you wrong the gentleman."

"That," Vinnie said, "remains to be seen."

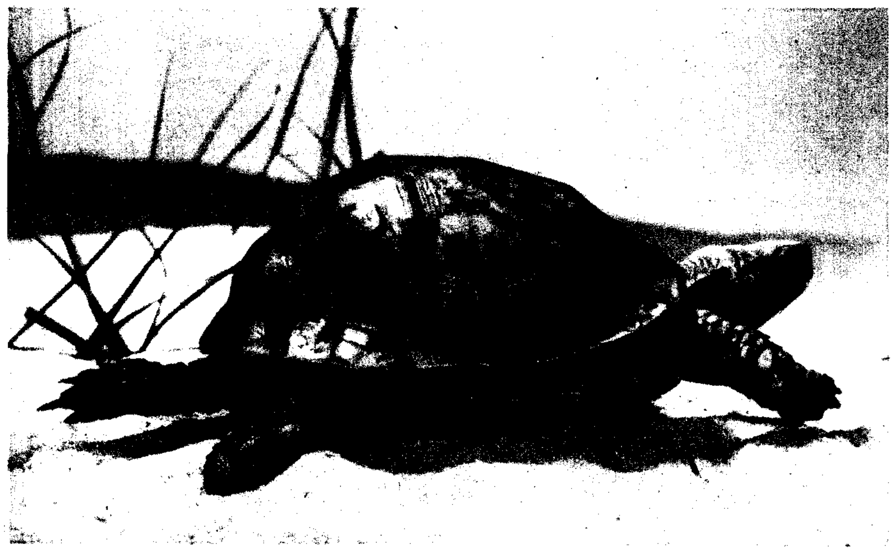
She walked quickly along the sandy passageways between the booths. Perversely, she was very sorry for Pop. He'd been so obviously pleased by Mr. Ballard's friendliness.

She came to their own booth, and began to roll up the heavy canvas side curtains. Far down the beach, a tiny figure was walking rapidly along the sand. Too far to see, really—but it looked like Gil. But it probably wasn't. It was so terribly early.

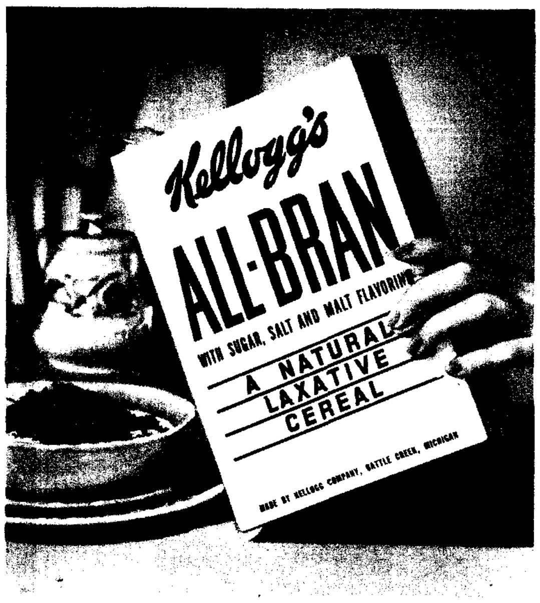
She ducked under the counter into

People differ about constipation

First, there are those who always want to get it over with *quick*. "Take a good strong dose," they tell you. Only, like the hare in the fable, these people rarely win. They make endless stops and starts; never get at the heart of the trouble.



Others say that quick results aren't enough. After all, history says the *tortoise* won the race. With constipation, as with any ailment, it's better to get at the *cause* and *correct* it—then you won't *have* to resort to emergency measures.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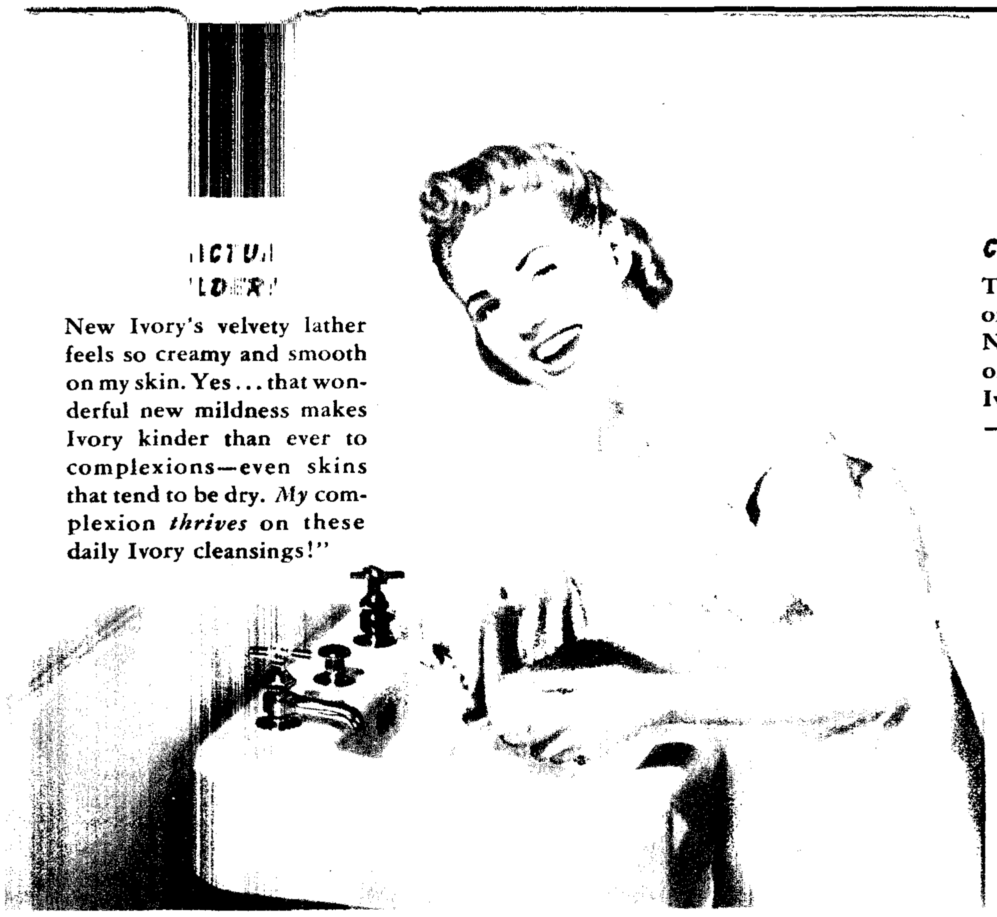

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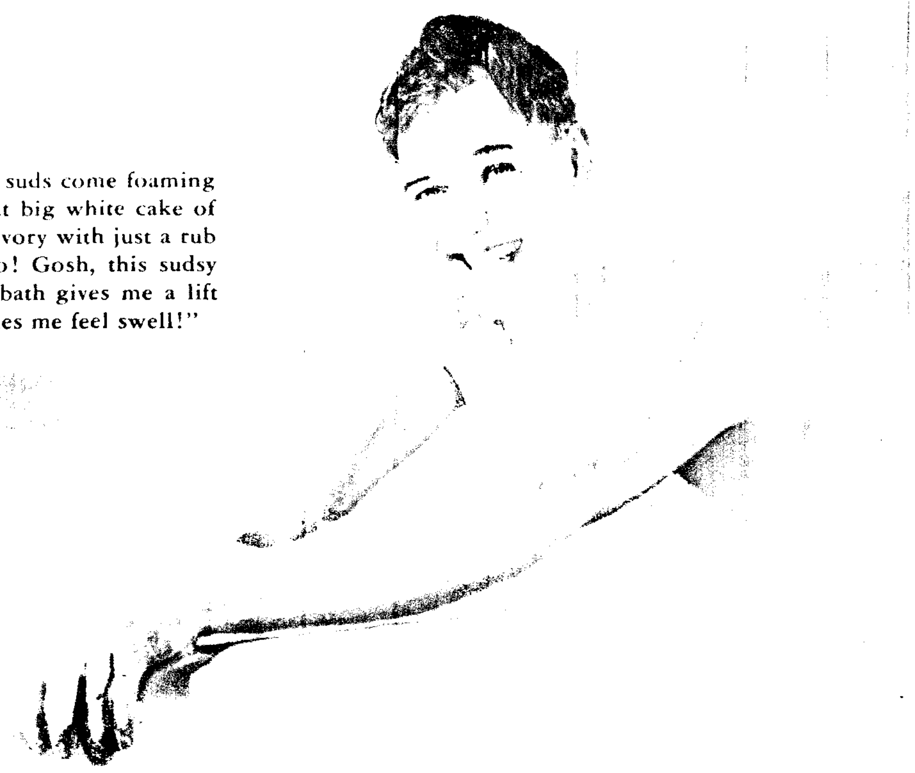
New Ivory's velvety lather feels so creamy and smooth on my skin. Yes . . . that wonderful new mildness makes Ivory kinder than ever to complexions—even skins that tend to be dry. *My* complexion *thrives* on these daily Ivory cleansings!"



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COMPARE IT FOR BATH

Richer, Creamier Lather!

—it's quicker-sudsing than leading bath soaps.
—it gives more suds per cake.
—it's kinder to your skin, of course.

COMPARE IT FOR DISHES

Quicker, Easier Suds than ever!

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BY SOCONY-VACUUM

the booth, refusing to let herself watch that figure on the beach.

She unlocked the heavy boxes that held the cheap, gaudy prizes, and began to set them out on the shelves. Then she stopped, began slowly to put them back. What was one day, more or less? She didn't want to face it out. Pop would understand. In an hour, they could fold up and leave.

But in spite of herself, she looked down the beach again. Her heart did stop, completely and utterly. It was Gil. He came up the ramp from the beach, walking in long, lithe strides.

Vinnie put her hands flat on the counter with an almost physical gesture of bracing. She was going to have to be very calm about this. Calm but firm. Gil came to an abrupt halt on the other side of the counter. Vinnie said, with a desperate attempt at lightness, "Hello. You're out early."

"I've got to be," Gil said. "I'm going up to town with Dad."

Vinnie thought, If this is really goodby . . .

Then Gil let her breathe again. He said, "We'll be back tonight."

He stopped, obviously fighting for words. Vinnie thought, This is hard for him too. Terribly hard. He said, "Look, Vinnie. I've been thinking a lot about—about yesterday and all that. I think maybe I understand a little better. But I think you're wrong."

"About what?"

"About Father and Mother. You didn't give them much chance yesterday, but they seemed to like what they saw. They want you to come to dinner tomorrow."

Vinnie said, "So they can get a really good look."

Gil said, "That's natural, Vinnie. You've got to see it a little from their point of view. It's not fair to expect them not even to—to want to know what you're like."

VINNIE looked down at her hands. Of course he was right. It wasn't fair. If only she weren't so sure their minds were made up already. But, suddenly, she knew she'd have to do it. If only to let Gil see for himself.

She said, "Tell your mother I'd love to come, Gil."

It was a terribly hard thing to do. But Gil was leaning across the counter, gripping her shoulders, kissing her hard and happily. She tried to pull away, but somehow her face stayed pressed to his. She said breathlessly, "Gil—someone will see—"

Gil said, "*Anyone* can see! *Can't* you understand I don't give a damn!"

She did understand. All the rest of that day, she understood one thing quite clearly. Gil did love her. And the rest didn't matter. She simply wouldn't let it matter. They'd like her—they'd be sure to like her. She built a careful picture in her mind. The dinner tomorrow. Gil's father and mother would be pleasant, and kind. And very fair. And they would like her. Only—suppose they didn't?

In the middle of the afternoon, she broke down and told Pop. And Pop surprised her. For once, he wasn't trying to bluff anyone. Not even himself. He said, "You're pretty scared, aren't you?"

Vinnie said, "Yes, Pop, "I'm scared to death."

He said, "Well, I guess you've got a right to be. Those things do make a difference."

Vinnie said nothing. Pop said slowly, "With me and your mother, it was—kind of the other way round. But somehow, it never really mattered."

Vinnie said, "I know that, Pop."

Pop said, "I wouldn't try to kid you. With people like that, you got two strikes against you at the start. But when they really get to know you—"

Vinnie took a long breath. "It'll be all right. It's got to be."

After that, it was a little easier. But it was a long day. She got through it by making herself think about Gil.

There wasn't much of a crowd that evening, and they closed up early. That was the hardest time of all. Vinnie sat in the trailer, trying to read, trying to make the time pass somehow. Pop wandered off among the concessions. He seemed to know instinctively that there wasn't anything he could do for her—that she'd rather be left alone. At midnight, he was still out. But a few minutes later, he came in. He sat down by the little folding table and stared at his hands. There was a funny look on his face. Then he said, "I guess—I guess I better tell you."

Vinnie came to him quickly. "Tell me what?"

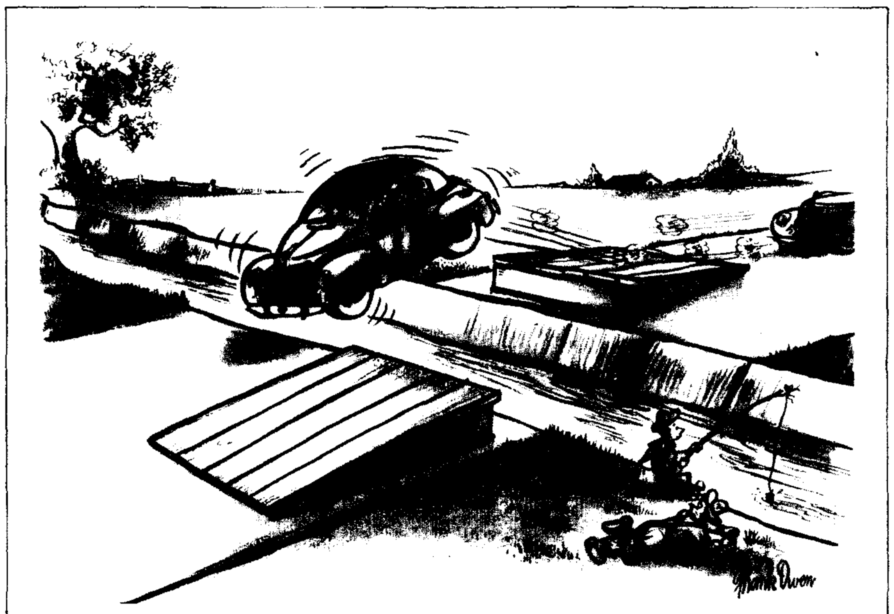
Vinnie said quietly, "What is it, Pop?"

Pop said, "There was a meeting of the Beach Commission tonight. They passed a new ordinance. No more concessions. No more midway. They're running us out."

Vinnie felt hollow and cold. She said, "Was—was Mr. Ballard at the meeting?"

Pop's fingers tightened a little on her shoulders. "He was there, all right."

Vinnie turned away. Of course. It was bound to be that way. When you've brought up a boy like Gil—trained him to take over your business—staked so much on him—you just don't let him go—not without putting up a fight. She could hear the words, even: *Don't rush into this, son . . . wait till next year, anyway . . . see if you still feel the same.* And next year . . . taking good care there wouldn't *be* any next year!


"Nobody squawks. A bridge would mean increased taxes"

FRANK OWEN

SHE stood in the door, staring out into the dark. She said, "Pop, could we fold up and get away tonight?"

Pop was silent a moment. Then he said, "All right. I can get Cassidy to give me a hand. If it's really what you want."

Vinnie said, "It's what I really want."

Pop went out. Vinnie sat down at the table, and began to write. She had to say goodby. And it wouldn't be polite to run out on an invitation without even leaving regrets. And, no matter how much it hurt him, it was only fair to herself to let Gil know. Let him know just exactly why.

She finished the letter, addressed and sealed it, and went out. Pop had the booth down already. In another hour, he'd have it stowed away, and they'd be ready to roll. To wherever the next pitch would be. Some place next to a merry-go-round. . . .

She got into their battered old sedan, and drove up the beach road toward the Ballard cottage. She knew where it was, all right. She knew she could leave the letter where it would be found.

DAWN, and it was beginning to rain a little. They hadn't made very good time away from the beach. Pop drove slowly, watching the road, not saying much. Vinnie stared out at the flat, gray fields. She said, "Pop, tell me one thing. Straight."

Pop said, "Such as what?"

Vinnie said, "You didn't try to promote Mr. Ballard? You honestly didn't?"

Pop looked at her quickly, then back at the road.

"No," he said, "I didn't."

He's telling the truth, Vinnie thought. He wouldn't lie to me about that. And it does make a neat little package. Mr. Ballard just dropping around, so casual, so friendly, to get a line on things. And then smashing them like—like bugs. So easy to do that sort of thing, when you've got money and influence.

She stared at the rain-whipped fields, thinking: It's awful this way. But there are ways that could be worse. Worse if we'd had a time thinking we could have each other. And then had it taken away. Better like this. Better to make a clean break. . . .

They were coming to a little town. A dingy straggle of houses, dead asleep in the bleak dawn. A solitary figure standing in a doorway, peering up the road. Pop said, "Highway patrolman," and slowed almost to a crawl. But the man in the gray uniform was walking out into the road, holding up his hand.

Pop put on the brakes. The state policeman ambled over to the car. He said, "Your name Meacher?"

Pop nodded without speaking. He didn't enjoy talking to cops.

"Been running a concession at the beach?"

Pop said, "If it's any affair of yours—yes."

"It is, in a way." The patrolman was polite but firm. "I'll have to keep you a while."

Pop got very red. "By whose authority—?"

The policeman lifted a weary hand. "Never mind the authority. Someone with plenty of it wants to see you. Just pull over to the curb and come inside."

Vinnie was looking at Pop. He didn't

have much trouble reading her thoughts. He said, "Vinnie, I swear I didn't—it's rank persecution—"

Vinnie said, "Never mind, Pop. It doesn't really matter."

The highway patrol office was bleak and cheerless. Vinnie stood at the window, staring out at the deserted street. The patrolman settled himself at a desk, began thumbing through reports. He looked sleepy and bored. Vinnie turned to him. She said, "I don't suppose you'd tell us what the charge is?"

He yawned. "Lady, I would if I knew. But I don't. We work with the township commissions. If they want somebody held, we hold 'em." He yawned again. "Anyway, it won't be long."

Vinnie thought, It's a neat little package. The township commissions. The beach was a township. And that would be Mr. Ballard." She looked at Pop. She didn't really think he'd done anything. It was probably just something they'd trumped up.

There was the faint, rising rush of a car driving fast through the rain. The patrolman got to his feet. "Could be," he said, and went to the door. Vinnie turned away from the window. Pop stood up nervously. He said, "Vinnie, no matter what they say, I didn't—"

A car door banged. There were steps in the door. Then Vinnie felt firm hands on her shoulders, turning her around. Gil said, "Vinnie, you can't run out on me like this! You just can't do it!"

Vinnie stared at him. He looked angry. Furious. But it was a wonderful, tender fury. Vinnie held tight to his arms. She hadn't expected this. It was so different—

Then, suddenly, she was angry too. She said, "Gil, you had us *arrested*—"

He said, "I had to stop you. I was pretty sure which road—but I had to be sure." His fingers gripped harder. "I'm so glad I found the letter—"

Then, suddenly, he was holding her tight in his arms. For Vinnie, everything else was gone. Pop—the bleak little office—everything. There was only Gil. There never would be anything but Gil. Then she tried to draw away, said shakily, "But, Gil, your father—"

Gil said, "He's here. He made me bring him."

He turned to the door. Mr. Ballard was coming in. Calmly, as though dawn meetings in police stations were the everyday stuff of life. He said to Vinnie, "I'm glad we caught up with you. I think you owe me a chance to explain."

He nodded politely to Pop, then turned back to Vinnie. "Gil showed me your letter. I don't blame you at all. I can see how it must have looked to you. But you were wrong. I was against that ordinance, closing up the concessions. I argued against it for hours. I'm going to break it yet."

VINNIE drew a long breath. Mr. Ballard came to her and took her hands. He said, "But there's something much more important than that. Something you don't understand at all." His face was very serious. "I'm not going to try to fool either of us about this. What happens to Gil makes a lot of difference to me. I don't know you at all. But Gil's known you all summer, and he wants to marry you. Maybe it's a mistake. Maybe you're the worst medicine in the world for him. I just don't know." He smiled suddenly and patted her fingers. "But I do know Gil pretty well. So you come with a recommendation that rates pretty high with me."

Vinnie said, "You—you don't really mean that."

His smile deepened. "You could even be right about that. But I know it's what I *ought* to mean." Then he was serious again. "Being a parent's a tough job. And the toughest part of all is knowing when to stop. Give us a chance to prove we do know when—and how."

He dropped her hands and turned to Pop. "Mr. Meacher, I'm going to want to talk to you. We've got to whip those bluenoses at the beach. And you've been in the business a long time—"

Maybe they went out. Maybe they stood for hours talking in the rain. Vinnie didn't know. She was looking at Gil. He said, "You've got to understand one thing, Vinnie. Even if it hadn't been like this, I'd have come after you. And stayed with you. Some place. Somewhere."

His arms were around her, and his cheek was hard against hers. "Any place," he said. "Anywhere."

Vinnie said, "There isn't any place but here."

Wing Talk

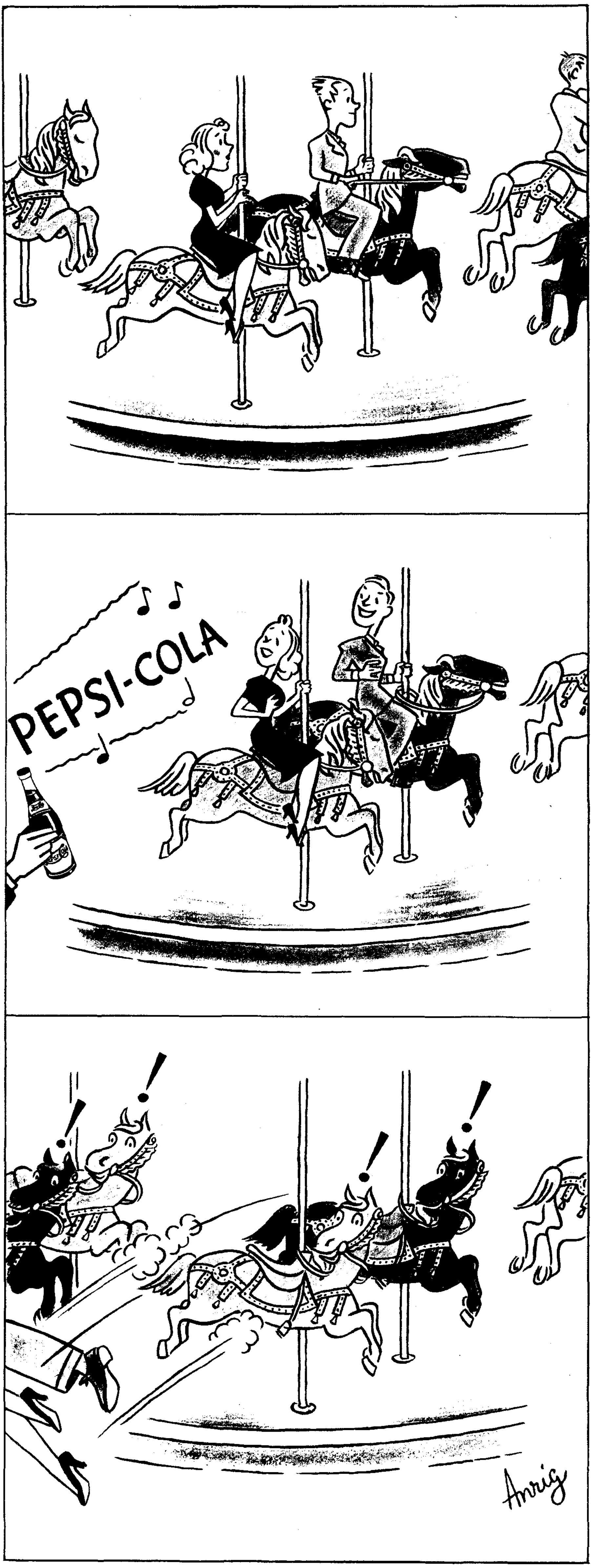
Continued from page 6

Von Behren, which have streamline air-cooled engines ranging from 40 to 500 horsepower, remember that when we entered the last war our best production engine was only of 400 horsepower, if all of that. Several of these firms are confident an in-line, air-cooled power plant of 1,000 horsepower can be produced.

THE needs of our air-defense program for aircraft metals is now so imperative that manufacturers of airplanes for civil use are turning to substitutes. Aircraft plywood in its various phases is receiving attention as ersatz for sheet aluminum to release aluminum for combat ships, and already the CAA has worked out requirements for the tests to qualify the new adhesives or new methods of fabrication necessary for federal approval as to airworthiness. Hopeful as is the future of so-called plastic-type aircraft, the manufacturers don't want you to think that they can mix up a batter, pour it into a mold and turn aircraft out like cupcakes.

SELF-GOVERNMENT in aircraft-operating squadrons to prevent accidents due to carelessness is more effective than all the regulations ever promulgated. Chief enforcement agencies of such autonomy in the Army and Navy Air Services are organizations like the Stupid Pilot's Club, the Flying Jackass Club, the Dumbbell Airman's Society and so on. Because membership in these societies (they vary in name and character with different posts) is so exclusive, whenever a pilot qualifies, the induction ceremony takes on the character of a regimental parade. Suitable trophies such as huge tin medals and hand-painted receptacles are presented to the new member for such thoughtless deeds as taxiing right into the side of a hangar or trying to fly with the gasoline turned off.

The old-timers also are eligible for membership. At the headquarters of a government flying field the commanding officer sailed in for a nice landing, all the while thinking of something else, and forgot to lower his landing gear. He spread himself all over the field. To his everlasting credit it can be said that, instead of declaring that the retractable mechanism failed to work, he stormed into the operations office and in a voice for his subordinates to hear, demanded that he be elected life president of the Flying Jackass Club. F. R. N.



Lord Hush-Hush

Continued from page 20

did the traffic cop at Piccadilly Circus, yet the censor withered Lait with a look and said, coldly, "You are not allowed to give weather information to the enemy."

Lait trailed along when Wendell Willkie visited Manchester on his trip to Britain. Thousands stood outside of Willkie's hotel in almost freezing weather, waiting for him to appear. Lait, impressed by their patience and their desire to see Private Citizen Number One, wrote: "The crowd stood there for hours in the wintry blasts, etc." This was cut out by the censor. Lait, fed up with the absurdity of such nonsense, rewrote his message to read, "The crowd stood in front of the hotel for hours, slapping their arms against their sides to keep warm." The censor passed this, with the remark that, "It was not weather information."

The Censor Was Pleased

Perhaps the most ludicrous censorship story we all chuckle over in Fleet Street was one in which the aforementioned George Lait again took part. Brilliant teamwork on the part of Lait and Tommy Matson, another International News Service reporter, resulted in a ten-minute beat for INS on the story of Rudolf Hess' arrival in Scotland. They merely told the meager information that Hess had landed in Scotland with the few details available. Canny Matson was on his way to Scotland before the papers with the story were on the streets in New York. He got a magnificent story and on it put the date line "Somewhere in Scotland." His first story went through in full. Later that day correspondents were notified that they could not mention Scotland in connection with the Hess case. By now, of course, Matson's story was in six hundred newspapers in America. But one must play out the farce. Earl Reeves, head of the International News Service Bureau, solemnly sent a cable to his New York office which read: "In Matson's story please delete the word 'Scotland' as mention of this word has become dangerous to the security of the British Isles." The censor beamed with pleasure, and quickly approved the message.

The nasty series of Plymouth blitzes gave the censors additional scope for their smothering tactics. A magazine obtained a magnificent and tragically sympathetic picture of a large billboard in Plymouth which was merely headed "Deaths." Under this heading, in finely printed type, was a list of names of several hundred dead. These names on the magazine picture could not have been read (literally) with a magnifying glass. The censor refused to pass the picture. They didn't want the Germans to know who and how many were killed at Plymouth. That same day an American photographer got another beauty in Plymouth—a picture of a long line of people waiting for busses to take them out into the country to sleep. The London papers published similar pictures and were filled with stories of those who left tortured Plymouth each night. But the picture was never sent. For some obscure reason, which the photographer still doesn't understand, this picture was killed. Yet London papers, with similar pictures and stories, went by air mail to Lisbon each day and arrived in Berlin eight hours later.

I could give two hundred similar examples. Let me give two or three more and rest my case: Last fall we all spent a lot of time at Dover watching the air battles. One day we saw a beautiful dogfight over the Channel between a squadron of Spitfires and a squadron of Messerschmitts. We saw seven German airplanes shot down and we saw three British aircraft destroyed. The combat was so close that we could not be mistaken in our identification. Ben Robertson of P.M. sent his story, telling of the seven-to-three ratio in losses. It was, we all thought, a grand story and a fine tribute to the R.A.F. The censor thought otherwise. Ben could say that seven German airplanes had been shot down but he couldn't mention the three British losses. Robertson is a tenacious young man. He refused to accept the censor's edict. He went to the censor's boss, and then to that man's boss and to his boss, and finally he got to the top. The story was finally sent, but it took Robertson thirteen hours to have it sent.

It Was Considered Bad Manners

Robertson was also the victim of the oddest bit of censorship any of us have been subject to. A line of his was cut from a story because of "bad manners." Two girls, Diana Brand (niece of Lady Astor) and Lady Mary Rose Fitzroy, were doing a magnificent job of serving tea, sandwiches and chocolate to balloon-barrage stations in the east end of London during the heavy blitzes of last winter. Robertson went around with them one day. He noticed the friendly way the troops greeted the two women. One would call to Lady Mary Rose, "Hi, Blondy, 'ow about a bit of a dance tonight?" Another would yell to Diana: "Hey, Sparky, got anything on for tonight?" It was the good-natured sort of joking common to troops of every nation and the two girls accepted it as such. Robertson wrote the story, but the censor took out his big, blue pencil. He cut all of the facetious remarks out of it with the stern admonition, "Such remarks cast reflections on the manners of His Majesty's armed forces." Robertson was kept from tossing himself into the Thames only when we reminded him that Berlin censorship was probably even worse.

I have had as many futile arguments with the censorship during the past year as any of my colleagues. However, I will mention only one example, although, if urged, I could very happily oblige with a hundred. The British Broadcasting Corporation is even more moribund and more stupid in its censorship than are the censors of written copy. The BBC asked me to broadcast on a Sunday night. My submitted script contained a few slighting remarks about Germany. The BBC told me that these must be deleted. My astonishment turned to dull numbness when they gave their reason. "Many of our Sunday-night listeners are churchgoers," I was told. "It is all right to hate the Germans on week days but not on Sundays."

The next day, which was Sunday, Winston Churchill made his now famous broadcast in which, to the glee of all Britain, he referred to Hitler as that "guttersnipe." His entire broadcast breathed hatred. When I heard that magnificent example of vituperation, I went screaming to Brendan Bracken, Parliamentary Secretary to the Prime Minister, and to Duff Cooper. I put my case before them. If the Prime Minister could hate Germans on a Sunday night why couldn't I hate them as well? Bracken and Duff Cooper rolled up their sleeves and went into battle. The BBC recanted. I was allowed to hate the Germans as I had in my original script.

Postscript: The BBC has not asked me to broadcast since.

I rest my case with one final word. If America does come actively instead of verbally into the war, I hope that the censors at Washington are in the main as understanding as are the censors here in London. We do have censorship here in London, but we also have freedom of speech, and the fact that not one line of this story has been cut out proves it.

Hands Off Navy Planes!

Continued from page 13

—the British themselves have turned to our own system of sea-air power in this their gravest hour.

As to the question about battleship-plane superiority, our Navy takes no stand. And rightly so.

Rather, our naval commanders contend that *both* battleships and planes are superior; and that, properly used as co-ordinated forces at sea, they are invincible, each in its own realm and in its close relation with the other.

Plane advocates point to the crippling damage wreaked on the Italian navy by British torpedo planes at Taranto. As evidence of the vulnerability of surface craft they point to the sinking of Britain's biggest fighting ship, the Hood. The Hood was sunk by another surface craft, they admit—but by just one lucky shot.

As to the Hood, she was of the vintage of 1919, a type which sacrificed armor for speed. Before World War II the admiralty had ordered the Hood to drydock for rearmament, a two-year job. Then came Munich, and the necessity by Britain to use every ounce of fighting power in her struggle for existence.

But the advocates of battleships have their arguments, too. They point out that in nearly two years of war no modern battleship has been sunk by a plane, though many have been hit by the heaviest bombs. They point out that the aircraft carrier Ark Royal has been "sunk" by German dive bombers many times, yet is still afloat. They point out that the modern German battleship, Bismarck, shuddered under hundreds of 15-inch projectiles before she was finally put under by a torpedo fired from another surface craft. It is admitted by all that shellfire at sea is more accurate and deadly than are bombs from aircraft.

The lessons of Crete would tend to show that with overwhelming control of the air and very little defense on the ground, territory can be conquered by landing air-borne troops. But England is an island too, and unfortunately for Hitler is well fortified on the ground. All Hitler's air power has not subdued England, and 25 miles of water with superiority on the sea has twice reversed der Fuehrer's time clock.

Fortunately for our national security this argument of sea versus air rages completely outside our naval establishment. Our Navy developed the torpedo plane, the dive bomber, the scout, the long-range patrol seaplane, all types now being so heavily relied on by England and Germany alike.

Under a unified air force with land-trained command it is questionable if any of these types would have yet seen the light of day for service at sea. Certain it is that these naval types were not developed by the unified air forces of England, Germany or Italy. On carriers, on battleships and cruisers, our planes and equipment are the best yet built for their particular uses. This is fact, not wishful thinking.

Since the invention of the airplane, our Navy has used more aviation than any other major power, has put aviation to more uses in co-ordinated combat, including bombing and observation. It is a tribute to the officers and men who run our Navy that the lesson of sea-air power in World War II bore out a theory they had already put into practice.

Finally, Question No. 3.—Should the Navy make public more information about its tactical operations?

At the risk of repeating something that has already been said—I used to be a newspaperman myself. I would feel scant respect for any other newspaperman who did not try his hardest to get and print all the news.

Yet there are times when, in the opinion of the men who command our Navy, certain information, particularly about the movement of ships and personnel, should not be made public. To make public such information, in the opinion of the officers who command our Navy, might place in jeopardy the lives of our own people who defend us, and this no Secretary of the Navy has the right to do.

To date, no single member of the working press that I know of has refused to co-operate. The Navy does not want "censorship" but, rather, voluntary co-operation, without impairing the right of American press and public to criticize the conduct of their Navy. The Navy seeks the good will of the public and wishes our people to know every detail of its workings that can reasonably be told. There have been differences in opinion as to where this fine line should be drawn, and I expect there will be more in the future.

It will take their co-operation and the co-operation of every one of us to carry us safely through these perilous and uncertain times. Our Navy has a long tradition of gallantry and victory. It has never lost a war at sea. Our officers and men are ready to carry on in the future as they have in the past, assured that their Navy, backed by American inventive genius, is a leader in developing new weapons and finding new uses for old ones.

In times of crises we, the people, have always given united support to our Navy. We are at present in a time of crisis.

I am confident that our nation will not fail its seamen.

Advance Agent

Continued from page 28

The other one, the trooper, seemed a little less incredulous than the sergeant.

"We're the most helpful people," the sergeant said. "Once I sent four men to a barn outside of Lee where fiends were murdering somebody, and when we got there what was it? It was a dear little baby screech owl hollering for its mamma. Or take Lyman here—once he delivered a lady two pounds of cat meat sixty miles in forty-two—"

"Please shut up!" Connie begged him. "Are you going to do anything?"

She covered her eyes. "What have I been telling you for hours?"

"Sister," he said, in the kindest way, as if giving her permission to wheel her doll along the sidewalk, "you told me just one thing—that your guy stood you up. It shows he's got bum taste but it could happen to any girl. The rest of it—well, sister, sometimes we get a day off, I've been to the movies quite a lot—"

SHE was beyond desperation, she was just going to make him do it. "Bill and I lay there above that piece of abandoned road and saw that truck—"

"You know, George," the trooper said; "there is that piece of old road. I know what she means. Seven miles northwest of Windham."

"Yeah. She seen a truck there. She seen a car, too. Could've been anything from a road inspector taking his cut up to Tom Swift among the Hijackers. Did you ever go back and see some more, sister?"

"No. And we were walking up the Taylor Mountain trail, and here was a thug and he knocked Bill down—"

The trooper said, "Well, there's this, George. That piece of road is about a quarter of a mile from where the back road comes down from Camp Ryegate."

The sergeant gave him a glance that would have withered foliage at forty rods. "Yeah, Lyman, I noticed she's a blonde. Camp Ryegate! You was swimming there yourself last Thursday. Booker's a nice guy and he always plays ball with us. There's the phone. Maybe you want to call Booker up and ask him if he's seen a newspaper guy that belongs to sister. Tell him sister thinks he's a kidnaper."

"What does somebody have to do to get you started?" Connie asked.

"Lyman, he only needs a blonde. Look, babe. Tell me somebody stole your car while you was away, necking. Tell me you heard a shot, even if it was only a backfire. Tell me anything I can make sense of. I got six of the boys asleep upstairs right now, and here's Lyman who's always rarin' to pick up any Jack the Ripper any blonde says she seen. But don't come in here on a rainy night and say there's a Nazi wanderin' loose in Berkshire County, and the third reel of a spy film playin' in my back yard, and headquarters of the underworld on top of Taylor Mountain—"

Connie slumped in her chair. It was that way. She had done her utmost and he didn't believe her. She began to shake again, all over.

"What do you want us to do?"

That was Lyman. Connie sat up again, with no hope. "I thought you did things. If he's missing don't you send out word? Don't you put it on the radio? Don't you start looking for him? If I tell you about Camp Ryegate, and this spy, and what happened on the trail—don't you start investigating what I've said?"

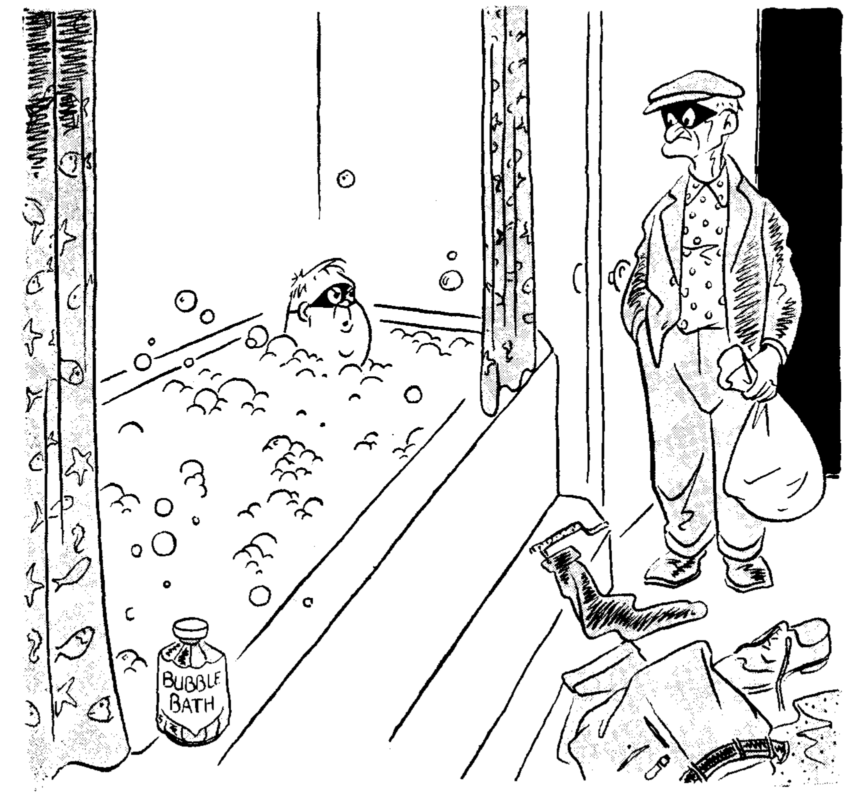
"Tell you what," the sergeant said; "if your boy friend don't come home tonight—he will, but if he don't, you tell the Windham cops."

Lyman said, "About this road—I'd be willing to look into it—"

Connie breathed deep—if he would, at least that would be a start. The sergeant snorted. "Eleven-twenty. Okay, Lyman, your trick lasts till midnight and I'm willing to give it to you. But the rest comes out of your sleep."

Lyman got a slicker from a closet. "If you haven't been sniffing snow, if

BUTCH **By Larry Reynolds**

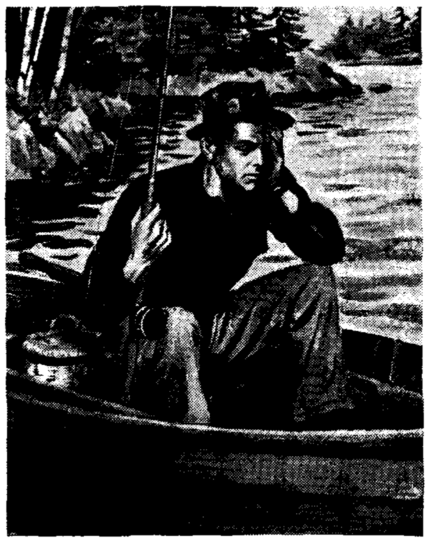


"You gimme a pain, Slug. You never wanna try anything"

Fish won't bite for Jim

Jim needs a laxative; but this is the first day of his vacation.

His wife says: "You don't want to give up the whole day's fishing, do you, dear?" —so he puts off getting needed relief.



Poor Jim poses for a picture of "the discouraged fisherman." The hot sun makes his headache worse.

The fish won't bite. Jim is ready to call it a day. His vacation is off to a bad start.

Tom lands a big one

Tom needs a laxative; he's going fishing, too. But his wife knows how speedy Sal Hepatica is.

She says, "Don't put off till tonight the laxative you should take this morning."

Here's Tom posing as a regular Izaak Walton! Sal Hepatica worked easily and effectively.

Tom feels great. He casts his line with a sure hand and pulls in a big one!

Whenever you need a laxative —take *speedy* Sal Hepatica

Vacations are fun, but they sometimes have their off moments. Change of water, change of diet can upset your normal routine and bring the need for a laxative.

When that happens, don't mope through precious holiday hours. Take speedy Sal Hepatica. Within an hour, you're usually relieved.

Sal Hepatica acts by attracting needed water bulk to the intestinal tract—without discomfort, irritation, or griping.

No wonder 3 out of 5 doctors, recently interviewed, recommend this saline.

More than a laxative, Sal Hepatica helps counteract excess gastric acidity, too. Vacation-bound or staying at home, next time you need a laxative, try *speedy* Sal Hepatica.

Sal Hepatica
A Carefully Blended Effervescent Saline Combination
LAXATIVE AND CATHARTIC

SAL HEPATICA

The Sergeant puts the Colonel right about face with COOL SHAVES

"Blastation, Sergeant!" says the Colonel to me—"the bullets and the shrapnel of the Boche never caused me a tremor. But forty years of shaving burns and terrors still make me squirm and shiver—at the sight of my own razor!"

"Why, Colonel!" says I—"have you never heard of Ingram's *cooling* shaving cream? Where's your Intelligence Division? Sure the youngest recruit with cradledown on his cheeks is a wiser soldier than you with all your golden eagles."

"Ingram's is different, Colonel, made different—cool—to condition your skin for shaving while it wilts your whiskers. It lathers up fast, does a blitzkrieg on the toughest beard in double-quick time. Feel that coolin', soothing touch?"

"Sergeant," chortled the Colonel, "you're a dandy! My razor eases through this Ingram-smothered stubble like a sabre through butter! I'll shave minutes off my usual shaving time and finish *cool,* refreshed and ready for duty!"

"That night I see the Colonel steppin' out for *duty,* as frisky as a two year old. And no wonder! Ingram's is a real help to your skin comfort. Shaving lotions and tonics — dismissed! Ingram's leaves you looking younger — your skin cool and smooth—and it stays that way for hours. Squads right, for Ingram's! Sound off for cool and comfortable shaves—today!"

INGRAM'S
SHAVING CREAM

CONCENTRATED FOR ECONOMY—IN TUBE OR JAR

the boy friend is right about the truck coming regular—well, you drive me out there and we'll see."

She was already half out of the door. "What are we waiting for?" But the sergeant called her back, grinning. "Got a hatpin, sister? I never had no trouble with Lyman on a back road, but then I ain't a blonde."

Lyman settled beside her in Gail's coupé. "Comical, ain't he? Well, I don't believe a word of it, either, and I never loved waitin' in the rain, but I'm taking a chance you ain't as cockeyed as you talk."

"But just one of you!" she said hopelessly. "There must be dozens of them—there were four that night. I thought you'd turn out the whole force."

Lyman—was it his first or last name?—was affronted. "You don't think they'll show up with a tank?"

Bill said that the truck rendezvous was regular, some time after midnight. The Cottersville barracks were about ten miles from Windham, and Lyman had said that piece of road was seven miles on the other side. Seventeen miles, eleven twenty.

Bill darling! The road and the rain and the headlights blacked-out for a moment but she fought the dizziness down. This was all improbable, a midnight drive through a deluge, nothing sure or even sensible, no hope that Bill would be there, that she could do anything for him—but she would not scream, she would make this policeman understand. She brushed a wet sleeve across her eyes, clamped her mouth shut, and kept going.

IT WAS toward the middle of the afternoon when Bill Jay realized that he wasn't going to get out of this alive. Up till then there had been the fool's notion that they would let him go when they got the aviator away. But the simple, bedrock fact was that he had blundered into too important a setup, he had found out too much. He knew that when he saw von Weitbrecht come out into the cleared space, with the man who had the cauliflower ear.

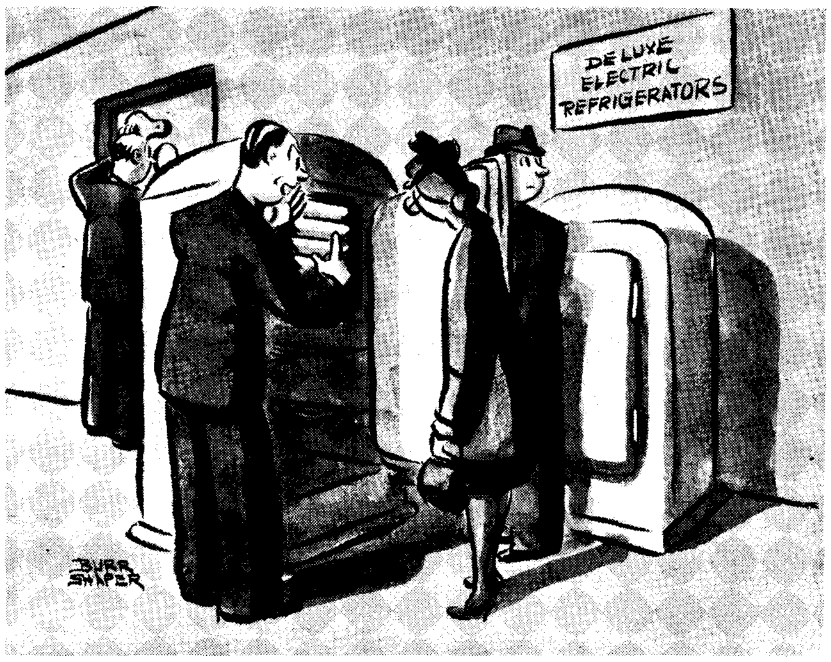
Cauliflower Ear was the thug they had met on the trail. Bill was morally certain that it was Booker who had hit him on the head last night but he did not see Booker till later in the day . . . This place was a half basement under the log-cabin lodge at the bottom of the ski-tow. The walls were thick concrete, the beams were big logs, the door was made of puncheons bolted together—everything was as solid as a penitentiary. There was nothing in it but drums of thick rope and heavier drums of steel cable, and it was safe to leave Bill Jay or anyone else here unbound. In each wall a two-foot steel ventilator was set in the concrete, and these let in a dim light and permitted him, by standing on a cable drum, to see the clearing, the end of the trail, the back road curving in, and a wall of trees. That was what he had to look at while he figured out a hundred ways in which he could have avoided disaster if he had been intelligent.

Cauliflower Ear had brought him breakfast and lunch—cold coffee and sandwiches neatly wrapped in the Ryegate Inn's lace-paper napkins and thoughtfully garnished with olives and potato chips. Each time he had crouched by the door and leaped, and each time Cauliflower had silently slapped him down. The day wore on—no one was in sight anywhere, nothing moved and there was no sound, and it looked like a hot afternoon outside but the cellar was as delightfully cool as a grave. It must have been midafternoon when, from a side grating, he saw two figures come out of the trees at the far end of the clearing. One of them was soon recognizable as Cauliflower Ear. Then, as they approached, the other was, incredibly, Herr Gustave von Weitbrecht. Bill Jay had seen him in San Francisco and Detroit—and now Bill Jay, that great reporter, that blank cartridge, recognized him at sight.

So that was why the trail had been guarded. That was why an escaped Nazi had come to Windham. So the simple truth about Camp Ryegate and Mr. Carl Booker was clear and beautiful. Also, in much too simple words, here was why the great reporter was not going to see Connie again.

From an end grating he saw Cauliflower drive off down the road in a station wagon, and those occasional footsteps overhead would be those of Herr von Weitbrecht, finance officer of various Nazi organizations, manager of industrial sabotage and contriver of labor unrest, director of many single-minded, industrious men who were working to defeat the United States. Herr von Weitbrecht was taking his ease at a pleasant summer resort while the United States looked for him. What a witness for the prosecution Bill Jay could be. So he had all afternoon to remember how many chances he had had to use his head, and how many times he had not used it.

A half-hour later a car came up the



"Psst! Aluminum trays!"

BURR SHAFER

road and stopped a few rods from the lodge, and this was Mr. Lynn Scovil getting out of it. Mr. Lynn Scovil the great peace lover, the prophet of defeat, the friend of Christian Fronters and Germany-is-Our-Friend committees and any fool or rogue who would listen to him. Mr. Scovil was in a tearing hurry. He ran up the steps and there were voices coming through the floor. Bill shoved and sweated till he was able to pile one cable drum on another and, standing on it, bring his head to within a few inches of the ceiling. But the voices were deadened—he couldn't make out a word. Mr. Lynn Scovil and Herr von Weitbrecht seemed to be quarreling but none of it came through the floor.

Footsteps padded on the floor, and then that pretty pair were outside again. Fifty yards away, at Scovil's car, they were saying unintelligible but violent things to each other. Scovil's face was contorted and the handsome saboteur looked dangerous. Then Scovil flung out his hands in some climactic curse, got in the car, and drove away. Coming back, von Weitbrecht passed a few feet from Bill's grating.

IT MUST have been about six o'clock when Scovil was back again. Von Weitbrecht leaped down the stairs to meet him at the road, the fight taking up just where it had left off. But another car came up and here was Carl Booker, sitting behind the wheel and watching. Scovil emitted an inarticulate sound, between a scream and a bellow, and got back into his car. He shouted something else and drove away, the big roadster skidding when it touched the gravel of the road. Booker laughed. It was not a sweet laugh.

Booker and von Weitbrecht walked back to the lodge. They stopped ten feet from the grating and were talking—but in German. Why hadn't the great reporter learned German? Because he was a blank cartridge, a triply damned fool. He heard a name several times, Köchlin—but was *Köchlin* a man or a city or just what?

He gathered that somebody named Köchlin was to come here tonight. Something was to happen tonight . . . Yeah. A lot of things were to happen tonight.

Booker drove away once more and von Weitbrecht came indoors. Habit asserted itself and Bill Jay got hungry but nobody came to offer the condemned man the traditional hearty meal. Just after dark the storm broke in a half-hour of fury, then settled down to a pounding rain. But no supper came . . . He realized that he was walking up and down in the thick, cold dark; sixteen steps and his hands touched one wall, turn, sixteen steps back, then the far wall. Like a man in a cell.

Time had no end—it simply went on flowing in the dark . . . A beam of light slanting across the grating halted his march. He glued himself to that grating. A car was coming up the road. It didn't come as far as before. It stopped outside the clearing, the lights swung, he guessed it was being backed into some bushes, then the lights went out.

Later in the proceedings Bill had an opportunity to identify the hidden car as Booker's. But right now all he could do was speculate. No one got out of the car. No one came to the lodge. No one moved. There was no sound. Had von Weitbrecht heard or seen that car? No way of telling, and no way of knowing who was in the car . . . He stayed there, his senses razor-sharp, his despair lost in a total watchfulness. Time went on flowing in the dark.

Far down the trail, headlights glinted from the foliage—here, there, disappearing, coming closer. A car that Bill recognized as Scovil's came out into the clearing, and the footsteps over Bill's head that would be von Weitbrecht's hurried across the floor and down the steps. The engine of the car had not been shut off, the headlights still made a long beam in the rain. The figure that came out of the lodge and into the beam was von Weitbrecht. There was a loud oath and another figure came into the light but Bill could not identify it. They were gesticulating; von Weitbrecht was almost dancing. Then there was a third figure, also unidentifiable. From the hidden car maybe? They moved, and light and shadow and rain distorted them.

There was a spurt of orange flame out across the darkness and one of the figures fell sprawling. The car's lights were switched off and the engine stopped. Bill strained his ears and eyes to make out more, but there was only the rain. After a while a dim figure came to the steps and someone was walking overhead again. Then the lights of the car that was hidden down the road went on and slid downhill among trees. It looked as if it was the driver of the second car who had got his.

Time and the rain went on. He was just a waiting dread. There were lights again and he pressed against his grating. Another car. It stopped outside. Flashlights issued from it and came across the clearing and along the wall. There was a shuffling at the door of Bill's dungeon.

This was it. How sweet Connie's lips had been, how soft her arms, how promising her breast. Well, this was it. He crouched beside the door and flung himself headlong as it opened. There were two of them. They got him down. They tied his wrists and ankles. They shoved something thick into his mouth. They carried him out into the rain and shoved him headfirst into their car. That would be Cauliflower's station wagon. It started off.

GAIL woke to cold and darkness, unable to believe she had been asleep. It was unlikely that fear and loathing could be blotted out ever so briefly. But they had been, for now they were rushing back again. She had been asleep and had had no covers over her, for she was shivering with cold as well as fear. She switched on a light. Ten minutes to twelve. Then she could have slept only a few minutes. She got out of bed and, barefoot, went into Connie's room. It was dark and Connie was not there. No lights downstairs. She turned on the hall lights and stood at the head of the stairs, afraid. She called, "Connie!" and her voice echoed through emptiness. She ran downstairs and had to get all the rooms lighted—wall brackets, bridge lamps, everything. Panic swept over her and she didn't know why, except that she was alone.

She froze to stone. Something was moving on the porch, making a soft, slithering, formless noise. She could not move nor even scream. The door swung inward and a woman being carried by a man came through it. The well-remembered voice said, "Lock the door, Gail," and this was John Page and the woman was Mathilde Winkler. They went down in a heap on the hall floor and Mathilde Winkler was writhing and threshing, and John Page got his shoulder across her and held her down.

"Lock the door. Get a rope."

This was some scene in a trance, but his voice was concentrated excitement and concentrated command. Completely dazed, she shut and locked the door. She cried out now, for there was blood on John Page's cheek, on his shirt, on his hands and wrists. Mathilde was straining on the floor, trying to roll, trying to get away—a bundle of violent, twisting effort. John Page sprawled

EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE

THE GOLD CUP. The "automobile boat" of 1904 that won the first Gold Cup Race amazed the world with a phenomenal speed of 23.6 miles per hour! Ever since then the Cup (shown at right) has been emblematic of national championship in power boat racing for craft of forty feet and under. To win this cup, a perpetual trophy of the American Power Boat Association, an entrant must triumph over the country's leading speedboat racers. Both driver and boat must be better than good!

CONTAINS LEAD
ETHYL

ETHYL EMBLEM. There is an award for excellence in gasoline too. It is the Ethyl emblem. Gasoline in a pump which bears this emblem has to be better than good. It must be "tops" in anti-knock (octane number) and all-round quality. "Ethyl" means a cooler-running engine in summer, extra power throughout the year. When you stop to buy gasoline, the Ethyl emblem tells you which pump contains the best.

WITH ETHYL ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

THE BETTER THE GAS, THE BETTER YOUR CAR

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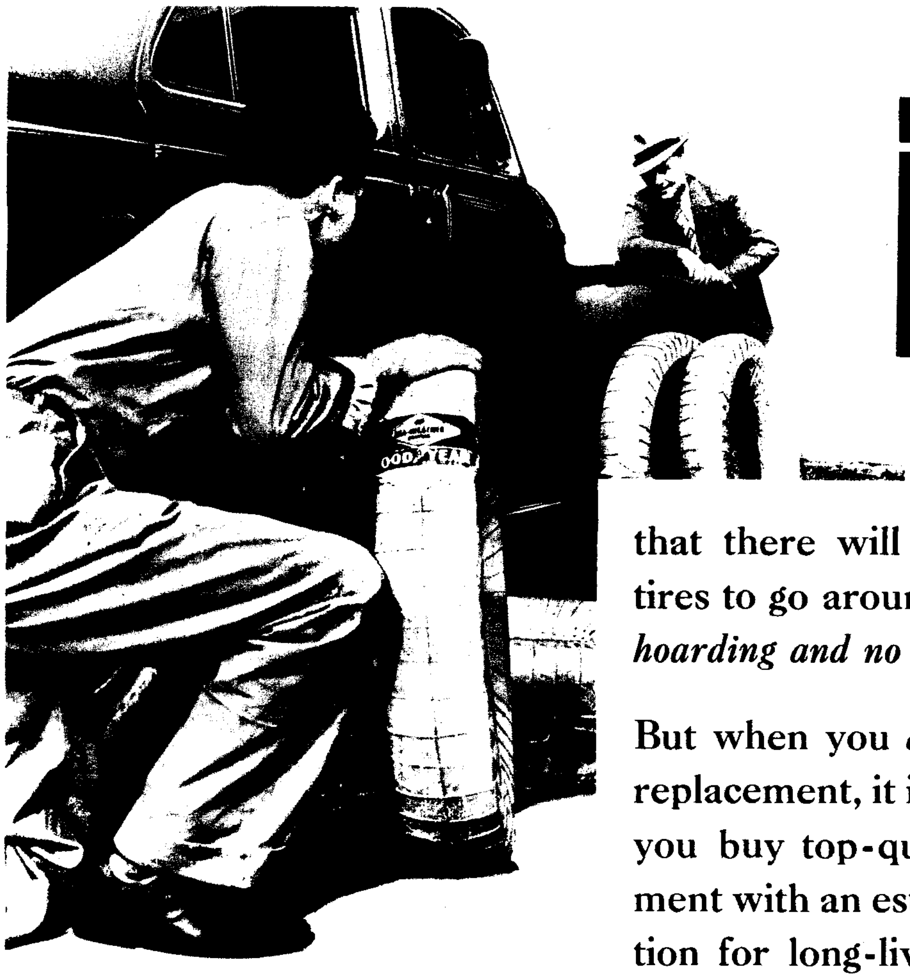


IT seems to us that in times like these, industry can best serve both the nation and the public by complete frankness about its problems.

One important problem among many today is rubber supply, and the car owner is therefore asking: what effect is rationing going to have on my ability to get tires?

The fact is, in order to conserve rubber the production of all tire manufacturers will probably be governed by defense priorities.

This does not necessarily mean that there will be a shortage of tires. It is our considered opinion that there will be enough new tires to go around — *if there is no hoarding and no waste.*

But when you *do* have to make replacement, it is our advice that you buy top-quality tire equipment with an established reputation for long-lived performance and safety.

Among all the many lines that Goodyear makes, the combination that offers you the most mileage and safety per dollar is our first-line "G-3" All-Weather tire and the LifeGuard — the reserve safety tire, inside an extra sturdy tube, that takes all the danger out of blowouts.

On the "G-3" All-Weather you get what we believe is the safest tire tread ever developed — the time-proved All-Weather center traction tread with its powerful grip on any road surface.

In the current "G-3" All-Weather this sturdy tread is compounded of tougher rubber than ever before. In tests it

GOODYEAR
ALL WEATHER

GOODYEAR
"G-3" All-Weather
— the tire with
19 FEET OF GRIP IN EVERY
FOOT OF TREAD

GO

MORE PEOPLE RIDE

CAN GIVE YOU to buy tires

Your Goodyear dealer knows tires as no one else can. His expert advice and skilled service, including retreading, will add many miles to the life of your tires.

averages THOUSANDS of miles longer tread wear than previous models.

You get also the known endurance and ruggedness of the Goodyear Supertwist cord carcass, now still sinewier and stronger, thanks to recent improvements in cord spinning — *a carcass with such long-lived resistance to fatigue it can be safely retreaded.*

By equipping your "G-3" All-Weathers with LifeGuards, you can drive your tires far longer than you normally would, for with LifeGuards you eliminate all danger from blowouts or other tire failures at speed. Every mile you drive with LifeGuards is safe, no matter how thin you wear your tires.

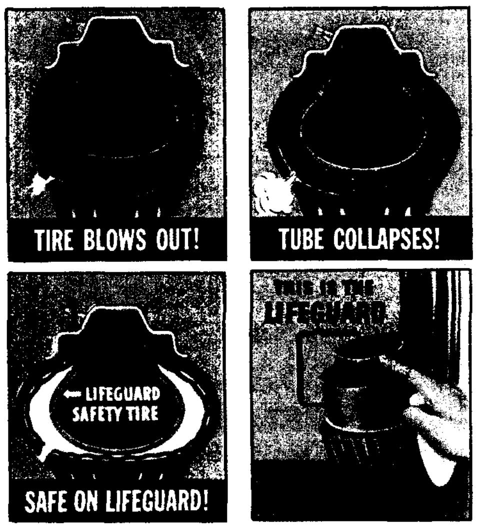
Thus LifeGuards not only help you save rubber by making your tires last longer — they help you save money, too.

If your present tires are still good, you'll be smart to equip them with LifeGuards to prolong their life.

But if your tires are "shot" your wisest buy is "G-3" All-Weather casings with LifeGuards. With this world standard equipment on your wheels, you can forget about rubber for a long, long time to come.

Write us for our
NEW FREE BOOKLET
"HOW TO MAKE YOUR TIRES LAST LONGER"
➡Address The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Inc., Akron, Ohio.

HOW THE LIFEGUARD FUNCTIONS WHEN PLACED IN YOUR TIRE



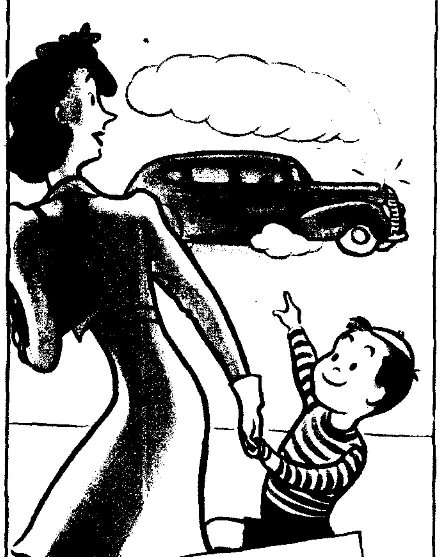
THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

ODYEAR

All-Weather, LifeGuard, Supertwist—T. M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

NOT A CHOO-CHOO, JUNIOR. JUST A CAR THAT NEEDS SANI-FLUSH IN THE RADIATOR



A clogged radiator can do expensive damage. The engine overheats. You waste power. Don't take chances. Clean out car radiators regularly with 10c worth of Sani-Flush. (25c for the largest truck or tractor.)

Do the job yourself—or have your service station do it. Plain water isn't enough. Insist on Sani-Flush. Can't harm aluminum cylinder heads. It's used in most bathrooms for cleaning toilet bowls. (*Directions on can.*) Sold by grocery, drug, hardware and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush
CLEANS OUT RADIATORS

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

DO YOU RATE THIS BLADE?

Light beards may not require the *plus* shaving action of the Durham Duplex Safety Razor... But mature beards that seem to get wirier day by day... there's another story! If *your* beard is really tough, don't try appeasement. Try Durham Duplex. Its long-life, hollow-ground blade and diagonal stroke assure you grand shaves every time.

Durham Kit $1.00
Razor — 6 Blades
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AT DRUG • CIGAR STORES — OR DIRECT

across those threshing legs and held them to the floor. He shouted, "Get a rope!"

His voice would have got obedience from a statue. Still trance-bound, Gail ran down cellar and got a piece of clothesline. John Page took it and drew Mathilde's straining ankles together and tied them. "Knife!" Gail rushed to the kitchen for a butcher knife. He cut the rope at the knot, ripped away the raincoat that had pinioned Mathilde's arms, and tied her wrists behind her back. While she struggled, something that had been tied around her mouth slipped away and she screamed—a meaningless cry of rage, like something heard in the woods at night. Page replaced the gag—it had been tied with his necktie. He got to his feet and stooped to lift Mathilde. Slow drops of blood fell from his left wrist. He was clumsy. He knelt again, slipped his right arm under Mathilde and stood up. She was trussed but still struggled on his shoulder.

"Some closet you can lock!" he said.

THE words came thinly to Gail's paralyzed mind. She glanced upstairs and at once he was staggering up. She followed, pointing to the closet off Connie's room. Mathilde was making choked, rabid noises behind the gag. He shoved her in on the floor, closed the door, turned the key and put it in his pocket, and ran downstairs, shouting, "Come on, Gail."

In the downstairs hall, he said "My hand is useless. You must drive the car for me." He said that at the height of urgency. But then he fastened an iron discipline on himself. The incredible, shattering excitement reached a lull. His eyes stopped blazing and they saw her for the first time.

"You can't drive a car in a nightgown," he said accusingly. "Go get some clothes on. Hurry. You must help me and there is no time."

Reality was beginning to come through the nightmare, but she still found no meaning in this scene. But she contrived to say, "You're hurt!"

He took his left hand in his right and looked at it. Gail too bent over it and several slow drops of blood fell on her nightgown. She saw that, besides the rain which had soaked it, his shirt was stained with blood. "Yes," he said quietly, "we'd better tie it up." His eyes searched the house. "Move fast. But put on some clothes."

He rushed upstairs again and she heard him switching off the lights she had turned on. The nearest clothes were in the shop. She got a sweater and skirt, stripped off the nightgown, and at least was covered when he came in to turn out these lights too. He said "Hurry!" and went out. She turned on the lights long enough to see a pair of Connie's tennis sneakers under a counter, slid her feet into them, turned off the lights again, and went out to find bandages.

By the light of a single desk lamp in the bookshop John Page's white shirt sleeve was bloody. He laid down a revolver on the desk—and at last her shocked mind remembered what he was. She stopped short and the rolls of gauze fell from her hand.

He looked up. "Don't be a fool," he said. "If you had any real doubts about me, you would have been screaming long since. Move fast!" He slipped the shirt off and, wadding it, wiped his arm free of blood to show an ugly, open-lipped, curving wound that ran almost from the elbow to the shoulder. Blood slowly ebbed back to the wound. "It's nothing," he said. "Tie it above and below and strap some gauze across it."

He sat down with the revolver near his right hand, pulled the telephone to him, stretched his left arm along the desk for her to work on. He called the toll operator, asked for a number in Washington, and sat waiting. Her mind whirling with surprise, dread and stunned relief, she was aware of his total alertness.

He said, "I can't help it—I've got to risk your life. I can't swing it alone. She made that certain when she winged me."

Gail stared. "She shot you? Mathilde Winkler?"

"She's a Nazi . . . My God, Gail, not iodine! It's not a cut finger."

She shook her head clear of dizziness. She laid gauze squares across the wound and began to bind them in place with a bandage. "I can't—will you tell me what—I don't understand—" She stopped and drew a long breath. "I was asleep. Please tell me what is happening. I thought you—"

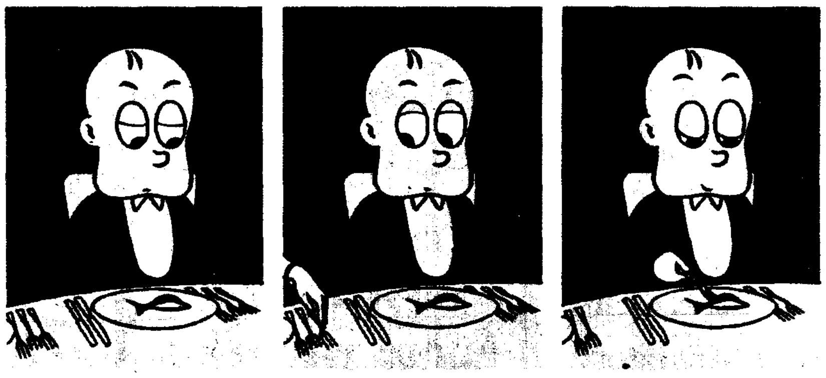
He swore into the phone. "Good God, girl, it's only Washington I want, after all." After a while someone answered and he said, "Headquarters call." Another voice, and he repeated, "Headquarters call," and the wounded arm hardened with his impatience. He muttered, "All hell could explode in this room while we wait for telephone operators." She saw that he was afraid of something and her own shapeless fears returned. But he got through at last.

"Garrett speaking—Captain James Garrett." His eyes moved to hers for a moment. "I must have Major Spence at once . . . No, let it go, there isn't time. Get this down and get Spence on the job . . . This is James Garrett . . . Yes. I'm at Windham, Massachusetts."

HE TURNED his head aside to whisper, "Well, you too, Gail." Then, to the phone, "The job has blown up in my face. Phone the Boston F.B.I. to get here—and anyone you can reach who is nearer. They can fly to Pittsfield. How long will it take them? . . . Two hours and a half is three hours too long. I'll do what I can. I'll get the state police—if there's time. Phone them to take orders from me. Cottersville Barracks. Now, write this down. A man named Lynn Scovil—" he spelled it out. "His house, called Pinnacle Manor, six miles out of Windham on the Greenfield road. That's the main thing. Get everyone. Get Scovil especially—at the moment, he's loose with a gun. Now, on the Vermont road, a place called Camp Ryegate, also Ryegate Inn. If anything has happened—if I'm not on hand—take the whole place over, get everybody. Especially the proprietor, named Carl Booker."

He spelled that name too. Gail had stopped bandaging his arm to stare at his alert face.

"Booker is after me too. He may get me. Now, send a man to the College Book Shop in Windham, just off the common, to the south. A woman named Mathilde Winkler—W-I-N-K-L-E-R—will be locked in a closet upstairs. If I don't pick up the F.B.I. at Scovil's I will at that bookshop. Maybe."



Three Forks CROCKETT JOHNSON

He paused with that word, then went on: "Spence is to telephone New York to pick up the Forwarding Company at once. It's possible that the Winkler woman has already phoned them. At any rate, don't wait any longer, pull everything in New York right now." He said something incomprehensible about a truck line, and then Gail heard her own name. "If she makes contact with them, they are to do whatever she says—I will have instructed her. If she doesn't, they are to scour the countryside till they find her. Now, there remains von Weitbrecht."

He muttered to Gail, "Faster!" Then, to Washington, "I almost had von Weitbrecht when I was discovered. He isn't far off. I'm starting for him now . . . What?" He shouted, "Can you handle it from a desk in Washington? I'm starting to find him now . . . What good would it do for you to take him? He would shut up. He must be made to spill his stuff. To me. He thinks I'm a Nazi . . . Oh, the hell with you."

HE BANGED the phone down, stood up, put on the sodden shirt. "That's who I am, Gail." He put the revolver in his pocket, turned out the desk lamp, thus making the whole house dark, and took her hand. "Take me out the back door. Fast."

Leading him, she felt her way to the back door. He slid it open, looked out, then whispered, "Come on," and they were going down the shadow of the porch. His car was in the drive. "Start it—hurry!" She got behind the wheel. "Get away from this house. Then the Vermont road, the road we came in on."

When they had gone about a mile, he had her stop. "We had to get away from the house—Booker might have found me there at any moment," he said. "This is it. Gail. I don't know who is after me or how close. But from now on—well, you must understand there's a chance neither of us will come out of it. It's damned dangerous. I've got no right to call on you for help. You've got no right to refuse."

But by now her heart had slowed down, she was less excited than at any time since she had heard the first slurring noise on the porch. "I'm not refusing," she said. "Tell me what to do."

He didn't even say, "Good!" He said merely, "There's some back road from Camp Ryegate to a kind of lodge or shelter where the ski-tow up Taylor Mountain begins."

"Yes, I know."

"Well, find it. I'm probably going up Taylor Mountain."

"Am I going with you?"

"Only to the ski-tow. You'll wait for me there. Alone. And ready to drive like hell if anything happens. Get started."

She got started, her mind clear and her heart uplifted. She had caught something of his exalted concentration.

"We're after a Nazi named von Weitbrecht. He's on Taylor Mountain—or else he isn't. If no one has reached him in the last hour, he thinks I am Eric Köchlin sent from Germany to give him orders. My whole job has been to find him and pump him. If someone has reached him—well, there'll be nothing to do but play it as the cards fall . . . It would be nice to know how I tipped my hand to Mathilde Winkler. Let that go. Now, if I'm—if you have to finish it alone. There are some things you must tell my little playmates, when they find you."

She listened: An appalling summary of Lynn Scovil's purpose with the peace movement. A synopsis of Mathilde Winkler as an agent of the Forwarding Company. The truck line as the means of communication. A code on short-wave broadcasts from Berlin—"I didn't know it, and if G2 knew it I should have been drilled—but they can break it. . . ." Sickness, disgust and horror buffeted her but she fought them down. Then, very suddenly, she realized that he was telling her all this in the expectation that in a few minutes—before the two and a half hours he had calculated at the phone were over—he might be dead. He was giving her instructions as his representative. Ice closed over her and a slow shudder rippled down her arms. Stop that! If he could be unafraid, she could listen quietly.

Gail said, "Here's where we turn off for the lodge. It's about two miles."

"Turn up the road and stop for a moment."

With the engine stopped and the lights out, the world was empty. Rain made a steady swishing and the darkness was impenetrable.

He said nothing for a moment. Then, "I'll stand on the running board. Drive slowly. Tell me when we're near the the lodge and we'll turn off the lights again." He sat motionless. Just rain and darkness. But behind them terror was gathering like the crest of a wave. "Damn my arm!" he said angrily. "Gail, where are your lips?"

But one arm came around her shoulders and her own arms were strong . . . Finally, his serene whisper, "So, my dear . . . Let's get started."

He stood on the right-hand running board, his injured arm clamped over the window ledge. She knew that the revolver was in his right hand. The headlights swayed up the narrow, twisting road, under the arched branches of trees. He would be drenched with rain. A wild laughter rose to her lips—that, in the shadow of death, she should think of his discomfort in the rain.

Up and around, swaying, the tires sliding in mud. Gail's breathing shortened and her hands grew tense and stiff on the wheel.

She whispered, "We're getting there." His voice was clear and without strain: "Turn off the lights." In the dark they crept forward. The rutted road was lighter than the trees and the rain. "Stop," he said. "I see the roof."

SHE stopped and the rain went on falling. James Garrett came to the window beside her. "I'm a fool clear through to the end—I have no flashlight . . . The trail begins straight across, at the far end?"

"Yes . . . Look, there is a car parked just ahead."

He vanished and time came to a full stop. Gail was mere sentience. Then his head was at the window again. "I recognize it," he said curtly. "Turn the car around and head it down the road. There can be no one here or we would have been—stopped—before now. You must simply wait, Gail. It will be dreadful but you must wait. If anything comes up the road—get past them and get home—get out somehow, anyhow. If I come back first, all right. If someone else comes down from the mountain before I do, you must use your head—"

She did not scream. She said, "Someone is coming!"

So even sentience ended, in a distillation of pure horror. Whoever it was came around the car that was parked ahead of them. Garrett leaped from the window and, dimly, she saw his hand go up. "Scovil?" he said, softly.

"Nein, Ist das Herr Köchlin?"

"Aber ja! Von Weitbrecht?"

"Ja. Heil Hitler!"

"Heil Hitler!"

Gail's breath came back raggedly, at the unmistakable triumph, the overmastering triumph in Garrett's voice. At once he swung the rear door of the sedan open. *"Geschwind!"*

The two of them were in the rear seat. He leaned forward. "Get back to the main road as fast as possible. Take chances. Then, drive up and down any highway but stay away from Windham till I tell you. Keep going—don't stop for anything—wherever there is likely to be traffic."

SHE swung the car around and got it started downhill, the lights probing the rain again. In the ecstasy of deliverance, the release from that clotted horror, the knowledge that for a moment the incalculable risk had been surmounted, she found it still more difficult to think, to see clearly, even to breathe. Excitement had quadrupled, was beating a pulse in her ears, in her throat. And Garrett's voice had that pulsing triumph, like a trumpet of victory:

"Now Herr von Weitbrecht, you must be fast. You must tell me all you have planned, where it stands, what is under way, what remains to be done . . ."

Booker said, "You're sure it was a shot?"

"Yes." The houseman nodded twice. "Right here, near the front door. But when I got here, there was no one. They are gone, Mr. Page, Miss Winkler—"

Booker turned and ran down the steps, back to his car. If it was a shot, Mathilde must have fired it. But it had failed—she had missed—the American knew he was recognized—the American was loose.

He could not know how much the American might have learned.

Back to camp? Not yet. There was one place where the American had been—where he had been twice. The bookshop . . .

Booker stopped his car a block away and crept up the back alley, crouching at the corner of the garage. The house was black. And the American might be inside, with a gun. He would have taken Mathilde Winkler's gun. Booker pulled out his own gun, got through a gap in the hedge, crept up the back steps. The doorknob turned in his hand. He took a step inside. Nothing. Step by step, pause by pause, his ears straining. No. If anyone were downstairs it would have happened by now.

On hands and knees he crept upstairs. A bedroom, empty. Another bedroom, empty. No one was in this house. He stood in the center of the room. Something was moving! On the floor. No. Behind a door. A soft, repeated, shuffling sound, as if someone were rolling on the floor.

He waited. The sound went on. "Mathilde!" he called.

Nothing. But the soft, rolling sound redoubled. He turned on a shaded lamp. It was behind the closet door. The door was locked. He strained at it.

He looked around. Screw driver. No, hammer and pliers. He ran downstairs, got a kitchen light on, found tools in a drawer. He went back upstairs and began to take the hinges off that closet door.

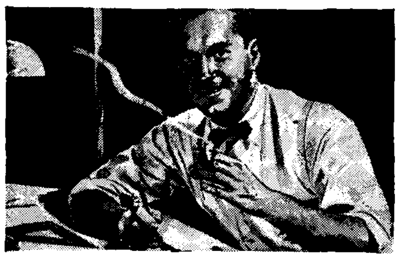
(To be concluded next week)

HERO
LIFE GUAR

Great before—and now a hero! Something new has been added to that enviable chest. Something new has been added to a favorite cigarette, too—to give new pleasure!

Something NEW* has been added!

***It's Latakia**—fine, delicate tobacco from the Eastern Mediterranean. Abundant supplies now aging in our American warehouses insure for years the new, delightful flavor this tobacco adds to *new* Old Golds.



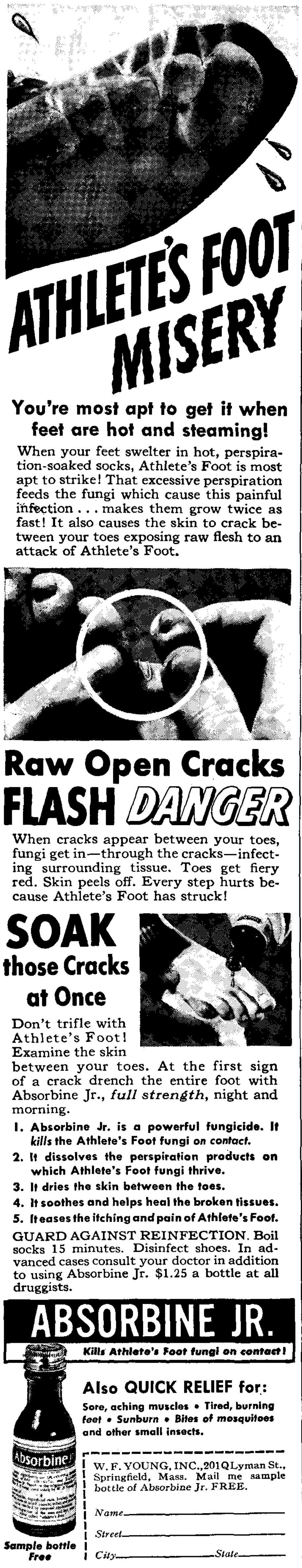
New Smoking Pleasure—
(*Below*) Mrs. Haley Fiske, New York City, says: "That added touch of Latakia tobacco gives Old Golds just the flavor I've been looking for. Now I smoke this *new* cigarette regularly."

Adds to the Flavor—Says Jack P. Coble, Greensboro, N. C., architect: "This is the first time I've discovered the difference in flavor Latakia tobacco makes in a popular cigarette!"

Old Gold
CIGARETTES
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL

Same familiar pack—but NEW Old Golds!

P. Lorillard Company, founded 1760—blenders of fine tobacco since George Washington's day



ATHLETE'S FOOT MISERY

You're most apt to get it when feet are hot and steaming!

When your feet swelter in hot, perspiration-soaked socks, Athlete's Foot is most apt to strike! That excessive perspiration feeds the fungi which cause this painful infection . . . makes them grow twice as fast! It also causes the skin to crack between your toes exposing raw flesh to an attack of Athlete's Foot.

Raw Open Cracks FLASH DANGER

When cracks appear between your toes, fungi get in—through the cracks—infecting surrounding tissue. Toes get fiery red. Skin peels off. Every step hurts because Athlete's Foot has struck!

SOAK those Cracks at Once

Don't trifle with Athlete's Foot! Examine the skin between your toes. At the first sign of a crack drench the entire foot with Absorbine Jr., *full strength*, night and morning.

1. Absorbine Jr. is a powerful fungicide. It *kills* the Athlete's Foot fungi on contact.
2. It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.
3. It dries the skin between the toes.
4. It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.
5. It eases the itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.

GUARD AGAINST REINFECTION. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. $1.25 a bottle at all druggists.

ABSORBINE JR.

Kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact!

Also QUICK RELIEF for:

Sore, aching muscles • Tired, burning feet • Sunburn • Bites of mosquitoes and other small insects.

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City__________ State__________

Sample bottle Free

Dina Cashman

Continued from page 22

"I have you to thank for it."

"Oh, no, no you haven't! To you our plot—our scheme, whatever you wish to call it—was just a sort of joke," Dina said; "but for me it was a very different thing. I don't know what I could have done! I never have been able to think what I could have done."

"What you did do," he said, "was carry your head high, take it all on the chin, make the best of it, and somehow win us all to loving and respecting you."

Tears came into her eyes, although she was smiling. "Sometimes," she said, "I feel as if I had—had done too much living for anyone not yet twenty-one! Sometimes I feel as if I ought to crawl in somewhere—crawl out of sight—and just rest and think and—and think it all out."

"Well, there's no need of our settling anything yet," Rogers reminded her comfortably. "I'll look into things and we can talk again. So forget about it!"

The sun continued to shine with grateful winter warmth; the baby was carried away by Ida. Dina and Rogers sat on, basking and reading; but Dina's thoughts were not on her book. They were anywhere and everywhere else. She held the book as if it were a shield.

"Rogers?"

"Go ahead."

"If—if I ever did marry again some day, would I have to tell him—the man—all about—about the baby?"

"Not if it was Vere," he said smiling.

"But if it wasn't?"

"Then I wouldn't," Rogers told her promptly; "you are a married woman with a child; he knows it isn't his child, and that's all he needs to know."

"Thanks."

SHE reopened her book, but Rogers sat watching her, a young, slender thing in a dark blue gown and loose blue coat. His expression was half amused, half pitying.

"You haven't got an eye on anyone, Geraldine?"

She merely looked at him, and although he laughed, he was ashamed too.

"I apologize." And after a moment's silence, "What are you wearing to the Cartwright jamboree, by the way?"

"Oh, yes; that's next week. I have a dress I haven't worn. The one they sent east; it's just back. Green silk—but do we *have* to go?"

"Oh, sure we've got to go! Nelly Cartwright is going to revive the old Germans; she's got figures and favors and God knows what, all ready! She thinks I'll remember 'em, and I promised to help her."

"The old—Germans?"

"Cotillions—directed, you know—with figures."

"I never heard of them."

"Well, you ought to love it. And by the way, Geraldine, not a word of any changes here, you know. It may take us months to get this thing all straightened out; Aline wants me to get all her affairs into my hands, and we want to keep it quiet."

"I can see that, Rogers," she said submissively.

"Look here, my child," the man presently began, "this isn't taking it out of you too much, is it?"

"Oh, n-no." But her voice was not steady.

"This is the way you'd want it to be, isn't it?"

"Yes, this is what we thought it might be, from the beginning—to make her jealous; to make her envious!"

"You'll always know that I'm your friend, only too anxious to do anything for you or get you out of any trouble, and that I'm always going to remember this year, and our cribbage games, and your illness and the baby and all the rest of it as one of the happiest times of my life, eh?"

"I'm awfully glad that you can say so," she said very low.

"You bet your life I can say so! Lunch, Hinz? Good work. Come along, Geraldine; let's eat!"

"YOU are simply a vision, Mrs. Holland," said Helene Cartwright when they were in the dressing room taking off their coats. "If I could ever look like that I'd swoon."

"You are divine," said Margot Illyan.

"I never thaw a dreth like that!" little Ann Talbot lisped.

Dina acknowledged the compliments with an excited laugh. She knew they were justified. Like Ann she had never seen a gown as beautiful as the creation of blue-green that rustled about her. She was twenty and she was lovely to look at and there was no past and no future: there was only tonight.

She had not wanted to come to the dance; she had wanted only to be an onlooker if she must go at all. But upon reaching the Cartwright house all that had been forgotten in sheer joy of youth and music and dancing. Two young men, standing at the door of the ballroom had turned to look at her as she came in; they had come up to remind her that she knew Billy Stern and Joe Cartwright, and the next instant she had been dancing.

The Cartwrights' house was a roomy old mansion remodeled from the clumsiness of an earlier day. Tonight it had been made even larger by the inclusion of the tennis court and swimming pool. These had been walled and windowed; the walls draped with pale green and hung with great Christmas wreaths; the windows recessed with deep seats and curtained in red velvet. The court had been floored and waxed; the pool was still itself, a great oval of emerald and silver shining under the night lights, but cushions and rugs and low chairs framed it, and small tables, scattered about, held cigarettes and glasses.

Parents and elders were in the house, busy at bridge and mah-jongg tables; this region was given over entirely to the younger generation. The season's debutantes were all here, fluttering to and fro, lingering in the flower-lined passages that led from the house to the court, sometimes stepping out for a moment or two into the cold blackness of the night to look up at the stars.

And through it all the music wove its subtle magic, sometimes loud, sometimes faint and far away, and through it all Dina Holland danced as she had never danced in her life before. Her last dancing had been on a few disheartened, anxious evenings at Cotta's or one of the other roadhouses near Railway Flats, evenings when she had been half mad with doubts and fears. This evening, for a few hours, they were all gone, and she could not dance enough, surrendering herself to one partner after another, and raising to each man in turn the battery of her blue eyes and her friendly smile.

SUDDENLY in one of the changes of the cotillion, it was Vere who held her—a grim, unsmiling Vere, who whirled her away with the old swift mastery she remembered; not looking at her, not speaking, seemingly absorbed in the steps of which he was so easily master.

"I didn't know you were here," Dina said, in a pause in the music.

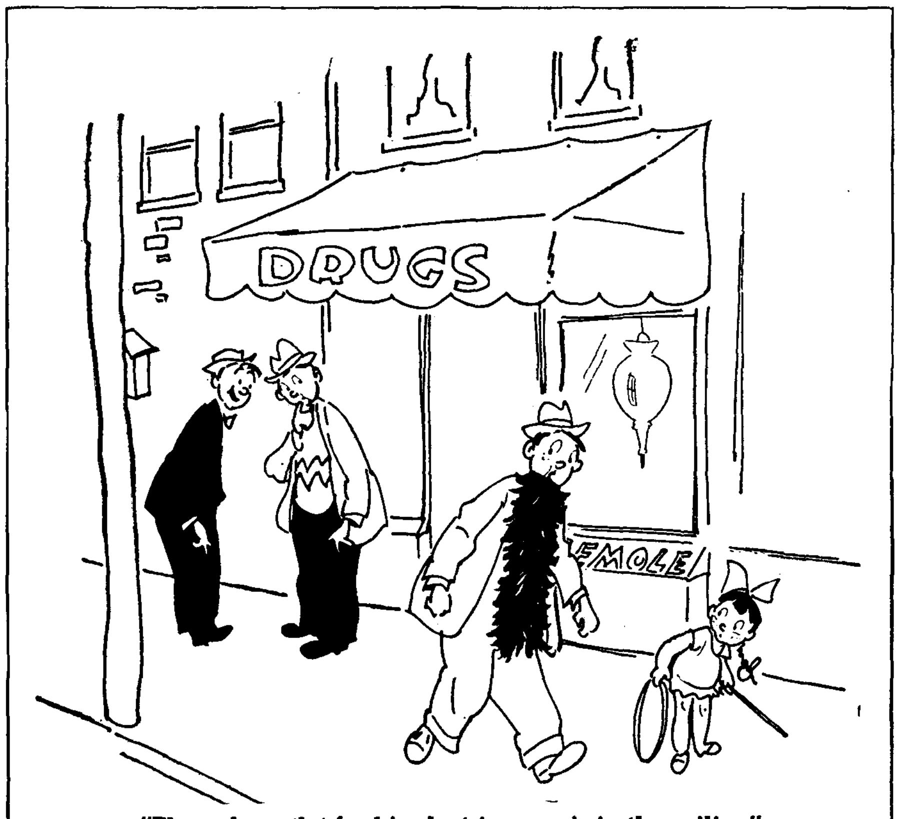
"I've not been dancing."

"Are you—are you mad about something?" For she knew he was in an ugly mood.

"Yes, mad about you," he answered briefly, still unsmiling.

"Oh," Dina said, supplying the smile. She was equal to any situation tonight. She floated along beside him, smiling again now and then as her eyes met some friendly face.

"Come out here a minute," Vere said suddenly, catching her by the arm and pulling her toward one of the recesses which had been ingeniously contrived and concealed around the pool. There



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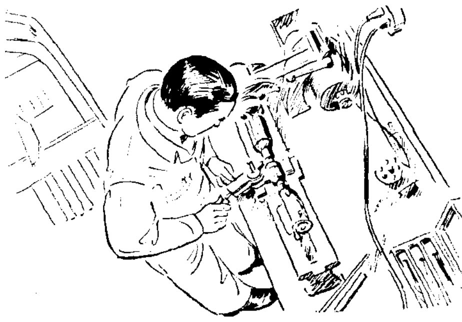

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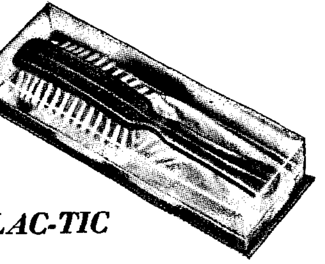


was a chair there made of silver pipes and striped cushions, and Dina sat down in it, still breathing a little hard from dancing, not sorry to rest for a moment. Vere pulled up a low stool, sat opposite her and took instant possession of her hands.

"Look here," he said, "I'm sick of this! I'm sick of it! I've been—oh, crazy, since I saw you at Rogers' two weeks ago. I've been there twice. I had to see you."

"I knew you were there the day Rogers and I came in from a walk, that rainy day," Dina answered. Her breast was moving quickly, but her tone betrayed no agitation.

"Yes. But you went right upstairs." She had been rosy and spattered and laughing as she had come in, Rogers, grotesque in wet-weather attire, stamping and splashing beside her. Vere remembered the instant change in her face as she had seen him, the sudden pallor, the quiet nod with which she had disappeared into the afternoon gloom of the hall.

A MOST unsatisfactory interview with his uncle had followed. All his interviews with Rogers had been unsatisfactory of late; Rogers had shown no sympathy in his matrimonial prospects, and what had been even more shattering to Vere's self-esteem had been the fact that his Kathryn, in fewer and briefer letters, had also stressed them less and less, and had dwelt with some enthusiasm upon the charms of a certain Comte Remi d'Aillcourt, a diplomatic visitor from overseas.

Vere had known Dina as the shabby, ambitious, spirited clerk in a grocery, as the bewildered, excited girl who had a first taste of the gay winter life of society on a trip to Paradise Valley. Recently he had come home from rather dazzling social triumphs of his own to find her in his uncle's house, a woman now, with her chief interest in life a small child—a woman who smiled at his uncle with an affectionate easiness that was partly that of a daughter, partly wife, partly mother—a quiet, composed, lovely woman who reserved her pleasantness for others and gave him to feel that she had small time for or interest in himself.

Tonight he saw still a third Dina—a Dina at her loveliest! a Dina young again, carefree again, accepted by the very cream of his own old group, admired and radiant! He knew—it was betrayed by her manner—that only the thrill, the rapture of this ball could have induced her to give him these few minutes, that she was, indeed, in no mood to analyze their significance or to regard them as she might have regarded them a few hours earlier.

"You're not dancing?" she said, her eyes on the changing and circling groups that were coming and going around the pool. "I've danced every dance."

"I was watching you," he said gloomily; then angrily, "Dina, why won't you forgive me?"

"Forgive you?" She widened her eyes; her tone was friendly and unruffled.

"Yes. I've said all I could say. I'm in hell! Why can't we be friends again?"

"Why, I suppose we can," Dina conceded thoughtfully, "whenever we happen to see each other."

"I want more than that," Vere said; "you know I want more than that; you know you are the only girl who has ever meant anything to me; you know that if Rogers and you break up that I'm going to marry you!"

"What about Kathryn?"

"Oh, to hell with Kathryn!" Vere said impatiently; "she's forgotten me and I've forgotten her!"

"Vere, that wasn't what you said two weeks ago."

"Well, it's true." He looked away, sulkily, moodily. "The day I saw you in the gallery I knew, I knew it had all come back, that it was you or nobody! I tried to shake you out of my thoughts. I couldn't. Mother'd just told me that Aline and Andy were considering separating, and I'd thought that if you and Rogers were going to get a divorce too, that was nothing to me—that was nothing to me—

"But it's everything to me—*everything!*" he finished on a lower note, and was still.

"Well, that's too bad," Dina said, nervously. She stood up.

"That's all you're going to say?"

She looked up at him, clear-eyed.

"Isn't that about all there is to say?" Dina moved as if she would pass him, and he jerked her about suddenly, big hands on her bare arms.

"Look here," he said, "you loved me once, you know that! And that child is my child! Now listen to me, Dina—"

"You're hurting me!" Dina whispered, trying to wrench free.

"I don't care whether I'm hurting you or not! Listen to me. You belong to me, every inch of you, every hair on your head! I'm not good enough for you, I know that! But I'll spend my life, all the rest of my life, trying to show you how much I love you. We'll forget all that—all that happened; we'll begin over. That's what's going to happen and that's what you're going to do!"

"I think you're crazy!" she breathed, escaping. He did not follow her. She went through the milling groups like a green shadow, found Rogers. He turned smiling from the card table.

"Rogers, it's half past three. I think if you don't mind I'll find Hall and go home."

"Half past three, is it? Great Scott! Wait a minute until Jerry here pays me and I'll go with you." He was in great spirits as they went away together. He had had a talk with Aline; oh, yes, they had had supper together. Now she was playing bridge fast and furiously in a remote corner with three women as fierce over the game as she was herself. Dina and Rogers did not interrupt her as they went on their way.

DINA settled back in the big car luxuriously; when they passed road lights Rogers could see the glitter of her thoughtful eyes.

"Tired out?"

"No, not really. Just—thinking."

"Geraldine," said Rogers, "when we break up I'm going to miss you a lot."

"I'll miss you," she said simply.

"What d'you think you'll do?"

"Go back to Mamma for a while. After all, there are six children at home," Dina mused, her blue-green grandeur wrapped in a long coat now, her head resting back against the thick cushion behind her. "There must be something I could do for every one of them," she added. "Myrna's just the age when she ought to have a big sister somewhere in the picture, El'ner never gets through her examples without a little pushing, and Donny's a pretty steady pull on Mamma. After all, he's only four."

"That's only four of you," Rogers said, checking.

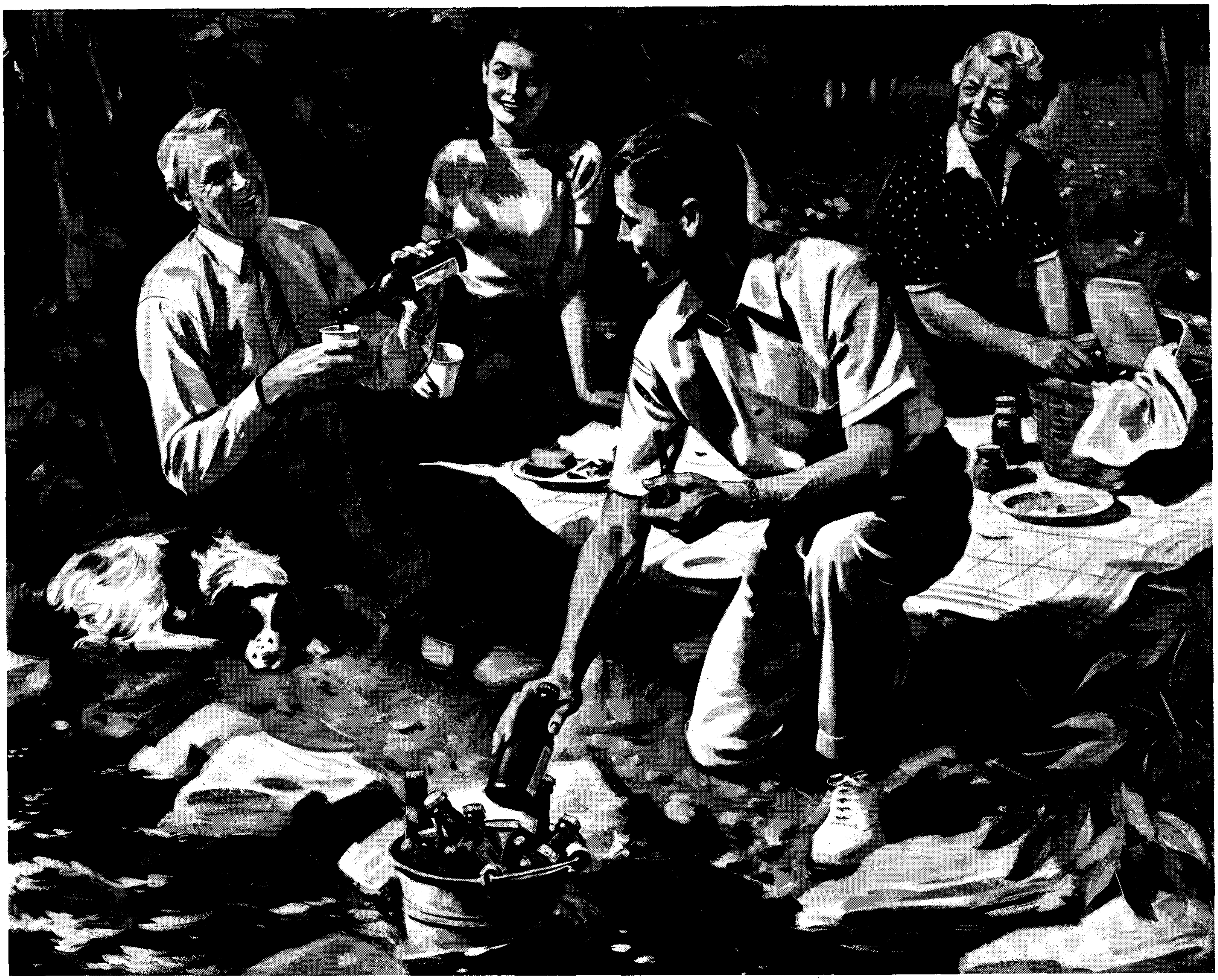
"Well, there's Art, who's the finest really of the whole lot, and my Lou," Dina said. "Lou'll go mad about Margaret. Anything little and floppy drives her right out of her senses."

"I wish to goodness you didn't have to go away," Rogers grumbled.

"It's been a queer year," Dina said, half to herself.

"It's been a good year," the man amended it.

"Oh, for me, yes." She was drowsy as she stumbled into the big, warm house, but Rogers said that he felt wakeful and was going to have a drink by the library



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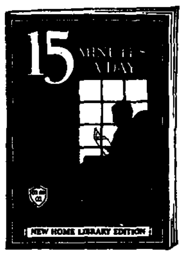

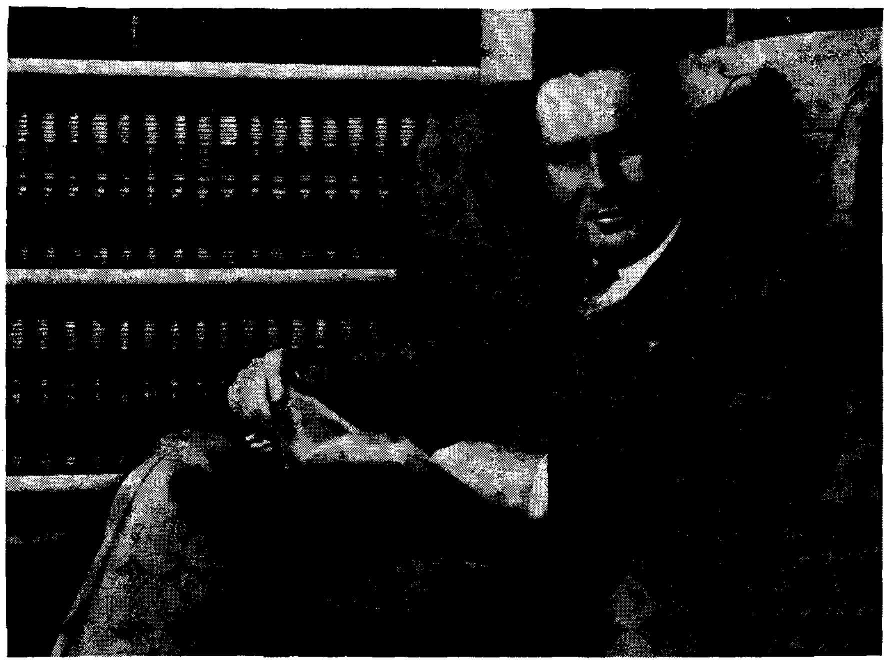

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fire. "But, Rogers—it's after four!" she protested.

"I know. I won't be long." Hinz, smothering yawns, took charge of his black coat and white scarf, his silk hat. Dina accompanied him into the library but she would not sit down.

"I'd never get up again," she said. "I'm dead!"

"Okay; scram!" Rogers had sunk into a low leather chair, spreading his hands on the arms. Dina, halfway to the door, turned back, came swiftly and silently behind him, stooped to kiss the top of his head. She had never kissed him before; she had never thought of it, and amazed at herself, catching up her wrap, with her green draperies flying, she made her escape.

She went upstairs, entered her own room, stood in the center of the floor, looking at herself in the mirror. She was tired now, her hair a little disordered, her face pale. She looked at herself a long time.

Vere came to see her the next day; came every day. His time was always the before-dinner hour; he would sometimes play a game of Russian Bank with his uncle. Dina detested this game and played it badly; she grew angry when Rogers called "Stop!" and laughed at her. Life, she protested, was altogether too short to waste studying a pattern of cards on the table and murmuring, "The five goes on the six; I get the space; I give you the queen."

If when Vere came she had the baby downstairs Dina always carried her away immediately, not even waiting for Ida. If Rogers had not yet come in from some trip to his city club, she might sit with Vere, but they talked as if they were strangers, newly met. He was very much in earnest now, very humble; he sometimes brought her a book, once brought Margaret a pair of small white fur slippers with pink rabbit ears.

"Oh, thank you," Dina said on this occasion, box and tissue paper and slippers in her hands, "she needs them, now that she's down on the floor so much."

"I'd like ever so much to see her sometimes," he once said wistfully. Dina made no answer.

ONE night Vere and Rogers were engaged in an especially tense game. Dina had been playing with Margaret on the rug, but when the old black marble clock on the mantel struck the half-hour after five she gathered up Margaret and her blankets and toys, and carried her upstairs. Margaret was tired, her little head bobbed against her mother's shoulder. Dina sometimes thought that of all the hours of the baby's day these last minutes were the sweetest, the minutes of bathing and feeding, of changing into the angelic fresh apparel of the long-tailed nightgown, and of tucking up in bed. She tried never to miss them.

Tonight, descending again half an hour later, she was just in time to see Hinz admitting a late caller. A tall, lean man whose voice sounded a little nervous and hoarse. She stood watching a moment and then went forward.

"Andy," she said.

He had flung aside an overcoat and gloves, set down a suitcase. He took both her hands.

"No, this is too much luck!" he whispered.

Hinz went away. They sat down on a dark, carved bench and looked at each other, still holding hands.

"I thought you were in Hollywood, painting pictures."

"It was Beverly Hills, one picture. But it was of three children and it took me all this time. How—how are you, anyway?"

The banal question was so throbbing with excitement and his look as it feasted on her face was so eloquent that Dina felt life and joy and hope thrilling through her veins.

"Oh, fine," she answered him, almost inaudibly.

"I'm leaving for New York at seven," Andy told her, "but I had to come up and just get a glimpse of you. It'll take me—what? Twenty minutes to get to the airport? I'm going to telephone for a taxi."

"Fifteen minutes. But Hall will take you." She spoke like a girl in a dream.

"Things are going all right with you?"

"Yes, I guess so." She wasn't very sure. "Why are you going to New York?"

"Have to. Time up and money running out. I've got a commission in Hartford, and another promised. And I've got my little Connecticut place to clean up; I've not seen it. A pal of mine, Emilio Bernasconi, and his wife—she's a painter too—bought it for me, but we've never really gone over the place. Forty acres and creek and an old silver barn, that was enough for me!"

"Oh, I would love it!" Dina exclaimed.

"Under five feet of snow right now. But I've got to get hold of the deeds; that sort of thing. You like New England?"

"I don't know it. I was born in the Middle West and then we came here."

"I'VE an idea you'd like it. Dina, I said something to you the last time I saw you," Andy said hurriedly, "and I've not known since whether to be sorry or not. I'm glad, I think. I told you what I think of you. I was still married to Aline, then, but she had left me, and you are still Rogers Holland's wife, but some day you mayn't be. I had to let you know how I felt, and that's all I want to say to you now. Just that if ever you want me, I'll be here in fourteen hours."

"I will want you!" she whispered, clinging to his hands.

"My darling, you don't mean that?" Andy asked doubtfully.

"Oh, I do, I do! I've wanted you all this time. I want to be—first with somebody," Dina said breathlessly. "You seem to me the finest person I ever knew," she stammered on, "the most exciting and the kindest! The—the way you smile and the—the way your face is so brown and thin—and the way you wear your old brown coat!"

"Listen," he interrupted her mildly, smiling and holding her cold hands tight in his big warm ones, "I ought to be saying all that to you! But I'm not—not making love to another man's wife. Only, some day when the apple blossoms are all out on the Connecticut farm, and the creek's running again, and the snows are gone, you'll come out to tell me lunch is ready, and I'll be painting Margaret and some kittens, and then, if you like, I'll—"

"Oh, I will, I will like, Andy!" she interrupted, her eyes smiling through spilling tears. "I'll like it so much! To be hidden up there in the country, nobody knowing where I am, nobody telling me what to do—"

"I'll be telling you!" They couldn't talk fast enough to satisfy the long-pent rush of words. Quite suddenly she was strained against him, and his mouth was hard and hot on hers.

"How—how about making love to another man's wife?" Dina presently asked breathlessly. Then they were laughing, and the happy murmuring was going on again.

"You won't forget, Dina?"

"I can't forget a thing that's in my mind every instant, Andy."

"He'll give you the baby? I know you'll never leave Margaret."

"He? Oh, Rogers. Oh, Rogers, yes, he'll—of course he will."

"He seems to adore her."

"He does. But—but she's mine. Rogers would never—he's so generous—

besides," Dina stumbled on, "Aline says—he says she said that she hoped there'd be other children here some day—she told him that."

"Aline did?" Andy asked levelly.

"Rogers told me so. It touched him to the heart, he said."

"Then he really intends to divorce you and marry her? You know I feel a little sorry for that guy; he's so simple," Andy observed thoughtfully. "She hopes there'll be other little children here some day, does she? He'd better be damn' glad he's got *one* child!"

"I feel horribly sorry for him."

"He evidently believes everything Aline—well, I was a fool about her a year ago so I can't say much," the man said. "And now you know what I came to say, Dina," he added, getting to his feet, "and I've got to telephone for a taxi."

"No, I'll have Hinz get Hall. You've plenty of time; that was quarter past that just struck."

"Listen," he said, when Hall had had his instructions and departed. His arms were tight about her, and his big lean fingers were tipping up her chin. "The only person I want to talk to is you!"

"You'll write me?"

"I'll write you on the plane tonight if you want it in writing!"

"I want *everything* in writing," she said greedily. And then, with a sudden change of color, "Andy, did Aline ever tell you anything about me—about me and Rogers—and Margaret?"

He stood looking down at her steadily. His own expression sobered a little.

"I think I know what you mean. Aline, when she was angry once, said something—I told her I wasn't interested. As a matter of fact I think I told her to shut up."

"It was that Rogers married me because I *had* to be married to someone?"

"Oh, don't repeat such damn' gossip! She and Caroline Holland say things about their closest friends that—forget it! I never would have thought of it again if you hadn't mentioned it. She scared herself to death by mentioning it," Andy added with a smile. "She asked me three times not to quote her, because Rogers—I think she said Rogers—had said he'd sue her for libel if she talked too much. Which gives you a good idea of how much foundation they had for it!"

DINA gripped the lapel of his coat. In the soft, diffused light of the great hall she looked small and frightened.

"Suppose—suppose I said that it was true, Andy?"

"I wouldn't have to believe you, would I?" he asked gently, his eyes serious.

"I've known all along that I had to tell you about it. I have to tell you now. That's what I want you to write me from the plane tonight," Dina said bravely; "that it doesn't matter. That some day we'll have the Connecticut farm and you'll paint Margaret and the apple blossoms."

"You mean that it *is* true, Dina?" Andy said, after a moment of silence. He was holding her by the shoulders, drawn away so that he could see her face. His voice was grave.

"Yes, it's true."

"And what are you crying about?" he asked, for her face was washed with tears.

"Because—because you believed in me, and now you don't. Nobody could," Dina finished in a miserable little undertone.

"I believe you to be a complete little fool," Andy said.

She looked up, her face shining, and now both arms were on his shoulders and his were locked about her and she was laughing with wet, incredulous eyes.

"You'll always be to me what you've been from the beginning," he said, "the sweetest, truest and best woman God ever made. So suppose you shut up on the topic once and for all?"

"Oh, but—" she began, her voice trembling between tears and laughter. He put his hand over her mouth.

"That explains—of course, why he'll let you go," he said.

"I've—I've never been his wife, you see."

"And Margaret—Margaret's ours?"

"Ours!" Dina echoed, her face all the more radiant for the tears that stained it.

ANDY took out a big handkerchief and dried her eyes as if she had been a small child; then he cupped his hands about her loose waves of hair and pushed them gently up, and Dina laughed shakily and caught at one of the hands and kissed it.

"That's that," he said. "It explains everything that's puzzled me. There's no use talking, he's a good old guy!"

"He's wonderfully kind!" Dina said fervently.

"Now, look here, darling," Andy began, "I've got to go. You've told me all I want to know about this, and the only thing for you to do is forget it. I've already forgotten it!"

"There's one more thing," Dina said courageously, "when I first came here to talk to Rogers he didn't know me, he'd never heard of me. That night when you and Aline came to dinner was only the second time I'd seen him. I didn't know you then or Aline either but I knew that he wanted to make her think he was interested in me, that he wasn't sitting at home pining for her. If I'd known you—"

"You don't think I'm resenting anything that winds up this way?" Andy demanded. Dina laughed.

"No. But some day I'd like to tell you—I want you to understand—"

"You'll never tell me. Six months of happiness and you'll forget it ever happened."

"What is it?"

This last was from Dina and addressed to Hinz who had approached.

"Sorry, Mrs. Holland, but Mr. Holland had asked for the car to take Mr. Vere Holland home."

"Oh, that's all right."

Dina led the way to the library. Rogers and Vere had just finished their game.

"Here's Andy, Rogers," she said, "catching the seven-o'clock plane. Could Hall take him to it first and then take Vere home?"

"Hello, Andy, glad to see you," Vere spoke up; "say, listen, I'm not going home; I'm heading for San Francisco, and the airport is right on the way."

"Can't stay for dinner—no, you're flying," Rogers put in. "Well, let's see. It's half past. Better be on your way. Come on, Dina, I'll take you on for as devastating a game of Russian Bank as ever was played in this or any man's club."

"Not Russian Bank!" Dina smiled a farewell to the men who were leaving, groped in the table drawer for the dominoes.

Andy went first. Dina did not know why, but she had an odd pang of premonitory fear, of uneasiness, as she saw Vere follow him from the room. Vere and Andy! But she'd told Andy everything! Vere couldn't hurt her now! Vere wouldn't want to!

But as she sat down and scrambled the dominoes with both hands she was conscious of a little chill. Deliberately she shook it from her and brought her attention to the game.

"Five, one, eh? I can beat five, one. Mix 'em for me, Rogers. I feel full of arrogant confidence tonight!"

(*To be continued next week*)

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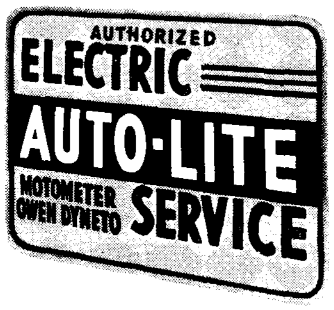

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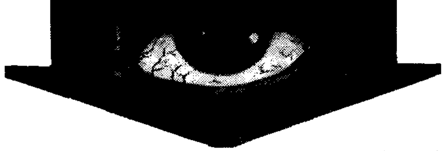

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Twinkle, Twinkle, Aquastar

Continued from page 15

Bill is the son of a Detroit Irishman who came to the islands many years ago and married a native Hawaiian. Bill, Sr., was—and is—a husky Honolulu policeman who once had a great athletic reputation of his own. Like all proud fathers, he wanted his boy to be a *better* athlete.

That all seemed far away when Young Bill came down with typhoid at the age of ten and hovered between life and death for three months. The fever left Bill a wasted thing without a strand of hair and with hardly more flesh than the skin that covered his bones. So Old Bill would bring his boy every day to Waikiki beach and lay him on a *lauhala* mat in the sun. With coconut oil he massaged his limbs, which for some time the boy could not move. He carried him out to shallow pools inside the coral reef and let him bathe for hours in the warm waters. A few weeks of that and Young Bill began to swim on his own. Soon he turned to paddling on a surfboard to the waves outside the reef and his wasted arms began to fill out, his shoulders to broaden.

"If it hadn't been for his old man," they say proudly in Honolulu, "he might never have walked again."

The Answer to Excess Fat

Young Bill eventually went back to school and now his rapid growth became almost embarrassing to Old Bill. The boy was getting too chunky, too tubbylike. So father told young Bill he'd better hop down to Hui Makini, Honolulu's *kamaaina* (old time) swimming club. That was 1938 and Bill, Jr., was fourteen.

"Teach him to swim," old Bill told Harvey Chilton, the coach, "and get some of that fat off him."

The next year Bill swam his first race, entering the half-mile in the annual distance swims at the Waikiki Natatorium. Did Young Bill knock 'em dead? He did not; he dropped out after the eleventh lap.

"Gotta cramp," said young Bill.

But early in 1940 Bill, who by now was lengthening into the broad-shouldered, slim-hipped sort of figure made fashionable by Kahanamoku, Weismuller and Crabbe, began to help himself to a little local swimming fame. By summer he had placed in enough events to make him eligible for the team that went to Santa Barbara. But although he won only a fourth at Santa Barbara, somewhere along the route of that trip he heard the word. Swimming became a sort of religion. The breaking of records became a new purpose. The word had, of course, been spoken by quiet Soichi Sakamoto.

"Dad," said Bill to his father, when he got back from California, "I want to be a real swimmer. I want to go to Maui with Mr. Sakamoto and live with him, so he can be my coach."

Old Bill had a long talk with Coach Sakamoto and was convinced that here was a rare and good guardian for his boy. At Puunene, Maui, Bill entered junior year at Baldwin High School, not far from the schoolhouse where Sakamoto taught sixth grade. He went to live with the Sakamoto family, there being three Sakamoto children.

And Bill took up the strict Sakamoto training regimen. He was to give up all other sports, even his favorite baseball and surfing. He was to avoid all hard work, anything that might tighten his long swimmer's muscles. Instead of sweets or sodas, he was to eat prunes after each meal. He was to sleep ten hours every night and swim three hours every day.

Sakamoto gave Bill his daily practice schedule: shower and five minutes calisthenics; four laps to loosen up, with coach checking strokes; 72 laps free style; 50 laps back stroke; 36 laps kicking, on back; 20 laps with inner tube, using only arm power; 10 laps on back, with inner tube; a 25-yard sprint; two 50-yard sprints; one 100-yard sprint; 600 yards paced; a 20-yard sprint; and shower.

They spent the evenings at Maui talking swimming, criticizing the work of the day and looking at movies of world champions that Sakamoto used to teach style. After six months Bill entered the Hawaii interscholastic championships and broke the world's interscholastic records in the 200-yard free-style and 440-yard. When Coach Sakamoto and Bill arrived in Honolulu in May for the island championships, young Bill's fame had preceded him and the island was watching with bated breath.

"Yeah, great records," said the skeptics, "but we've had these phenoms before. I wish old Duke was still in shape."

Coach Brauninger had brought his Chicago Tower champions, who had mopped up on American competition. The natives looked the kid over, pathetically hopeful, when he came out to practice with the Maui team. They saw a rangy, loose-limbed boy standing just six feet and weighing about 185 pounds. Heavy brows and tight curly hair suggested a Hawaiian Jack Dempsey. In the water he seemed to swim effortlessly, his kick rarely breaking the surface behind him.

"He looks good," they told one another, "but is he good enough for *those* fellows?"

Bill's debut was to be in the 400-meter event. Sakamoto told him to watch Herron and Haynie and—just before their usual starting-time embrace—he whispered what times to hit at the quarter, halfway and three-quarter marks.

"He never varied more than a second from the times I advised," Sakamoto later told Bill senior.

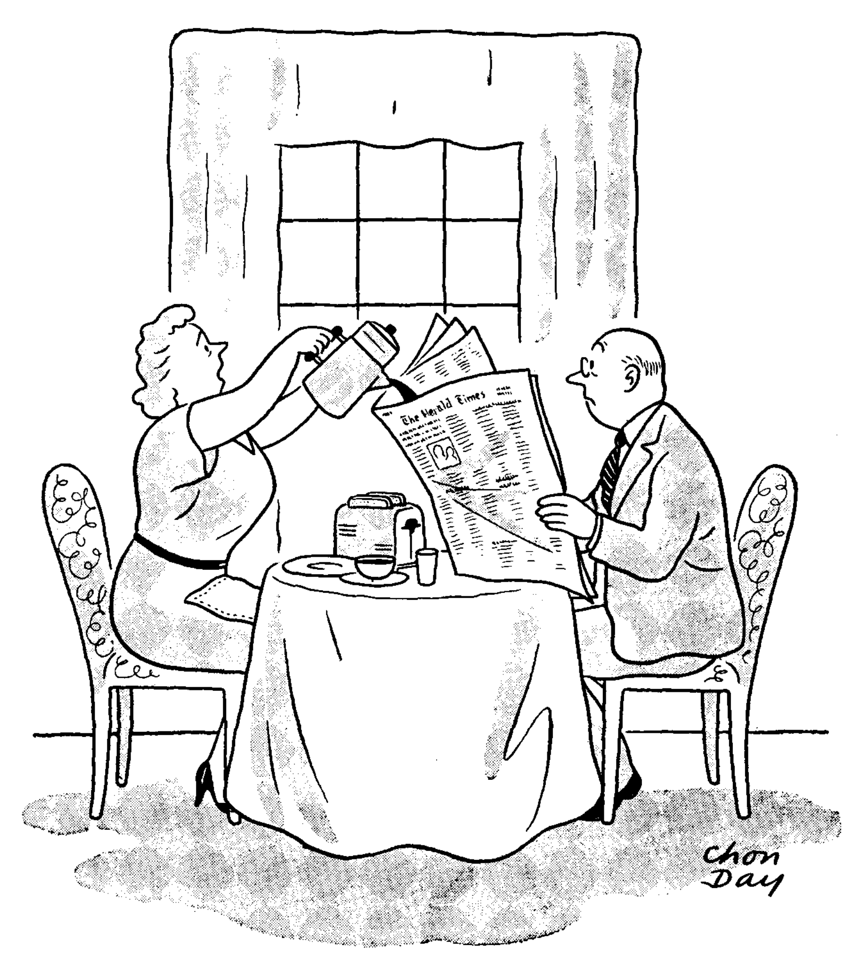
Coach Sakamoto must have whispered record times that night into young Bill's ear. Leaving Herron and Haynie yards behind, his dutiful pupil passed the 200-meter mark at 2:15.5 and finished the event in 4:44.1. That was four tenths of a second better than the world record set by Jack Medica at the Olympics in Berlin in 1936.

"Wowie!" howled the frantic Hawaiians, who knew that happy days had returned to the old island.

And When He Grows Up!

What Bill did to the world's records in those six days was a caution. He lopped two seconds off Bob Pirie's 200-meter world mark. The same evening he bettered Ralph Flanagan's American record of 10:7 for 800 meters by an even four seconds. When he turned to indoor records, he erased two world's records in a single event—the 440. His time of 4:38.5 snipped more than two seconds off Jack Medica's seven-year-old mark and also bettered by two tenths of a second Medica's world record for the 400 meters.

That stirred Mr. Sakamoto to a few words: "By the time he's nineteen . . . well, I really hate to say what he'll be doing to every record he tackles. People always say of each new champion that he can set records that will not for many years, if ever, be touched. . . . But in Bill's case, I believe it."



"I trust your cup is in its usual place"

CHON DAY

Turkish Toss-Up

Continued from page 24

could be seen in the lobbies of the hotels of Istanbul and Ankara. They were the faces of the same gentlemen who plied the corruptibles in Rumania with cash and impressed the impressionables with Germany's power. A trainload of Germans all equipped with Rumanian passports crossed Turkey last May en route to Syria. Yet Turkey boasts to the British that she hasn't allowed a single German soldier through to Syria out of respect for Britain's security in the Middle East.

The fifth column has been in Turkey for years. The soldiers dress well and entertain the Turkish middle-class merchants lavishly. And it is in this business element that anti-British conversational propaganda circulates and it is this element more than any other which is against Turkish participation in the war against Germany. Foreign Minister Saracoglu is a middle-class former tobacco merchant.

Of all the sinister characters who fill the hotel lobbies and the pensions, however, none is more so than an Englishman, the fat and fiftyish Albert Tester, one of Sir Oswald Mosley's followers. German-born and German-educated, Tester is front man for German firms in dealing with Turkish concerns that show reluctance in selling goods to the Nazis. He trades as an Englishman—he has an English passport—buys the goods the Germans want and passes them on to his employers.

Never out of bed before lunch time, Tester is seldom seen by newspapermen. But if you try hard enough you might catch him at his hotel bedroom, the place reeking of stale perfume, with champagne glasses decorating dressing tables, bureaus and chairs. He affects cerise silk dressing gowns and smokes huge cigars. He bought a bank with German money with which to buy oil and industrial products for Berlin.

A Center for Phony News

Many English people have been refused Turkish visas since the war began but not one German application for permission to visit or stay in Turkey has been turned down. German officers crossed Turkey in civilian clothes with their uniforms in their suitcases to assist Rashid Ali with the revolt in Irak and to "instruct" the Vichy French army in Syria. They have used Rumanian, Bulgarian and German passports. The railway that carried them on their mission passes less than five miles from the home of the British ambassador on the hilltop overlooking Ankara.

The Turks have used Ankara itself as a means of isolating foreign diplomats and newspapermen from the life of the country. It vies with Lisbon and prewar Amsterdam as the center of phony news. There correspondents who can't get any closer than 200 miles from the Russo-Turkish frontier are covering the war in Russia. From Ankara radiate a hundred reports every day about what is going on in the Balkans, in the Middle East, in Russia and everywhere in this hemisphere except in Turkey itself. There's nothing in the Ankara reports about the dockside riots in Izmir and Istanbul which the army was obliged to quell with rifles and bayonets. For the past three years none but a few officials have been permitted by the suspicious Turkish authorities to travel freely in the country.

Fat freighters flying the swastika move constantly through the Bosporous. British ships may be held up two or three days but cargo-checking formalities are completed for the Germans in a few minutes. The Turkish government laid down a rule that no Turkish ships may sail outside their own territorial waters. But the Germans were able to charter twelve Turkish vessels for use in the eastern Mediterranean.

From the southern coast of Asia Minor to the Dardanelles the Turkish coast is "guarded" by islands that were once Greek but now are German. Prime Minister Saydam at a cabinet meeting after the fall of Greece—ancient enemy of Turkey—made a speech congratulating himself and the government that he and they had had the wisdom of being on both sides of the war. The Greeks have been driven from the islands. Turkey hopes to have them in payment for being smart in dealing with Germany.

Last February the British navy landed a company of marines on the minuscule island of Castelrosso in the Italian Dodecanese Archipelago. The island is within swimming distance of the Turkish coast. The Italians used it as a submarine base. When the marines mopped the place up they hoisted the Greek flag and there was a blast of triumph in the British and Greek press.

But within twenty-four hours the British marines withdrew—"without loss of life, having achieved the objects for which they landed." Public opinion in America and in England was mystified. The reason for the British withdrawal was that Turkey made a fuss that the island should be given to their traditional enemy Greece. Now the Germans control the island.

British occupation of Syria, however, will probably stiffen Turkey's backbone. The British will be able to move men and equipment to Turkey from the Nile and Palestine in the event Turkey is attacked. Britain still hopes Turkey will remain faithful and that President Inonu and the pro-German Saracoglu will realize before it is too late that the last words of Ataturk, spurious or real, were certainly true in that to win with Germany will mean to lose Turkey, anyhow, because Germany wants Turkey as an advanced base for the final crashing attack against the British empire that lies east of Bagdad. And Turkey isn't a mere waste of mountains and desert. It is a storehouse of chrome and manganese and the iron and steel mills at Karabuk will be at least as important in revictualing the German war engine as the copper mines of Yugoslavia and the oil fields of Rumania. Hitler wants to take Turkey alive as he took Rumania and Bulgaria, and Turkey knows this.

Turkey's apparent defection from the British camp began with the decline and death of Italy as a dominant military and naval power in the Mediterranean. So long as Italy challenged Britain's control of the Middle Sea Turkey marched with England for the protection the British fleet afforded against that old enemy that stripped Turkey of Tripolitania and the Dodecanese islands. But when General Wavell crushed the Italian armies and Admiral Cunningham sank the Italian fleet at Matapan and Italy was eliminated as a Mediterranean power to be replaced by Germany, Turkey's interest in Britain's cause began to wane. Pressure from the Germans increased. It reached such a point recently that von Papen, when asked by Turkish merchants to find German markets for the cotton, nuts and minerals which Turkey formerly sold in Black Sea ports, named a price so ridiculously low that the Turks refused to sell. Von Papen blandly told them, "You'll be glad enough to accept any price we name within a month." That was just the other day.

Only the army and the peasants of Turkey prop up the hopes that Turkey will fight if attacked by Germany. The Turkish army mission was impressed with Britain's military strength when it visited General Wavell's command in the Nile. British planes and armaments are standard Turkish army equipment. And the peasants who ultimately form the Turkish army will fight for their land. Neither the Turkish army nor the Turkish peasant is in a mood to bargain with the Germans, for they believe that what Ataturk said on his dying bed is true. It is among the comfortable middle and upper classes of Turkey that the Germans find their friends. In Turkey, as everywhere else, the bourgeoisie is concerned with keeping what it has and fondly believes that it is possible to appease Hitler and continue its placid and profitable way of life.

Who'll Make the Choice

If Germany needs Turkey as the powerhouse and base of operations against the Middle East and the terrain beyond Bagdad, Britain needs Turkey's assistance for the defense of Syria, Palestine, the Nile and the empire that sprawls over the lands of Araby and India. Of all the Balkans Turkey has the best army. Of all the Balkan armies the Turkish has the best chance of giving the Germans a fight. Turkey's soldiers in their khaki gray uniforms have a strong ally in the nature of their terrain and in Turkey's lack of communications. The main road from Istanbul to Ankara is little more than a track. What exactly is the numerical strength of the Turkish army nobody seems to know but it is estimated that the country could put into the field nearly one million men.

If Germany chooses to attack rather than Bulgarize Turkey then the Turks will badly need the British. The Turks will need tanks and airplanes. Turkey has few antitank guns although their light artillery is supposed to be adequate and modern. They have only one motorized brigade but plenty of cavalry and the Turkish air force numbers about 500 planes of which only 250 are first-line aircraft. Britain, based in contiguous Syria, could give Turkey everything she needs to halt the Germans.

If the decision lies with the peasants and the army there is small doubt as to what Turkey will do. But decisions rest with politicians and it was Turkey's politicians who negotiated that worrisome Turko-German nonaggression pact with Germany while the Germans swallowed the Balkans up to the neck which joins Europe to Asia at the Dardanelles. The Turks kept the British "fully informed at every state of the negotiations." The British are supposed to know exactly what is in that pact but they don't know whether there were any "secret clauses" in the agreement that might provide an escape for Turkey from her alliance with Britain. Turkey never fulfilled the British alliance any more than she kept her word in the contract with Rumania, Yugoslavia and Greece to go to their help if they were attacked. That pact was known as the Balkan entente.

Turkey should be in the war now and at Britain's side. And there is still a chance that Turkey's peasants and Turkey's peasant army will place nationhood above dishonor and, like the Greeks, will have a war for it.

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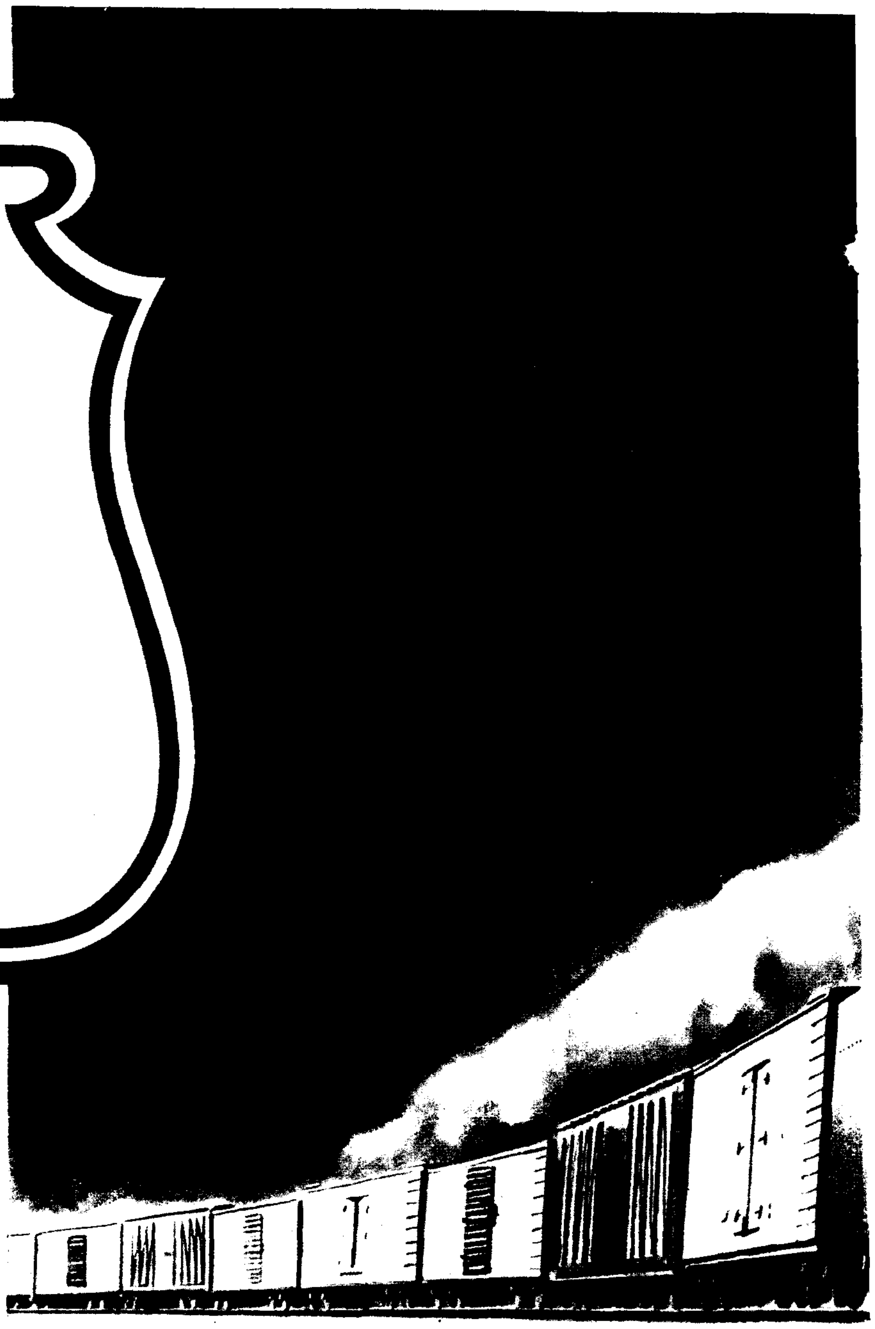

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Certainly, no other form of transportation could begin to handle this combination of assignments. No other transportation could move the tonnage that's rolling over the rails today.

One reason railroads can do it is that today's locomotives are much more powerful—box cars are bigger and carry heavier loads than ever before. Freight trains run faster, carry more and turn out more than twice as much transportation in an hour as in 1918.

To meet their increasing responsibility, the railroads are also steadily adding new equipment.

They are rebuilding old cars, adding new ones. Between the fall of 1939 and of 1941, they will have put in service 1,000 locomotives, 195,000 new and rebuilt cars. The schedule calls for 120,000 more in 1942—150,000 more in 1943.

These are important figures. But not content with this, we continue to ask ourselves, *what more can we do right now?* And in answer to this we have increased the activities of our Car Service Division, our Freight Container Bureau and our whole cooperative service to shippers.

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It would add the equivalent of an additional 30,000 cars if the average loading of carload traffic could be increased by one ton — by such simple improvements as better planning of packaging and loading.

How such improvements can be accomplished calls for analysis of each shipper's present methods — as well as the practices on the receiving end.

The big fact is, we are thinking ahead — studying our job for the sake of defense — and we invite every user of rail transportation to do the same.

It's a big assignment we have ahead of us. We know it—and do not propose to underestimate the challenge it presents.

But we have the organization. We have the "know how." We have the man power. And we have the determination to do this job as it should be done.

EXPERT OPINION

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"It pledges its members and the members of its affiliated regional boards to the accomplishment of the nation's great purpose." ***—(Extract from resolution of the National Association of Shippers Advisory Boards adopted at Chicago, Illinois, on June 19, 1941.)***

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Heron Flying West

Continued from page 23

"I have three calls tonight!" Chiyo replied, not softly, not gently, but indignantly. "How then can I sing for Niki-San?"

"Even though it is but one song, he begs that you will spare the time to sing it for his party!"

"Tell him three weeks from now," Chiyo called in mocking tones, "I will sing a short song for him, and very fast! Meanwhile . . . I am sorry for him!" Chiyo turned back to the maid. "Such impudence!" she scoffed as she added: "Besides, I knew he would not pay double!"

"Still Niki-San is a new favorite. He has influence."

"I want none of it!"

"Take care! You can be too reckless! Remember you are twenty-two and have chosen neither a lover nor a protector yet!" The maid bustled to the cupboards, reprovingly. A moment later she was apologizing: "Do not mind my words, Chiyo. It is only my heart saying, 'Do not make my mistakes. Do not be a geisha's maid at thirty-five.' . . . You have had so many offers—the munitions maker, the boat builder, officers aplenty, a general now, and the banker, even Saburo the scholar—and you have turned them all away."

"I have not turned Saburo away!"

"You joke, Chiyo, and so did I when I mentioned that bookworm—Saburo the third son of a poor baron! Saburo the scholar, indeed!"

"I have not turned Saburo away," Chiyo repeated, not laughing, not playing.

THE maid stared. But when she saw Chiyo would not speak more, she turned to the cupboard. From it she took two boxes crusted with gold lacquer, and set them beside the girl. Near by she put three silk-wrapped mounds. "Have we luck with calls this evening?" she asked tonelessly.

Chiyo's eyes were staring beyond the ceiling. She said distantly: "The water-blue kimono would suit me tonight."

"The banker likes you in blue," the maid offered.

"Water blue because it is clean and good," Chiyo said. She threw off her gauze jacket, and stood ready for the first under kimono. "My melon-flower perfume, please!"

The maid gave it to her, asking: "Banker-San sent you a wooing present today?"

"Yes, a wrist watch."

"How convenient! From the court jeweler, of course?"

"Yes, the usual duplicate design. Already it is credited. Tomorrow, the jeweler sends me the money in the watch box."

"Just in time. You can pay it toward your father's debt of honor."

"Yes. . . . Let the second under kimono be my vine-green one."

"Is this the last wooing present due from Banker-San before you give him an answer?"

"One more, and then, I shall say no."

"Chiyo, he is wealthy! Think long!"

"Wealthy but changeable, and that—in a protector—is as bad as being poor."

"With your wit, surely you could hold him."

"You thought that, perhaps, once?" Chiyo reminded her softly.

The maid's hands fumbled a little with the folds of the water-blue kimono.

"Is my neck white enough?" Chiyo asked.

"As white as magnolia blossoms," the maid replied tonelessly.

"Banker-San"—Chiyo was brushing her neck again with wet rice powder as she spoke—"is quick enough with promises. He has bought three geisha that I know about, from the guild. Two of them are working again, second-rate geisha now. The third, who knows where she is?"

"Who indeed?" the maid murmured, and then asked, "Have we luck with your second call tonight?"

"From Murata."

"That canal brat!"

"Oh, but he has made big money on contracts with the Germans! Tonight he is signing another at the Blue Monkey teahouse, a very important one—fish oil for automobiles, I think."

"THIS sash, Chiyo?" the maid asked, holding out a brocade of crushed stars.

"No!" Chiyo said stormily. "Not my best *obi* this evening. That geisha, Hana—big-boned daughter of a rice planter that she is—will be at the banker's party. Never would I have her think I must wear my best to compete with her!"

Impassively the maid stooped to fold the wondrous silk, which gasped even at its own loveliness. Quietly she spoke from the floor: "You are moody tonight—nervous! Be careful your voice does not crack!"

"I was eight," Chiyo pushed the words out in fierce little whispers, "when my father took my dolls away and sold me into the geisha guild to settle his debt of honor. Ten years I studied—reading poetry, learning hand movements, dancing, conversation, singing, the art of entertainment . . . and for four years more I have worked to protect my father's honor. Now there is only one more payment. Then . . . I want a son for a doll!"

"A son!" the maid was startled.

"Yes. I want to touch a child that is mine. My shoulder is good for a cradle. My arms are soft for swinging. My breasts—for nurture," Chiyo's black eyes were as soft as night now, and she spoke to tell herself more than the maid. "Think—wrapping him in a kimono, singing to him, talking to his baby ears. . . . He would walk, tumbling, staggering, bending and tumbling softly. . . ."

The maid was frightened. She pleaded: "Chiyo, you have not eaten, perhaps? Your head, it is giddy, maybe?"

"I have eaten on hopes."

"Unsubstantial food!"

"Tie my sash tighter. Tighter still!"

"Mistress, remember, you are dancing at three parties tonight. The officers will clap and clap, calling you back. . . ."

"Bah, my mind is sick of officers!"

"Hush!"

Chiyo moaned sickly: "Last night, the night before, oh nights and nights before, I have sung and talked and sung and talked still more to clumsy-tongued and clumsy-footed officers."

"Yes, yes," the maid soothed. "It is a geisha's profession."

"Ten years I went without dolls to study conversation, to practice improvising poetry just to talk to inartistic officers! Do they know the veiled reply? The poetic allusion?"

"The older ones did," the maid cried. "Often I improvised with officers in my day. But now with the war killing them off, there are only the callow younger . . ."

"The war! The war!" Chiyo whispered tensely. "We geisha must not speak of it. It is forbidden by the military. But shall I tell you what I have seen as I talk and dance? Fear! Every kind of fear in their eyes! Fear is driving them, driving them, making them inartistic beasts!"

The maid shuddered fearfully.

"Listen to me. . . . Our officers are not knights these days. They are slayers!"

"Aie! Aie!" the maid prayed.

"And I say now, I will have no such slayer as father to my son."

"Chiyo, you frighten me. Stop, stop!"

"The man who fathers my son will be gentle and contemplative—a smiling man whose ear hears poetry and whose heart loves home, a simple man without pretenses. . . ."

The maid moaned: "You are describing Saburo the scholar!"

Chiyo's smile was little and crooked and very sad. "To that man," she said, "I would be content to be unofficial wife, never going to parties, only minding his home and giving him the peace and children he wanted."

There was a long, shuddering silence.

"Have you told Saburo?" the maid asked.

Chiyo smiled again forlornly. "I have let the general's thoughts be known to him. He has gone now to ask his father to buy me—with the money he would one day inherit—from the guild. That way my father's final debt of honor is paid, and I am free to become unofficial wife to Saburo."

The maid shook her head. "The baron will never do it," she was sure. "What, buy an unofficial wife for his third son when the son hasn't yet an official wife? No, never! Besides, the baron is poor!"

"I am thinking of that now."

"The general will be angry, your enemy, Saburo's enemy!"

"No, I would tell him that I have the lung disease that consumes—it kills most of us geisha, doesn't it?—and he would be glad to be rid of me. Would he want to take an ailing geisha to Shanghai to show himself off?"

THEY both heard the steps at the same time, slapping, slapping down the corridor, to stop there by the *shoji.* A voice said discreetly: "Saburo-San calls you himself on the telephone."

Chiyo was out the door and down the hall, a flicker of bright silk. Then, before the glitter and glow had faded, she was back.

"Ah, Saburo is my darling! Saburo is my dear! Saburo is my lord!" she tossed at the maid. "He has arranged something. Something good! I could tell it from his voice!"

"He didn't tell you?"

"No, not over that black wire! Only he said his father, the baron, had booked an hour of my time this evening for a conference—an hour snatched from the banker and Murata. I will know then, yes. But it is good news! You promised it to me. You promised it on the heron." Chiyo was laughing and crying.

"Don't cry!" the maid shrilled. "You will spoil your face."

"How could I cry, when it is such happiness I feel?" Chiyo asked, crying. She ran about the room. "Quick, now," she ordered. "We must hurry. The lemon-colored flower in my hair. And the jade dangle—yes, the jade. My scarf, where is it? And the bag . . . you have put the silver powder box in it? Quick now, my gauze veil. . . . Murata said last time *that* I looked like a peony blossom wrapped in morning mist . . . a-a-ah, h'm-m-m. If such an ordinary man could say that, then only think what my Saburo will say! Quick, you snail, wrap me up. I mustn't keep the good gentlemen waiting!"

Down the corridor she fluttered, flowerlike, palpitating. And behind, scurrying humbly, was a drab brown beetle in a dull kimono.

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FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

Generals Never Learn

Continued from page 17

General Staff School. Turning suddenly, he said, "This is all right for the staff, General, but where is your school of command?" General Pershing arose and said to the marshal: "This is the school of command." Then, turning to the commandant and the students, he said: "Hereafter this will be known as The Command and General Staff School and the courses of instruction will be changed accordingly."

I had occasion to deliver a number of talks before the school after this and never failed to mention this incident, but I have not seen any material changes in the course. It still continues to be a school for staff officers and never a school for generals.

Up to the beginning of the present emergency there was not a single full-strength division in our Army; and the five or six commanders of our reduced divisions had other duties, such as the CCC, which, through no fault of their own, diverted their time and attention from the performance of their own proper jobs to routine administration, and the supervision of their already oversupervised subordinates.

The smart appearance of men in ranks, a snappy salute, a well-ordered kitchen or latrine has received ten times as much attention in our peacetime Army as any grave questions of strategy.

But over and above all that, how can a general be skillful in strategy, how can he outmaneuver the enemy, if he does not know who the enemy is, or where he can be found?

If we were being prepared to defend the United States against invasion, that would be easy. The Army generals and the Army General Staff could have been working on that, and learning their jobs, for the past forty years. But during all this time our only consistent military policy has been to frighten Congress into spending more money; and the Army has just been trained—more or less like a race horse—without being told where it is going to fight, or whom it is going to fight. Each little unit in the Army has been trained to become a high-pressure combat team, although it has been known for a certainty that immediately upon the outbreak of war the Army would be expanded out of all recognition, and the so-called combat teams would never be used as teams.

Bosses without Experience

We have no top general to tell the other little generals what to do. Under our Constitution the President is the Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy, but he is a civilian and not a soldier. He is elected to his great office for political reasons and not because of any military or naval qualifications. Washington or Grant, perhaps, could have led our nation against some great Caesar; but the others? No.

The President is assisted in the performance of his military and naval duties by civilian secretaries, one for the Army and one for the Navy, who with rare exceptions have likewise had no worth-while military or naval experience, but who are the actual commanders of the Army and Navy.

During my forty-nine years in the Army I served under ten different Presidents and seventeen different Secretaries of War. Some of them had had a little soldiering of one kind or another, but none of them could be said to have had the qualifications to command any large body of troops or to lead a nation to war.

One of the Secretaries of War visited me at Omaha and asked why there should be two different Army Posts in Kansas. When I told him that they were two of the most important posts in the Army, one being the Cavalry School at Fort Riley, and the other being the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, he asked why they could not be combined. Upon my invitation we flew over to Fort Leavenworth and he was so highly pleased with what he saw there that he approved a project I had for converting some old barracks into officers' quarters, and the War Department gave me a million dollars with which to do it.

They Nearly Missed Marshall

The same secretary afterward came down to visit me in San Antonio, Texas. He said, "General, I am just back from Panama and I know a great deal more about the Army now than I did when I saw you last year in Omaha." He asked me if I had any colonels that I would recommend to be promoted to brigadier generals. "Yes, Mr. Secretary," I replied, "I have a great many, but the best colonel in the Army, the one that I would recommend above all others, is not under my command. His name is Marshall and he is over in the Sixth Corps Area."

To this the secretary replied that he had heard very good reports of Marshall but that he could not promote him because he was too young. Marshall is now the head of the Army—Chief of Staff—one of the best they ever had, but he came pretty near missing out on this job because he was very vaguely known to the Secretaries of War and was always said to be too young, though he was, in fact, always old in his grade.

But even at that the President, as Commander in Chief, must go to war with one hand tied behind his back. Like any other commander of the land and naval forces—a general, an admiral or a corporal—he can operate only within the law. No man is required to obey an unlawful order, whatever be the source. And since the Constitution merely gives him a title, assigns him no duties, and provides specifically that all of "the rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces," shall be made by Congress, the President cannot make a move without the authority of the legislative body.

Lacking a head, we have no plans for war. Every time there is a new war, as in the War of 1812, the World War and the present emergency, all kinds of half-baked, fly-by-night agencies spring up—innumerable boards, committees, commissions, composed of civilians who have never given the subject any previous study, but who lay out the policies of national defense. Governors of states, mayors of cities, chambers of commerce, newspaper and magazine writers, comic-strip artists, lecturers, college professors and others give advice.

The horrors of war are tempered by appropriations for "defense projects"—roads, airports, water power, health programs, slum clearance, and Heaven knows what, all secured by patriotic manifestations on the part of local politicians.

This and more is the weakness of a republic at war. God forbid that it should ever be otherwise. We do not have to destroy our republic in order to save it. We do not have to establish a totalitarian government to fight a totalitarian government, nor do we have to peep through a keyhole to find out

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what Hitler is doing. We can defend America in our own way and under our own Constitution.

But the first and most important thing is to realize that the profession of arms requires just as much investigation and study as law or medicine. The officers of our Army and Navy are none the less citizens of our country, and generally speaking they are more patriotic and more interested in the welfare of the nation as a whole than any other class of our people. We pay for their education and should use their professional knowledge.

The next most important thing is a proper co-ordination and command of our land, of our naval, and of our air forces, all the way along the line from top to bottom. So far as can be learned, all the military forces of Germany, those of the land, of the sea, and of the air, are combined into a single agency and headed up by a field marshal.

We have no such thing as that in the United States. We have no man—no general, no admiral—and never have had one qualified for such a job. And there is no superstaff trained to handle the three arms combined.

Why Billy Mitchell Won the War

About fifteen years ago, I was a brigadier general in command of a coast artillery district that included Long Island Sound and the Atlantic coast as far down as Delaware Bay. In New York Harbor I had five seacoast forts and a regiment of antiaircraft artillery; within the limits of the defense, but not under my command, were naval and air forces, infantry, engineers, signal troops, repair shops and depots. But there was no one man in charge of all this. If there had been an attack on the harbor or the city, there was no one who was qualified by education or experience to take over the defense, nor is there any law or regulation now that would permit it.

During this time the War Department was engaged in the Billy Mitchell controversy, and in order to prove that he was wrong ordered some elaborate antiaircraft exercises with me in charge, using my own coast artillery troops and the airplanes from Mitchell Field. We were to get a forty-per-cent increase in strength, but when I applied for recruits, I was told to go out and get them myself as the corps recruiting officer was busy doing something else. In order to communicate with some of my people on the other side of the bay, I had to go through the open New York City switchboard, because the signal corps would not rent me a trunk line at a cost of a few hundred dollars. Part of the exercises took place at Camp Dix, but the commanding officer there refused to put the improvised landing field in order, because he said it was not the work of the infantry. So I had to send over coast artillery soldiers from Long Island, where they were being trained for target practice against Mitchell's planes. Due to these and other difficulties, the whole thing was more or less a flop. Billy Mitchell won the war. God bless him!

These little fingers of discord point to serious rivalries and dissensions in time of war. They show what we can expect in the military service when we depend upon "co-operation" instead of strongly welded unity of command.

Our military and naval forces are brought together only through the President. Their organizations are just as separate as the Agricultural Department from Commerce or Labor. There is a Joint Board for the Army and Navy, but it has no legal status and does not go beyond the laying out of general rules and spheres of action subject to the approval of the War and Navy departments.

This should be changed.

The Constitution not only vests in Congress the full and exclusive power to make and prepare for war, but charges it with "the common defense." It should not shirk that duty or pass the buck to the White House. It should create a Supreme War Council composed entirely of Generals and Admirals — no civilians — which should originate or pass upon all major questions of national defense. This Council should advise the President, but as is now the case with the army chief of engineers in the matter of river and harbor work, it should be solely responsible to Congress, sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, unbiased by the transient policies of any political party that happens to be in the saddle. Congress would be under no requirement to follow the suggestions of such a council. That would, in fact, be contrary to the Constitution. But it would at least have the benefit of the best professional advice that the country could produce and our people would not be in the dark.

Formerly the Army and Navy were both under the same civil bureau of the government which was properly known as the Department of War. That status should be restored, and the Secretary of War, with as many Army, Navy, and other assistants as may be necessary, should be charged with the civil, industrial and political aspects of war, not the military or naval.

For that purpose Congress should restore the offices of "The General of the Army" and "The Admiral of the Navy" and place upon them the responsibility for our military and naval operations.

The Continental Congress, at the outbreak of the Revolution, appointed George Washington to be "General and Commander in Chief of the Army of the United Colonies" and vested him with full authority to act as he thought best for the welfare of the Colonies, subject to such orders and directions as he might subsequently receive from time to time from Congress, which were few.

From Washington to Pershing

Later when Washington became President, he gave his attention to that job and appointed Major General Henry Knox to be Commander in Chief of the Army. Several others followed Knox as commanders of the Army under various titles, and then Washington himself, under a special Act of Congress, was appointed by President John Adams to be "Lieutenant General and Commander in Chief" of the Army. The next year, March 3, 1799, by another special Act of Congress, he was promoted to be the "General of the Armies of the United States," in which office he died.

From that time on up to 1903 there was always someone in command of the Army, although at irregular intervals between 1799 and 1821 no military officer was formally assigned to that duty and, according to Heitman's Historical Register, "the direct control of the Army was exercised by the Secretary of War."

When the Civil War came, it found General Winfield Scott with the title "General in Chief of the Army." Grant, Sherman and others followed. But little by little the War Department—which was a civil bureau of the government, operating through a military Adjutant General as the mouthpiece of a civilian Secretary of War—broke down the authority of the General of the Army. And in order to relieve this situation, Secretary of War Root did away with the office entirely, created the General Staff (which he afterward repudiated in its present form) and set up a new military mouthpiece under the title Chief of Staff.

Far from relieving the situation, this

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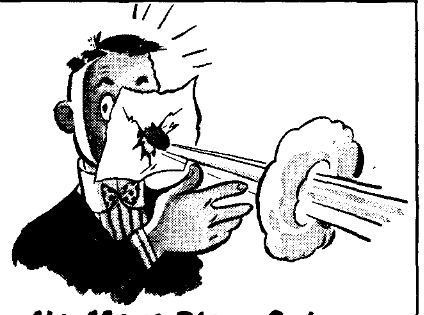

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(from a letter by L. C. H., Springfield, Mass.)

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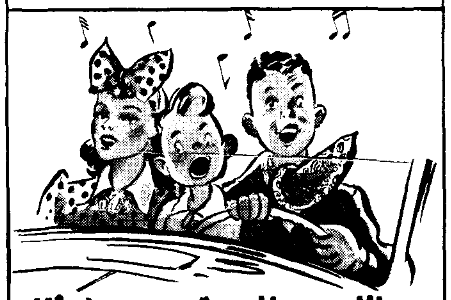
(from a letter by M. J. W., Gary, Ind.)



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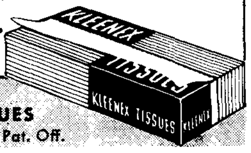
(from a letter by R. E. K., Los Angeles, Calif.)



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made things worse. The President took over the direct command of the Army, which he exercised through his secretary, and it has been so ever since.

The office of General of the Armies was restored for Pershing after the World War but he was given no authority. Dewey also was made the Admiral of the Navy as an honor after the battle of Manila Bay but given no job.

Out of all this confusion comes the fact that America is now well on its way, but does not know where it is going. Our new drafted army is going to cost us a million dollars an hour to train on the basis of a forty-four hour week. And what is it being trained for? Millions and billions are being spent for other vague purposes.

The Army certainly isn't being trained to repel invasion. The war games at our service schools in the past, and the various Army maneuvers and field exercises being now conducted or under preparation, are all based upon the idea that an imaginary force of Reds has destroyed our Navy, overcome our seacoast fortifications, and in some mysterious way is now engaged in combating our forces—the Blues—in the mountains of North Carolina, the swamps of Louisiana or the open plains of Kansas and Nebraska. At no time during the past fifty years has there been any large joint exercise or even a small drill in which the combined forces of the land, of the sea and of the air have been engaged in a sham battle for the purpose of preventing an invader from landing upon the shores of the United States.

The nearest thing to this had been certain "Joint Army and Navy Exercises" in which the two services fought against each other (more particularly for the headlines of the newspapers) and in which both sides claimed the victory with so much acrimony that the maneuvers were called off many years ago and have not been since renewed.

Our frontier is well defined. On the East it extends from Newfoundland (leaving Iceland out of consideration) to Bermuda, the Bahamas, the West Indies, and Trinidad, enclosing the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, and the Panama Canal. On the West to Honolulu and Alaska. We can defend that frontier within the limits of our pocketbooks. And the United States will be safe as long as we have an Army, a Navy and an air force, superior to any that can be brought against us within those bounds.

But our plan of defense, if any, seems to be to keep the fighting in the other man's country, by sending out far-flung military expeditions into the four corners of the earth and then at the same time to take refuge in municipally constructed bombproofs at home.

The best known authorities have agreed that the average American is in much more danger of an automobile or a gangster than he is of a German bomb even if we should be drafted into the war. Those of us who were in Paris or elsewhere during the air raids of the last World War can testify that Americans would run out into the street to see what was going on rather than hide in a cellar. There could not be enough bombproofs in the United States for everybody; and who would there be to lead us in? Certainly not a politician. If so, he would be a dead politician when he came out.

It's Time for Team Thinking

Our people are being told that if we do not go over to Europe and defeat Hitler there, he will come over here and defeat us in our own country. No reputable soldier or sailor believes that.

The first year of our intensive military program is about finished. Nine months were largely devoted to the School of the Soldier and to minor tactics, which according to General March and others could have all been taught in the first three months, if we had had the proper facilities, a co-ordinated system of training, and competent instructors, none of which we had. The training of the higher units is now under way—that is, the field work of the generals and staff. Up to this time they have concerned themselves principally with paper work and administration.

It all boils down to this:

We cannot maintain a system of defense that goes beyond the limits of our pocketbook. If we are going to get the most out of our huge expenditures, we must decide whether we are going to defend this country by keeping invaders out of it or by fighting in some unspecified foreign land. We must base our defense, wherever it may be, upon sound military and naval strategy, and must depend upon our military and naval experts to tell us what it is. We must stop thinking of our Army, our Navy, air forces, infantry, artillery, etc., as separate units and must start thinking of them as a single team, each of them organized and trained to play its particular part, great or small, in conjunction with the others.

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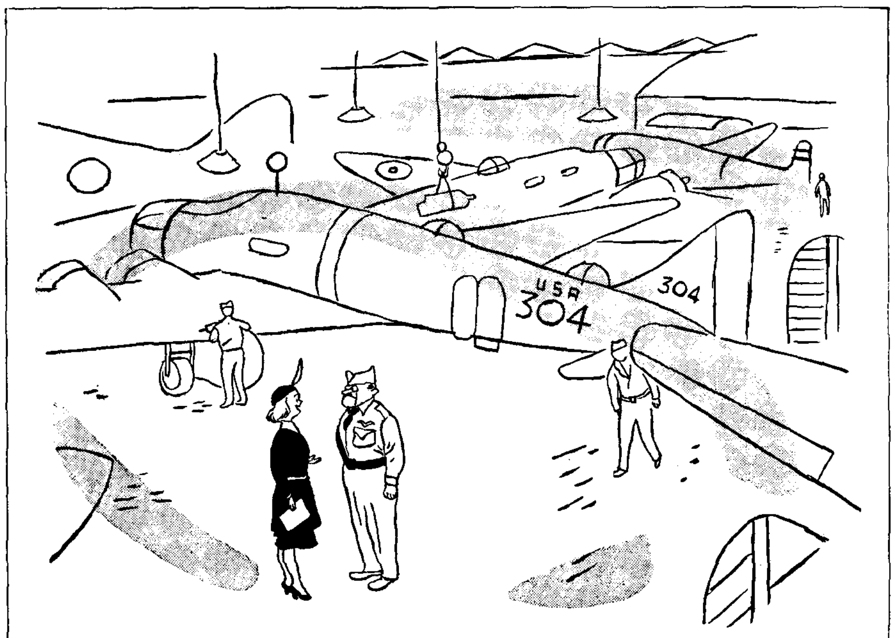
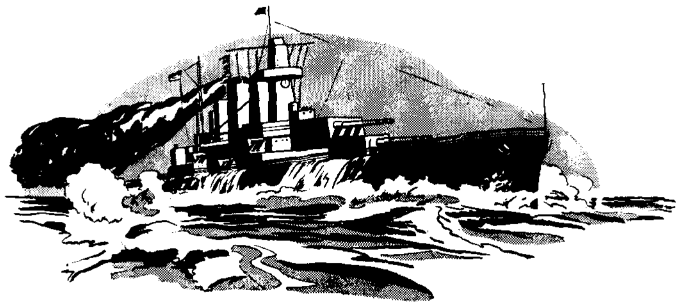
Let everything else stand aside.



"I suppose after the war they'll be junking these to make aluminum pots and pans"

THURSTON GENTRY

LOUDER than Words



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- ★ On May 15, the battleship ***WASHINGTON*** was commissioned—***six and one-half months*** ahead of schedule.
- ★ On June 7, the battleship ***SOUTH DAKOTA*** was launched—***four months*** ahead of schedule.
- ★ Propulsion equipment for a fourth battleship, the ***MASSACHUSETTS,*** was completed this spring in the plants of the General Electric Company—***ten weeks*** ahead of schedule.

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Pool O' the Moon

Continued from page 12

the fountain. Prostrations completed, the dervish, vanishing his scrap of carpet, fixed light, fierce eyes upon her.

"O mother of blackness, sell me a lettuce for a prayer."

She stooped to her basket in which there were a number of fine lettuces, but her glance darted here and there the while as though she sought someone.

"Who can live on prayer?" she muttered.

"Prayer is better than meat," returned the dervish. "Therefore, sell me a lettuce which has no less than fourteen leaves."

BENDING over the basket, the Negress replaced that lettuce which she had first selected and seemed to hesitate.

"Who shaves the heads of the faithful?" she whispered.

"Who but Abu Hassan in the Street called Straight. Give me the lettuce."

She produced a large one from deep down in the basket and, as it changed hands, murmured, "Be careful. One is watching."

"May blessing and peace be with you," intoned the dervish; "for he who gives in faith gives to God's only prophet, happy in his own paradise."

The Negress resumed her burden and walked away. Dipping the lettuce in the fountain, the dervish tore off a tender leaf and began to eat it. The poet watched him in high disdain; and now the holy man condescended to notice this supercilious onlooker.

"O, poet," he called, "what do you ask of life?"

"Love."

"What have you to offer in return?"

"Beauty and song."

"But to God?"

"Nothing."

The dervish, thrusting the lettuce into his waistband, sprang up, seizing his staff.

"O conceited spawn!" he cried, "O gnat's egg! For that black heresy I will, without remission or let or hindrance, beat thee insensible!"

Pouncing, he grasped the youth with fingers seemingly made of iron and began to thrash him savagely.

Merchants came running out of near-by shops; a ring formed around the one-sided contest. A native policeman appeared last of all. One man, stout, florid, intervened.

"Back, dervish! Stop, I say! Are you mad? This is one of the household of Raschid Azem!"

The dervish paused.

"And I am a hadji of the Bektashîyeh. No infidel dog shall deny God and escape my anger."

Now, the order in question, founded in Khorassan, derives from the dreadful Old Man of the Mountain, father of the assassins. Few lightly flout a fakir of this brotherhood. But the portly tradesman stuck to his guns.

"Such is the word. I speak to a wise man. Be advised then, O hadji, and go in peace."

The native policeman had disappeared. Reluctantly, the dervish lowered his staff, releasing the poet. The youth backed away, turned and ran.

THE dervish made his next recorded appearance in the shop of Abu Hassan in the Street called Straight. A customer was being shaved. Seating himself on a chair in the doorway, the dervish produced a string of beads, and began to pray.

"God be with you, hadji," said the barber.

"And with you," muttered the dervish, continuing his prayers.

Abu Hassan's client was easily satisfied. He departed at speed, muttering a formal salutation (which was acknowledged) to the dervish in passing. The barber prepared to attend to his second, and profitless, customer without delay, for certainly no one would come in whilst this fakir remained in the shop.

"What can I do for the servant of God?"

"Give me the letter which you have in the cupboard." (Abu Hassan's jaw fell; his dark eyes opened widely.) "Or shave me fourteen times for the greater glory of the Prophet (who watches us from paradise)."

A sudden flash of teeth which lighted up the dirty, unshaven face convinced Abu Hassan that this indeed was the messenger he had been warned to expect. He smiled in return.

"O effendim! The path you tread is set with pitfalls, but who is better equipped to avoid them?" He opened a small cupboard. "Here is the letter."

The dervish concealed it under his tattered robe.

"Tell me," he said, "all you know about a boy who carries a rose in his mouth and who belongs to the household of one called Raschid Azem."

"He is a musician and singer and a great favorite of his master's. He is worthless and dissolute."

"But Raschid Azem?"

"O effendim, Raschid Azem is wealthy beyond the dreams of men but he burns with the fires of love and ambition. He has great possessions and much business. He is favored by those in power and beloved of women. He is to marry Yasmîna, daughter of the Sheik Ismail ed-Dîn, rose of the Lebanon, called Pool-o'-the-Moon."

"Is there some obstacle to their marriage?"

Abu Hassan bent to the dervish's ear.

"It is whispered, effendim—"

And he spoke on, softly, fearfully. . . .

POOL O' THE MOON gazed out from an open lattice in the *mushrabiyeh* window of her apartment. Below lay a terraced garden ablaze with flowers glittering in the sun. Doves were wooing in the walnut tree. This was my lady's garden and sacred to Yasmîna, called Pool o' the Moon.

But Yasmîna found this cloistered life hard to endure. Once it had seemed inevitable, until her father, Ismail ed-Dîn, much against his personal inclinations, had sent her to the French school in Beirut for two years, because her mother, who was dead, had always wished it to be so. Those two years had revealed new horizons; and for this reason Yasmîna accepted but could not welcome the fate which God had ordained should be hers. Although nearly seventeen (which is full maturity in the East) she had evaded marriage; but she knew that it was not to be evaded forever. Raschid Azem, to whom she was promised, had found means to gaze often and ardently upon this guarded treasure, and he desired her as he desired no other woman. She did not return his passion.

She had secret dreams. Once, in Beirut, whilst seated in the large, high old motor omnibus belonging to the school, she had seen a young man in a smart uniform who stood looking up at her. He wore his tarboosh with an inimitable air. She had felt a flush steal all over her body as their glances met. He had blue eyes: they were approving eyes. Smiling gravely at the pretty, embarrassed girl, he had raised his hand in salute and turned away. Yasmîna had supposed him to be French, but because she could not forget him had made discreet inquiries, and had learned that he was a British officer attached to a military mission. That memory had woven itself into the fabric of her life: if only she had been born a European!

Yet at heart she remained Oriental. She loved to deck herself in rich robes, sashes cunningly contrived and intertwined, and with jewels on her slim arms and fingers to posture before a mirror. Sometimes it came to her that she posed for a dream lover and not for the man destined to take her. Then, very sadly, she would cease her play, put on working overalls, and go down to the kiosk in the garden where she created wonderful plaques.

Yasmîna, staring from her window, was thinking of Raschid Azem. Always she had disliked him; certain recent events had changed dislike to hatred.

Sighing, she turned from the window and opened a large cedarwood cupboard recessed in a wall. It was filled with dresses. But all she wanted was the suit of overalls. So attired, she went onto a wooden balcony, and down steps to the garden, and into her workshop.

BIMBÂSHI BARÛK trudged along a path which divided a field of maize from a pistachio orchard. He was thinking with admiration about the ways of the British agent, A-14. Concealed in the lettuce given to him by the colored woman whom he had been instructed to meet by the Marwân fountain at noon there had been a tiny note in English capitals. It read: "The barber has a message in the cupboard," and it was signed with what looked like a row of scratches but was actually the Arab letter âlif (A) written fourteen times. This note he had eaten with the lettuce.

The second message held by Abu Hassan, was similarly penned. It said: "Well of Seven Palms on the road to El-Kasr three hours after sunset." This, also, he had destroyed. Visualizing Madden's operations, he had accosted fodder merchants, portage contractors, market gardeners and others, always with the words: "Has Abdul the camel dealer passed this way?"

When asked what he wanted of Abdul, he replied, "I want to slay him."

But he failed to pick up any clue until at last he detected a spark of interest in the eyes of a lean and furtive fruit seller.

"Is he," the fruit seller asked, licking his lips, "is he a small but very vicious villain, this Abdul, whose face resembles a ripe pomegranate?"

"A baked apple," the bimbâshi corrected; "but a ripe pomegranate will serve."

"Hard and heavy of hand and filthy of tongue?"

This presented a reasonably sound description of Captain the Honorable J. Popham Madden, and the bimbâshi nodded, snarling savagely.

"Lead me to him!" He grasped the man by the shoulder. "Dare to refuse and I will slay thee also!" He relaxed his grip. "Abdul, the son of a mule, stole my camel," he added in more gentle tones, "the only camel I ever had."

The fruit seller grinned sadistically.

"Hearken, O hadji. He stole my donkey—the only donkey I ever had—on the road to El-Kasr."

"The road to El-Kasr! How long since?"

"It was the night of the full moon, a mile beyond the house of Raschid Azem. . . ."

About an hour later, outside Damascus, the dervish secured a lift in the cart of a homeward-bound vegetable gardener. His offer was a simple one: A prayer or a crack on the head.

At a suitable spot he alighted, and now, the path by the pistachio orchard reaching a high road, he saw the residence of Raschid Azem on a cypress-guarded slope beyond. Ten minutes later the dervish took a seat on an old stone *mastabah* beside the jasmine-bowered gate of the courtyard and prepared to make himself a nuisance.

He had learned that Raschid Azem was a *kâdi,* that is, something between a chief constable and a justice of the peace: evidently a considerable citizen. He therefore anticipated some state and met it now in the shape of an obese and pasty-faced porter wearing a red uniform, who emerged from the courtyard. Having surveyed this splendid exhibit from his high tarboosh down to his twinkling brown shoes, the dervish took out his string of beads and began to mutter prayers. The porter's pale features quivered emotionally.

"Begone from here, beggar!" he cried in a reedy, angry voice. "Guests are expected. Begone."

"This seat was set beside the gate that the faithful might rest."

The porter took a step forward.

"It is not for such as you. Begone, or join the other miscreants who await sentence."

The dervish concealed his beads, grasped his staff and stood up. Swinging the staff above his head, he leaped—and the porter, dignity deserting him, turned and darted across a courtyard with an agility surprising in one so fat. The dervish strode a few paces after him along a sanded path pleasantly shaded by cherry trees in full blossom. Here he paused—for he had heard a car approaching. When it drew up at the gate, he was standing inside, concealed by a vine-covered gatepost.

Two men alighted. One, wearing a well-cut white linen suit and a tarboosh, was a man of about thirty-five. He had a brief and very black mustache, a good figure and a manner of authority. The other, whose bulky body was a product of human appetite but whose short legs were an act of God, the bimbâshi recognized as Dr. Rosener of the Nazi Intelligence Staff. They were speaking in German:

"I shall be interested, nevertheless, Raschid Azem, my friend, to see this camel dealer. In your absence your servants have perhaps been overzealous of your honor. What they believe to be a love intrigue—"

THE dervish strode into view, saluted Raschid Azem, and:

"I claim justice, O *Kâdi!*" he said harshly. "Your porter has misused me, yet I came here only to slay Abdul the thief, Abdul who robbed me of my camel! Justice, O *Kâdi!*"

"Stand aside," said Raschid Azem quietly. "I have been absent, but my court opens on Monday. Attend there, and justice shall be done."

Dr. Rosener grasped his arm.

"Not so hasty, my good friend," he whispered. "If this fellow can indeed identify your prisoner, one doubt at least will be set at rest."

Raschid Azem, a man of swift decisions, hesitated for only a moment, then nodded shortly. Running footsteps announced the return of the porter, his flabby features moist with perspiration.

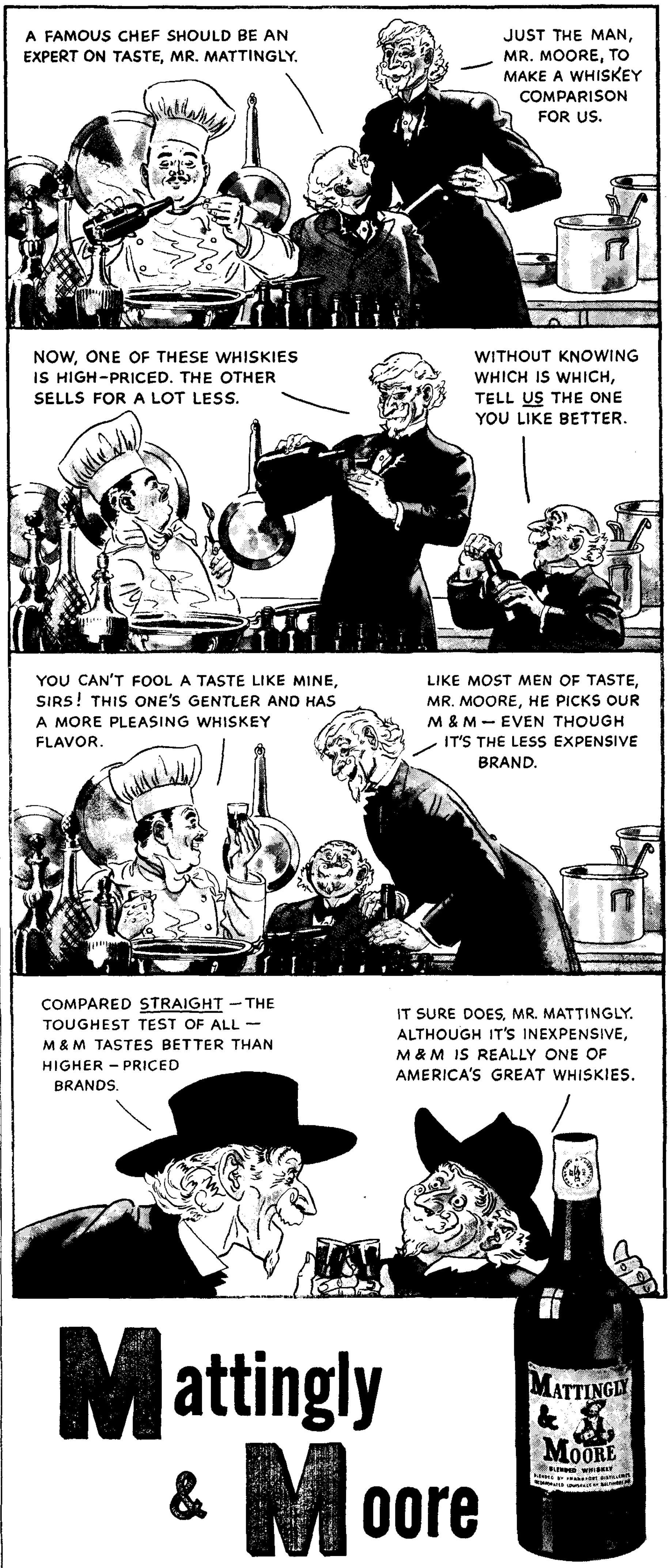
"O, my master! this villainous dervish—"

"Silence. Get the keys of the old stables and join me there." He beckoned to the bimbâshi. "You—follow."

"There is no god but God," intoned the dervish. "May all blessing and peace be thine, O King of Kings."

He followed the pair with an air of docility (but muttering smothered curses upon Abdul) through a delight-

Mr. Mattingly and Mr. Moore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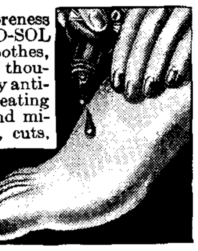


ful garden, until they came to a stone building on the eastern outskirts. From flotsam of conversation picked up, he gathered that the official jail had become unduly crowded during the *kâdi's* absence, overflow being accommodated here. The fat porter, his wet features a mask of malignancy, now hurrying up with keys, a heavy lock was unfastened and the bimbâshi saw a row of stalls which had been converted to cells by means of fitting iron bars to the half doors. From one, a bearded face peered out.

"I demand to be released!" the prisoner spoke in French. "I am a Turkish subject and I warn you—"

Divining the fact that this was the unfortunate Armenian, Bimbâshi Barûk in passing murmured, "It is written that there are fourteen consolations."

At a cell beyond, Raschid Azem stopped and turned.

"Come here, hadji, and tell me if this is the man you seek."

Bimbâshi Barûk looked in through the bars. He saw a stone floor, a pallet bed, and a small dirty man who lay glaring up at him. The light was poor, but even so he knew that chubby face, its redness discernible through the stain, those wicked little hazel eyes. By means of an acrobatic twist, the camel dealer curled up like a startled hedgehog, concealing his features; but Bimbâshi Barûk had read a message in his eyes; it said, "Come inside."

"Open the door, my lord!" he demanded. "See! the rat hides from me! Open the door!"

"Unlock the door," Raschid Azem directed.

Fat fingers twitching, the porter obeyed. And no sooner was it done than the dervish hurled himself in, grasped the camel dealer and turned him bodily over.

"O Abdul—filthy insect"—rage seemed to be choking him—"prepare to die!"

Abdul at that moment whipped wiry arms around the dervish's neck, and hauled him down onto the pallet. The dervish grasped Abdul's throat. Both men screamed the foulest of imprecations. The bimbâshi's head was being dragged lower and lower in the struggle. The fat porter was shouting for assistance. When Barûk's ear almost touched the unshaven face of the captive:

"Avoid Seven Palms!" Madden whispered. "It's a trap! Now yell like hell!"

Whereupon, he nearly made his teeth meet in the bimbâshi's ear!

Uttering a howl of pain only partially simulated, Bimbâshi Barûk sprang back. Blood already was dripping onto his shoulder. As he said, later, "Pop Madden is an inspired actor, but my ears are real, they are not stage properties. . . ."

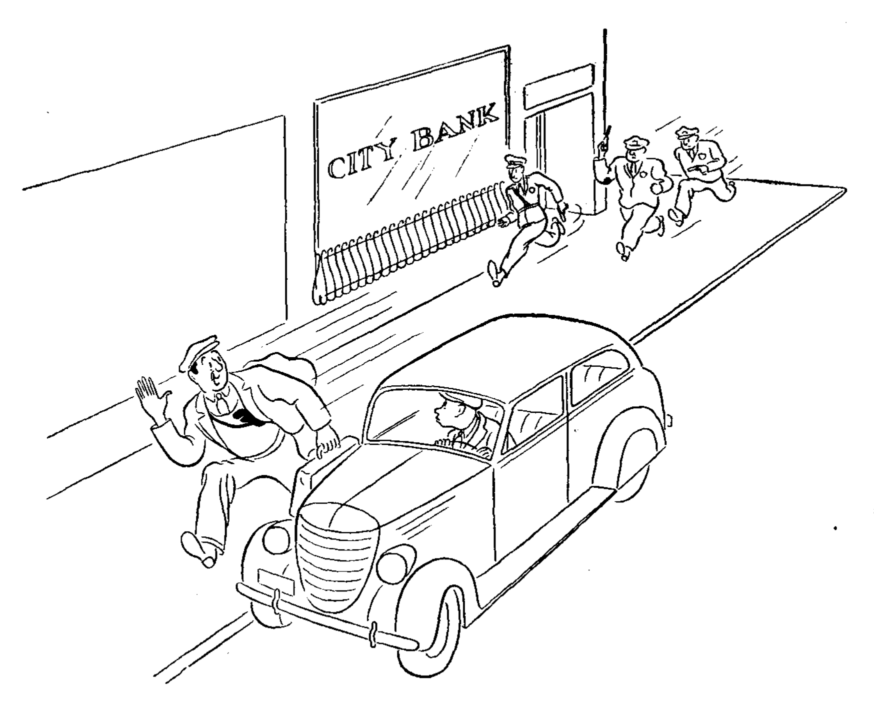
He submitted to forcible ejection from a side entrance into part of the extensive maize crop. What he feared most was the appearance of the youth with a rose in his mouth.

WHEN dusk swept its violet brush across the Lebanon, Bimbâshi Barûk was many miles north of the house of Raschid Azem. He had followed unfrequented ways, avoiding, as formerly he had courted, observation; and he was beginning to enjoy himself. The incidents of his mission seemed to hang together, although the thread was frail. An amazing theory demanded admission—that Colonel Roden-Pyne's underground system had gone wrong because his messengers were suspected to be, not British agents, but accomplices in a love intrigue!

Bimbâshi Barûk sat upon the crumbling wall of a bridge spanning an irrigation ditch and laughed silently. The youth with a rose in his mouth was Raschid Azem's jackal. In some way the Negress had aroused his suspicion. He had followed those to whom she had talked at the Marwân fountain. The Armenian had been seized with a message in his possession. Later, Madden had suffered a similar fate. And, visualizing one of these messages, the bimbâshi experienced a new thrill of admiration for the genius of A-14. They were designed to convey just such an impression: that they were love letters.

WRITTEN in Arabic (which is read from right to left) they invariably opened with the phrase, "O my beloved." Poetic, rapturous, at times they became slightly incomprehensible, for the good reason that, read from *left* to *right,* discarding alternate words and selecting only certain letters of those which remained, they embodied reports of inestimable value to His Majesty's Government! On what charges the Armenian and Madden had been detained did not matter. Evidently Raschid Azem did as he liked in his own neighborhood. What did matter was that they were not suspected of espionage and so at the worst would suffer but light sentences.

Bimbâshi Barûk fondled his ear speculatively. "Good old Pop," he muttered.



"It's such a nice day, I think I'll run"

The Well of Seven Palms was half a mile from the nearest road. It stood in the midst of acres of poppies and enshrined the tomb of a Moslem saint. In a grove beside it there was a spring. Some distance away, on a mound, one saw an extensive walled property, in part of great age, overlooking the small town to El-Kasr. The town, and rich lands for miles around it, belonged to the Sheik Ismail ed-Dîn.

Now, Bimbâshi Barûk, who could stalk like a stoat and whose sense of hearing was keen as that of a desert fox, had been lying concealed at the well since shortly after dusk. His coat of many colors and dark green turban merged perfectly with the floral carpet. A punishing wind from the Lebanon Mountains had sprung up, and it pleased him to listen to the complaints of a party which had arrived more recently. Its members were hidden in the shadows of the palm grove.

"I am frozen to the liver." (The reedy voice was that of the porter.) "I shall be very ill. I do not believe that the murderous fakir has any connection with this affair."

"But I tell you, O bag of lard, that I saw him with the Negress." (The poet spoke.) "He eluded me whilst my hurts were being dressed, but I am sure he will come tonight. Our Lord Raschid Azem must be convinced that the woman is a wanton."

"Otherwise" (the third speaker, Bimbâshi Barûk decided, was a secretary) "you will be compelled to work for your living, Ahmed. No wife of delicacy and refinement would tolerate you about the house."

An angry snarl was the poet's only reply. Following an interval of some minutes:

"I cannot understand," said the fat porter, whose teeth were chattering, "why we have not seized this old witch who brings the love messages. From her we might learn who sends them, since the men refuse to speak."

"Since she comes from the direction of Ismail ed-Dîn's house," the secretary replied, "we might also learn what the jail at El-Kasr is like. No, the woman must not be molested."

"She might be followed, master."

"Who, unseen, could follow her across a poppy field in bright moonlight?"

("*I* could," the bimbâshi said to himself. "In fact I am going to do so.")

"And stop thy teeth chattering," snarled Ahmed.

So A-14 employed a woman in this vitally important matter, the bimbâshi reflected. He considered the point long and deeply. He was still considering it, noting that the wind had dropped, when a low hiss from the palm grove prompted him to raise his head slightly. No sound disturbed the silence, save that of the porter's teeth. A figure approached through the poppies—the figure of a woman enveloped from head to foot in a black voluminous garment. Bimbâshi Barûk, who had been watching the moon, knew that three hours had elapsed since sunset.

THE woman drew nearer slowly, stooping, and sometimes turning to look behind her. Clearly, she feared no danger at the well but only from El-Kasr. Skirting the group of trees, she walked to the ancient shrine and seated herself on a stone bench beside the door, overgrown by wild, flowering vines. Stillness reigned unbroken.

For half an hour, the shapeless figure remained, a bundle of blackness amongst the shadows; then, the woman stood up and walked away in the direction from which she had come. Moving slowly as before, but now glancing back at the well from time to time, as if in doubt, she crossed the red carpet spread before El-Kasr, mounted a winding path, and paused before a door set in a high wall. She had just turned the key when a dimly visible figure confronted her.

"There are fourteen reasons," said a voice which spoke in English, "why I should come in."

BY LAMPLIGHT the studio in the kiosk was mysteriously charming. On an easel rested a delicate watercolor composition—a flower subject. Fragments of intricate inlay, fret saws, tiny chisels and little brass trays holding pieces of jade, lapis and other semiprecious stones, were strewn on a wide table. There was a bookcase filled with volumes, many in Arabic MS. and some which were very rare. The owner of this kiosk, the bimbâshi decided, loved old Arabic script.

Locking the door, the messenger discarded her vast black garment, disclosing the pale face and slender figure of a girl dressed in white overalls. Her beautiful eyes studied the ragged visitor unfalteringly.

"Please tell me who you are." She spoke perfect English. "You frightened me dreadfully."

Bimbâshi Barûk was staring, one amazed.

"Naturally," he replied, "I cannot expect you to recognize me, nor indeed to remember me." But Yasmîna's heart was beginning to beat like a captive hare's. "I have never forgotten *you* since the day I saw you in an old omnibus in Beirut."

Smiling, he clicked his heels together and raised his hand to his turban in salute.

Some little time elapsed before Pool o' the Moon grew sufficiently composed to relate the strange story of the cedarwood cupboard; for it was this cupboard, in her apartment overlooking the kiosk, which had brought A-14 into existence. Whilst selecting a dress one day, more than a year before, she had been surprised to hear the voice of Raschid Azem raised in anger in the adjoining room—her father's office:

"I tell you, Ismail ed-Dîn, that you are mad! The British are defeated. Colonel Roden-Pyne, their Cairo Director of Intelligence, has been outwitted at every move by Dr. Rosener. They are finished. The French we control. In two months, in a month, I shall be Reich governor of Lebanon! You must compel Yasmîna to consent to an immediate marriage. Otherwise, I shall begin to wonder. I have means of information, and there are rumors—"

At an angry word from Ismail ed-Dîn, Raschid Azem had abated his tones, and Yasmîna had heard no more. Ismail ed-Dîn was away from home the next day. A delicate operation with the tools Yasmîna handled so skillfully soon removed a square piece of cedarwood and revealed thin paneling—all that remained between the wardrobe and her father's office.

ON HIS return, Ismail ed-Dîn had to thank his daughter for a framed flower study painted on silk which she had screwed to the wall immediately above his chair. She omitted reference to the fact that she had removed the panel behind it. But Yasmîna had to remember to hang a heavy garment at the back of her cupboard and to keep the door closed.

A week later, Aida, her confidential companion, obtained permission to visit a sister in Cairo, and Colonel Roden-Pyne received a letter which surprised him. It contained particulars of an ingenious Arabic code, together with an offer to supply accurate information from time to time relating to Nazi plans for the future of Turkey, Iraq, Syria and Palestine. "Get in touch with Fatimah, a Negro woman who sells vegetables in the Damascus market and make arrangements for letters to be exchanged." The writer's signature consisted of an Arabic A written fourteen times.

Fatimah, formerly Yasmîna's nurse, had married a worthy man of her own complexion owning a small market garden in the fertile area of the Ghûtah. The colonel's arrangements involved Abu Hassan (already in British employ); and from the day that A-14 was incorporated in the underground system, Colonel Roden-Pyne had had good reason to congratulate himself upon taking the chance. In his anxiety to impress Ismail ed-Dîn, Raschid Azem frequently confided to the sheik details of brilliant intrigues which he assisted Dr. Rosener to carry out. . . .

"But the cipher, Yasmîna—did you invent it?"

"No, I am not clever enough."

"That I dispute."

Yasmîna took a faded volume from her bookshelf. It dealt with alchemy, a subject of which she knew nothing; but in studying the text, which was in classical Kufic exquisitely penned, she had discovered the hidden cipher: a method by means of which some of the old alchemists had buried in their writings, for the benefit of brother adepts, the secret of transmuting metals.

"Pool o' the Moon," said Bimbâshi Barûk, "you are strangely and beautifully wonderful."

COLONEL RODEN-PYNE was called up on the private line from Haifa.

"Is that Major Barûk?"

"Barûk here, sir. There's a man named Raschid Azem—do you know him?"

"Of course I know him, B. B. But what's happened?"

"What do you know *about* him?"

"About him? Big businessman. Has interests all over the place. Nazi tendencies, but nothing against him. Why?"

"He's visiting Alexandria next week."

"What about it?"

"Well—make his stay as pleasant, and as long as you can."

"Why?"

"He's the lad you call Z."

"What?"

"Positive fact. Rig up any charge you like, but hold him. I have this direct from A-14."

Now, the annoying evasions to which Colonel Roden-Pyne had resorted with the bimbâshi touching the identity of that invaluable agent had merely masked ignorance; for this was something which Colonel Roden-Pyne had never succeeded in finding out!

"Did you see A-14?"

"Yes."

"In person?"

"In person."

The colonel was hard hit, but he concealed the fact.

"Did he give you the missing report?"

"Yes. That was it: Hold Raschid Azem."

"What's become of Madden and the Armenian?"

"In jail."

"What? Where?"

"At Raschid Azem's house. They are not suspected. There is no serious charge against them."

"But—I mean, good heavens! How is—er, A-14? Is he well?"

"*He* flourishes like the bay tree. *He* grows wiser and more beautiful day by day. *He* is one of the most wonderful creatures God ever created."

Colonel Roden-Pyne cleared his throat horsily.

"I agree," he said. "Report back to headquarters at once."

Hint for Drivers

from one of America's Fastest Fighters

THE U. S. Army's new Lockheed P-38 is probably the fastest twin-engine fighter in existence. But its 1150 h.p. engines are threatened by the same foe as your own car's high-compression motor.

That foe is heat. Heat that can literally "burn up" oil . . . form dangerous sludge . . . sear valves, pistons and cylinders . . . *unless the right motor oil is on the job.*

Flyers can't gamble with protection. That's why so many of America's planes* use *the world's toughest, most heat-resistant type of oil . . . 100% Pennsylvania.*

Accept no "second best"

Can you afford any lesser protection? Not when you can get Veedol Motor Oil—made by the world's largest marketers of 100% Pennsylvania—for no more than many *non*-Pennsylvania oils!

Veedol gives your motor super heat-protection . . . slows up carbon and sludge formations, because its top-priced Pennsylvania crude starts with the highest natural heat-resistance of any crude oil.

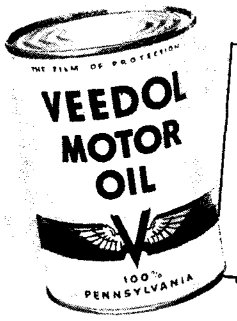
Then, on top of the 3 usual refining processes, Veedol goes through a *4th patented process* that further steps up its heat-resistance.

Try Veedol. You'll get better performance, fewer repair bills, and "burn away" less oil between drains. *A product of Tide Water Associated Oil Company.*

*Recent surveys show that the majority of America's transport and private planes use 100% Pennsylvania oil exclusively. Army and Navy figures not released.

100%
PENNSYLVANIA

"Not just Pennsylvania—*I want Veedol.*" All Pennsylvania oils are not alike. Insist on genuine *Veedol*, made from top-priced *Bradford* crude by the world's largest marketers of 100% Pennsylvania . . . super-refined by a patented process to resist heat better.



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Ask for the 1000-mile VEEDOL Safety Check Lubrication

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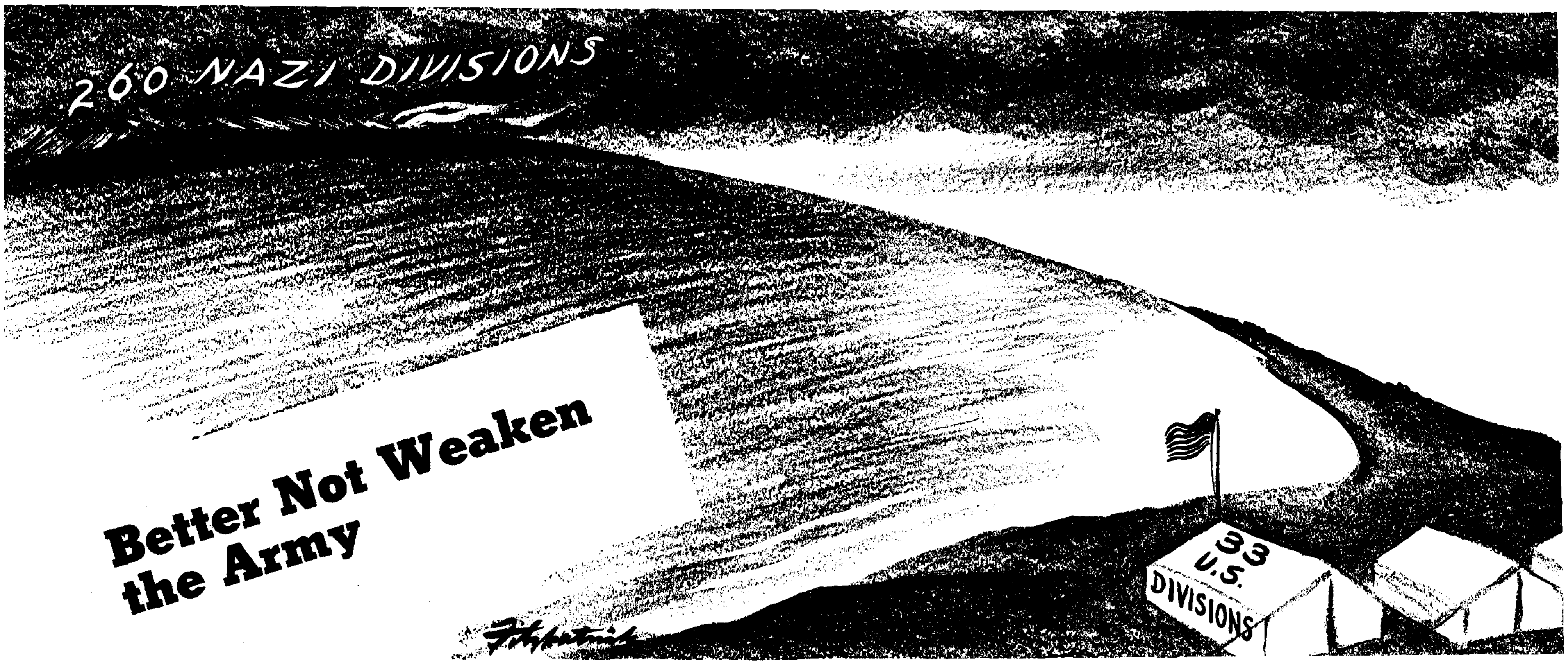


Better Not Weaken the Army

WE UNDERSTAND the resentment of numerous soldiers and their families over Chief of Staff George C. Marshall's request that draftees, National Guardsmen and reserve officers be retained in service.

Under the draft law as drawn last September, this may be done. Nevertheless, when jittery politicians were bringing the draft law to birth last September they fostered the impression that the men of the new Army would almost infallibly be released after a year's training, come what might.

Those same politicians are now plagued by this fact: that we are in a situation which, whatever the reasons may be and whoever is to blame, goes on being serious.

We have occupied Iceland, for better or for worse. We are on the way toward acquiring bases in northern Ireland, Scotland and possibly the Irish Free State. Defense requirements in this era of long-range bombers and submarines may make it imperative for us to grab the Azores, Cape Verdes, Martinique and/or Dakar at any time and with strong forces. Or our leaders may feel that any or all of these grabs are imperative, which will amount to the same thing. We have big contingents in Hawaii and Alaska, many of them draftees or National Guardsmen.

Under such circumstances, it seems to us, it would be folly to make any appreciable part of the Army an in-and-out affair, with men continually falling out to go home and the gaps having to be plugged with new or half-trained men. George Washington had that trouble with his volunteer soldiers throughout the American Revolution; and this was one reason why he had to have French sea power to win at all.

What then can Congress and the President do but tell the boys that most of them will have to stick around for the duration of the emergency?

And, defense exigencies being what they are, isn't it equally necessary to give the government the power to send American fighting men wherever there is a chance to forge another link in the chain of our continental or hemisphere defenses?

We think these measures had better pass, for the national safety.

But we also think the above-mentioned politicians had better drop their practice of soft-soaping and kidding the American people about the seriousness of the emergency. Had we been told last fall that the boys most likely would have to serve more than a year apiece, we would have taken the warning calmly, and there would be much less resentment now when it is proposed to extend their service periods.

You don't have to baby Americans. You can lose their confidence by failing to keep faith with them. Churchill's practice of telling his people the worst, as well as the best, works. The same policy would work here, we believe.

Co-operation, American Plan

GASOLINE is scarce in the eastern United States because German submarines sank too many tankers in the Atlantic.

The United States had to lend American tankers to transport oil and gas to Britain. Otherwise the British might not be able to resist the Germans.

We are selfishly concerned, apart from other more generous considerations that also should move us in sending the British oil for their fighting ships. For while Britain stands the Germans cannot attack the United States. Thus simplified, the agreement sounds base but it is true.

So along the eastern coast there are not enough tankers left to provide our usual supply of gas and fuel oil. Besides, our own defense industries are natural oil hogs and we would not have it otherwise. They must grow fast.

We must cut down where it hurts least. We can't live healthily without fuel in the North. Consequently fuel oil must be hauled before gasoline. Schools and hospitals must be kept warm if we have to abandon, temporarily, motoring as a recreation.

The government will ask us to co-operate in saving oil and gasoline. In many ways we can contribute to the public good and at the same time benefit ourselves. For example we can:

Save fuel by keeping our houses at lower and more healthful temperatures.

Save gasoline by better driving and by avoiding unnecessary driving. You can save a profitable percentage of the gas you use in fast driving by keeping within legally allowed speed limits.

Most of us can walk more to great personal advantage.

Happily free, we are asked for voluntary co-operation. Nowhere in Europe is anyone asked for voluntary co-operation. He is told what he can have and do. Our freedom is worth preserving even at the sacrifice of a little of the gasoline we are used to burning.

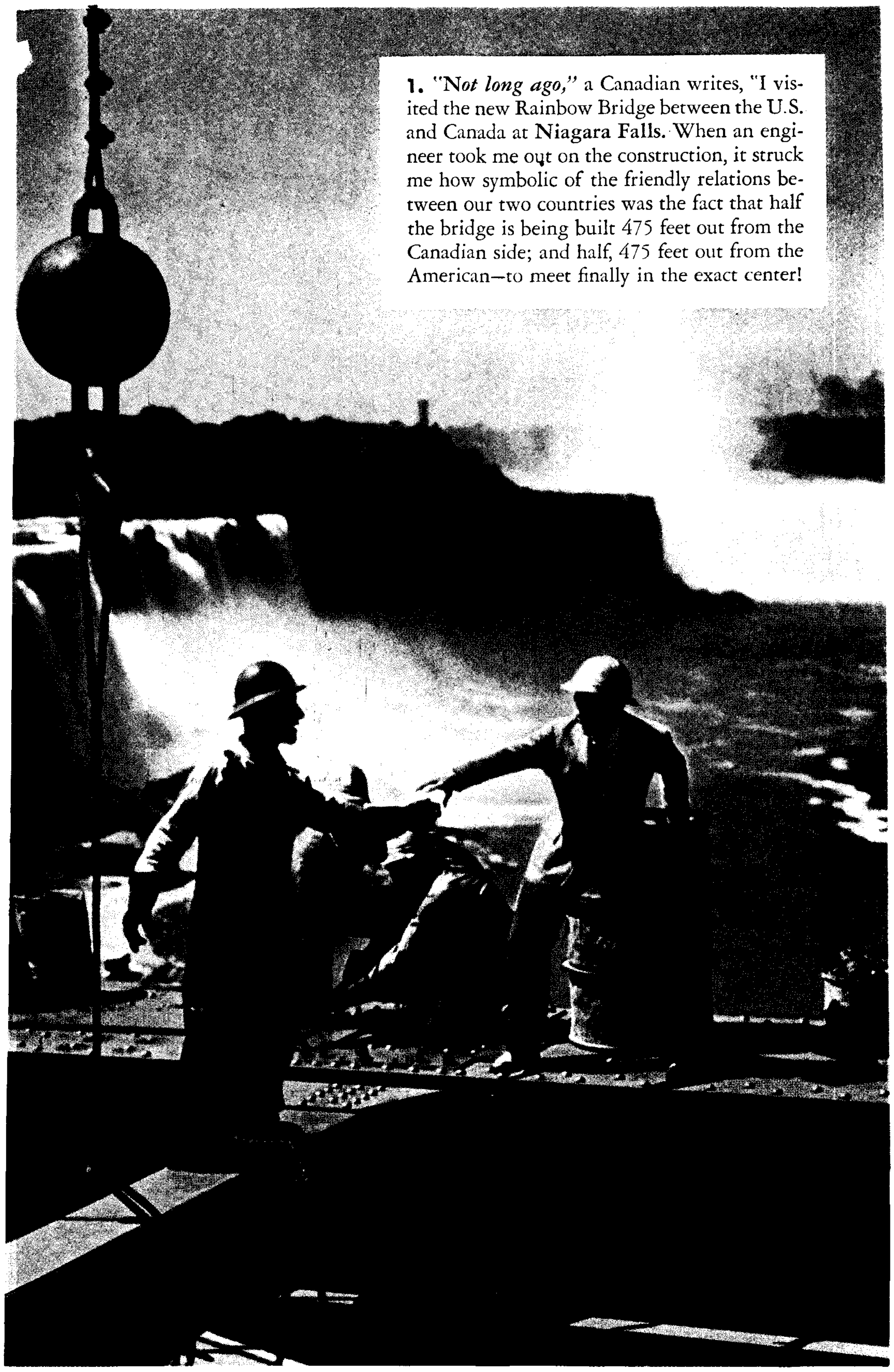
Let's co-operate and co-operate gladly with the government and the oil industry as they appeal from time to time for further sacrifices on our part. And let's not be misled by any nonsense about this oil shortage being a political question.

Adolf Hitler's Nazis created this shortage, which actually is a scarcity of ships and not a shortage of oil. There is abundant petroleum in those sections of the United States that do not depend upon tankers.

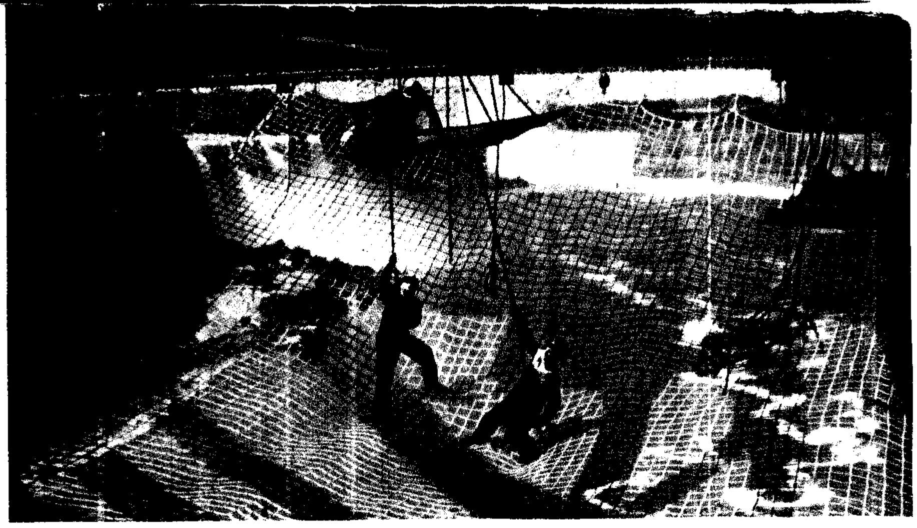
Don't be upset by the fact that the Japanese have been allowed to buy some American petroleum. The Japanese provided their own tankers. They took nothing we needed. We got what we wanted in return.

This oil shortage provides us a chance to show how sane and competent a democratic people can be.

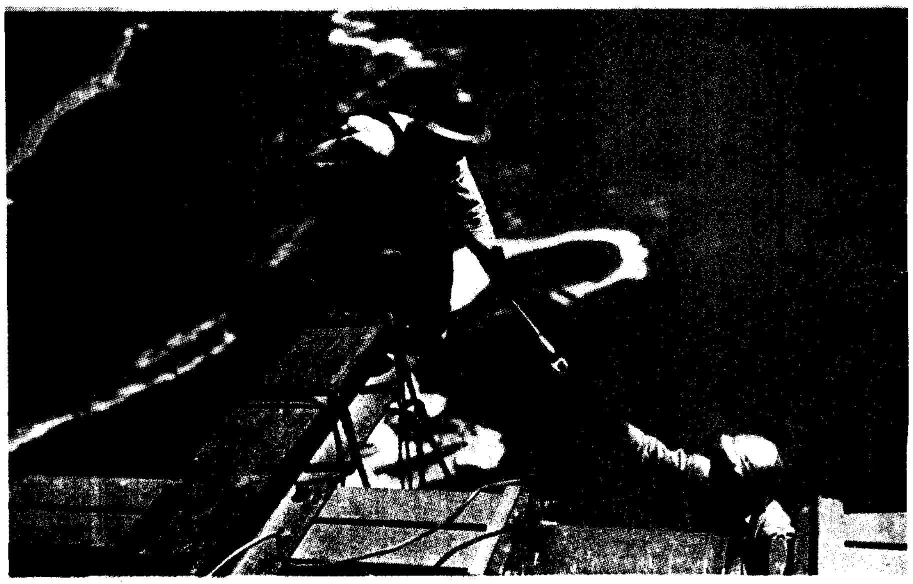
CAN YOU NAME THE WORLD'S MOST *Unusual Neighbors?*



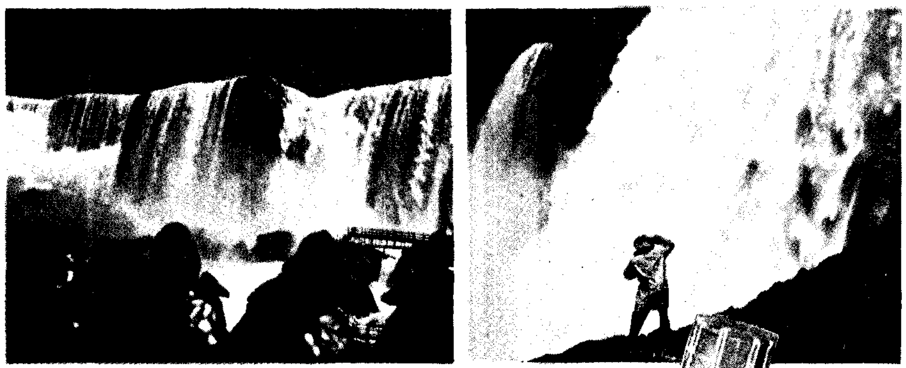
1. "*Not long ago,*" a Canadian writes, "I visited the new Rainbow Bridge between the U.S. and Canada at **Niagara Falls.** When an engineer took me out on the construction, it struck me how symbolic of the friendly relations between our two countries was the fact that half the bridge is being built 475 feet out from the Canadian side; and half, 475 feet out from the American—to meet finally in the exact center!



2. "*As we stood,* looking down from a narrow steel girder, hundreds of feet above the whirling rapids at the foot of the Falls, I said, 'Know why this is the most unusual structure in the world today?' My friend laughed. 'Well,' he said, 'I know several good engineering reasons why it is, but suppose you tell me why you think it is.' 'Because,' I answered, 'it represents a monument to the world's most unusual neighbors—



3. " '*Just stop* and think—the United States and Canada are almost the world's only neighbors that are not using their steel to destroy one another, but to strengthen their ties. You must admit that's something exceptional in times likes these!'

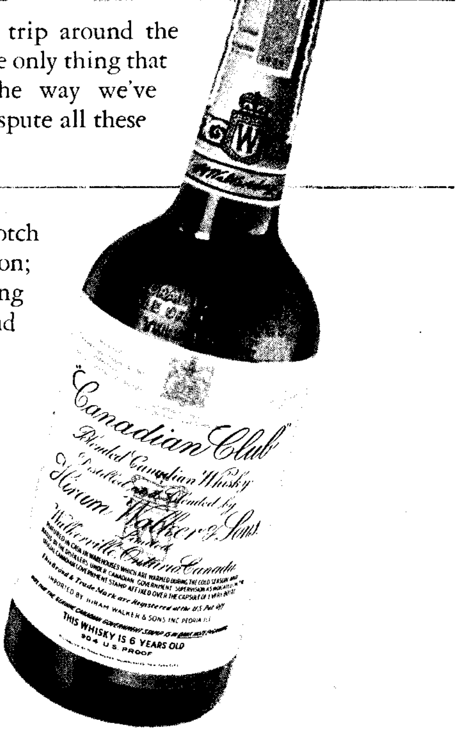


4. "*When, later,* we took the famed trip around the Falls, Bill remarked, 'The bridge isn't the only thing that makes our two countries unique. The way we've shared those Falls for power without dispute all these years is out-of-the-ordinary, too!'

5. "*Then,* at the hotel, it occurred to me that Canadian Club, too, is among the ties that bind our countries, for its fine flavor has more American friends than any other imported whisky!"

Why have so many Americans switched to Canadian Club lately? Because of its unique, delightful flavor. No other whisky in all the world tastes like Canadian Club. It's *light* as Scotch—*rich* as rye—*satisfying* as bourbon; and you can stick with it all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States (and in Scotland, too!).



IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"

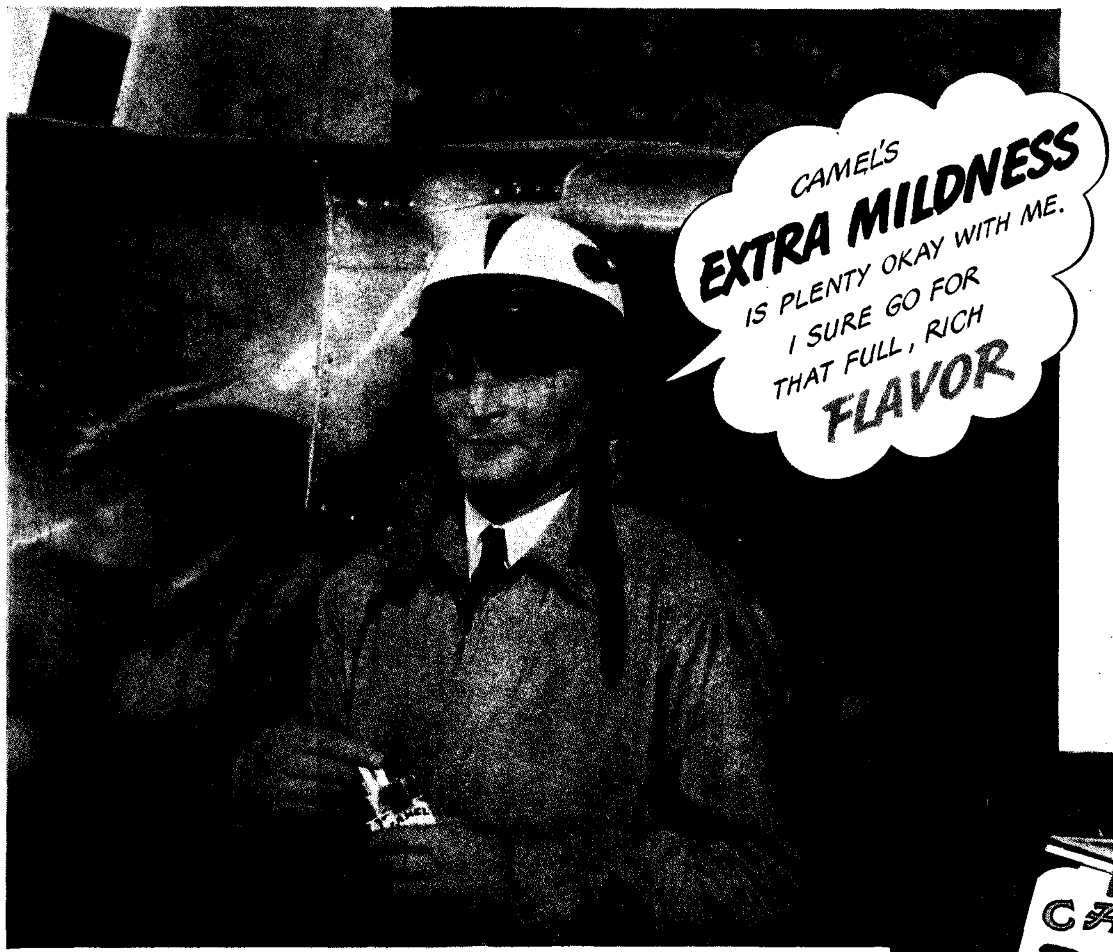
Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois
Blended Canadian Whisky, 90.4 proof
Copyright, 1941

SIX, SEVEN MILES UP! In air no man can breathe — and *live!* Motors — now even *pilots* are "super-charged." On the stationary bicycle *(above)* Marshall Headle, chief test pilot of Lockheed, breathes pure oxygen for 30 minutes before a test flight in Lockheed's new interceptor — one of America's newest high-altitude fighters.

SHE CLIMBS A MILE A MINUTE — dives at speeds which are Army secrets. They call her "Lightning." Test pilot Headle clambers into the cockpit, switches from a pocket oxygen flask to his cabin supply, and streaks for the stratosphere. He's test-flown 300 different planes. But when he lands, it's always . . . "Now for a Camel."

YOU CAN'T SEE HIM up there. You can scarcely hear the hum of his motors. Then his voice comes into the radio tower: "Headle — 35,000 feet — diving now." And as he comes plummeting down in that shrieking power-dive, you just *hope!* Seconds later — yes, seconds — he's landing. And here he is *(above)* cool, calm, lighting up a Camel.

THE SMOKE'S THE THING!


CAMEL'S EXTRA MILDNESS IS PLENTY OKAY WITH ME. I SURE GO FOR THAT FULL, RICH FLAVOR

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested — less than any of them — according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself*

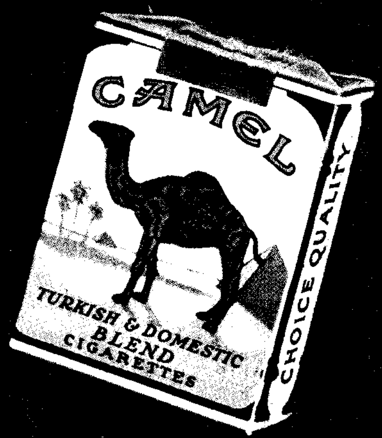
"Less nicotine in the smoke means more mildness to me," says test pilot Marshall Headle (above), *as he lights up his . . . and America's . . . favorite cigarette*

THERE may be little traffic at 35,000 feet, but test-diving any new, untried plane is no Sunday joy-ride. No, not even for a veteran like Marshall Headle (*above*).

Naturally, cigarette mildness is important to Marshall Headle. And in the cigarette of costlier tobaccos . . . Camels . . . he gets extra mildness — with less nicotine in the smoke.

What cigarette are *you* smoking now? Chances are it's one of the five included in the nicotine tests reported above at the right — tests which trace Camel's advantage right down to the actual smoke itself. Obviously, the *smoke's* the thing!

Try Camels. For convenience — economy — buy the carton.



BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.

CAMEL **THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS**